THE WESTERN CANADA SERIES

A BOOK OF CANADIAN PROSE AND VERSE

BROADUS

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THE WESTERN CANADA SERIES

A BOOK OF CANADIAN PROSE AND VERSE

COMPILED AND EDITED
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TO

ALEXANDER CAMERON RUTHERFORD

WHO PLAYED AN HONOURABLE PART IN
THE UP-BUILDING OF THE WEST
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED

PREFACE

The editors of this book have had two objects in view—to bring together into a single volume of usable size a representative selection of Canadian poetry and prose; and, in so doing, to create, with its proper setting, a picture of Canadian life, past and present. The two objects have not been found to be incompatible. Lyric poetry that lacks the flavour of locality, and imaginative prose that transports the reader to other scenes than Canadian, have been with a few exceptions excluded; and in so far as the materials thus omitted do credit to the land of their birth, this book falls short of being representative in the larger sense of the word. That much that is excellent has been lost thereby, cannot be gainsaid; but much of the best of Canadian literature has been either directly inspired by the Canadian scene or has reflected the effort to recreate the historic past; and it is hoped that the loss has been compensated by the unity in diversity which it has been the aim of the editors to achieve.

The editors have sought to make a representative selection of Canadian poems which reflect the love of country or of empire; which relate to Canadian history; or which depict or are inspired by the Canadian landscape. Of the last, taken in its broadest sense, there is, happily, a meritorious abundance from which to choose. Of patriotic verse, too, there is abundance of a sort, but in much of it is to be found more patriotism than poetry. It was hardly to be expected, indeed, that Canadian verse should furnish an exception to the rule that the authentic muse is coy of flag-waving: but it is a matter for genuine regret that the early history of Canada, with all its dramatic possibilities, should not have inspired more narrative poetry of a high order. The picturesque intrepidities which have furnished themes for such English poems as the old ballad of Otterburn and Drayton's "Agincourt" and Cowper's "On the Loss of the Royal George" and Tennyson's "Revenge", and (to take a recent instance) Newbolt's "Gillespie" and "St. George's Day—Ypres 1915" can be paralleled from Canadian history and from that still unworked mine—the ingenuous and unassuming records of the early explorers; but the creative imagination which could make of these episodes something more than a mere rhymed record has not been abundant among us. Deficient in this sort, we are equally poor in another type of verse which the editors had hoped to include in this collection. The little everyday things, the trivia, have enriched English

verse from Chaucer down; but the peculiar combination of deftness and grace and sentiment without sentimentality which makes Prior and Gay and Austin Dobson a perennial delight has so far been denied us. Broadly speaking, and with a conspicuous exception here and there, it remains true that only in our poetry of nature have we justified ourselves.

To one of these strictures, however, there is an exception which deserves to be specifically recorded. In *La Légende d'un Peuple*, Louis Fréchette has done for his own people what still waits doing from an English-Canadian pen. The editors welcome the opportunity to include a number of Fréchette's poems from this and his other volumes, in the hope that these selections may at least pave the way toward a better realization, on the part of English-speaking readers, of the good work that has been done by their French-Canadian fellow-countrymen.

A number of early poems, long lost to the general view, have been reprinted for their historical interest. With respect to modern verse, it has seemed more worth while to glean from the best than to amass a multitude of names.

Copyright restrictions, and limitations of space imposed by the effort to bring verse and prose together into a single volume, have made it necessary here and there to omit poems which the editors hoped to include. It is particularly to be regretted that copyright restrictions have prevented more adequate representation of Bliss Carman, C. G. D. Roberts, and Marjorie Pickthall.

Of the two sections of this book devoted to selections from Canadian prose, the section entitled "The People" is intended to present, by means of excerpts from the records of early explorers, from essays and from novels, a picture of the past and a panoramic view of the varied aspects of Canadian life to-day. Such a panoramic view, with its glimpses of human nature responding to and moulded by a given environment, would seem particularly worth attempting for Canada. Three thousand five hundred miles separate Halifax and Vancouver. Within this great space, the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, Ontario, the Prairie Provinces, and British Columbia stand as distinct entities, with differences of environment and interests which make for a kind of social isolation. It is hoped that these pictures of Canadian life in its varied aspects from coast to coast, will help to enlarge and vivify the knowledge, on the part of each of our regional entities, of how the other four-fifths live.

As was to be expected, the older regions of the east offer a greater abundance of choice than does the younger west. But in both east and west, it is all too frequently true that the

literature is of surface aspects, and, with the exception of *Maria Chapdelaine*, there is no notable picture of the real life of the people. We see the fisherman of the Atlantic coast, the fisherman of the Pacific coast, the lumberman, the farmer of the prairies: we see them, but they never become quite real in the sense that Hardy's Wessex peasantry are real or Jane Austen's villagers are real.

This is not to say that so much could fairly be demanded of us; but it is none the less true that for the Canadian writer of the future who will study his people with a single-hearted devotion, who will put out of his mind the popular "tricks of the trade", and present his material with utter sincerity, there is a golden opportunity.

The second section of prose, "The Nation Builders", with its selections from the speeches of political leaders at epochal moments of national growth, is included not merely because it seems to fit into the picture, but also because it meets, in so far as limitations of space permit, what the editors conceive to be a more general need. Canada has not been lacking in political leaders whose speeches have a cogency of argument, a finish of style, and a natural eloquence which justify recognition as literature. A nation which has produced a Joseph Howe (not undeservedly remembered as "the Canadian Burke") and a Wilfrid Laurier, has no reason to be ashamed of its political oratory. To make readily accessible to the general reader examples of the work of these and other Canadian statesmen whose pronouncements vie with theirs in quality, is a service which needs no justification.

It remains to acknowledge our obligation to Mr. Hugh S. Eayrs of the Macmillan Company for many services; to Miss Jessie Montgomery of the Department of Extension of the University of Alberta; to Mr. E. L. Hill, librarian of the Edmonton Public Library; to "Norah M. Holland"; to the Hon. A. C. Rutherford for giving us the freedom of his extensive library of Canadiana; to the various Canadian anthologies which have furnished us occasional "leads"; and to the following publishers and authors for permission to use copyright material:

To the Ryerson Press for *Old Hannah, Britannia, Martha, A Backwoods' Hero* and *Acres of Your Own*, by Alexander McLachlan; *In Memoriam*, by Canon F. G. Scott; *How One Winter Came in the Lake Region, The Flight of the Gulls, England*, by William Wilfred Campbell; *The Unconquered Dead, Quebec, The Dying of Père Pierre, The Night Cometh*, by John McCrae; *Poor Man's Rock* and *The Hidden Places*, by Bertrand Sinclair.

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To Messrs. McClelland & Stewart Limited for *Summer Streams, The Ships of Yule, The Ships of St. John, Now The Lengthening Twilights Hold,* and *Peony,* by Bliss Carman; *Dawn, Père Lalemant,* and *Canada to England,* by Marjorie Pickthall; and *Ici Repose,* by Bernard Trotter.

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To Hodder & Stoughton for *Jacques Cartier,* by Thomas D'Arcy McGee; *The Song My Paddle Sings, The Cattle Country* and *Prairie Greyhounds,* by Pauline Johnson; and "Canadian Eloquence", by L. P. Burpee, extracts from speeches by D'Arcy McGee, George Brown and Sir Wilfrid Laurier; also extracts from *Blue Water,* by Frederick William Wallace; *Policing the Plains,* by R. G. MacBeth; *The Golden Dog,* by William Kirby; and *Neighbours,* by Robert Stead.

To Messrs. George Routledge & Sons for extracts from *The Clockmaker,* by Haliburton

To Sir Gilbert Parker, for an account of the capture of the Forts at Hudson's Bay by Iberville, from *The Trail of the Sword,* and of the Taking of Quebec, from *The Seats of the Mighty.*

To The Williams-Barker Co. for the excerpt from *Sir Alexander MacKenzie's Voyages.*

To Mr. E. W. Thomson for *Dour Davie's Drive,* from *Old Man Savarin Stories.*

To Mr. Arthur Heming for two extracts from *The Drama of the Forest.*

To F. D. Goodchild for the excerpt from Canon Scott's *The Great War as I Saw It.*

To Mr. Justice Chisholm for extracts from *The Speeches and Letters of Joseph Howe.*

To Sir John Willison, for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Speech, taken from his *Life of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.*

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PART I

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN SCENE

CANADA AND THE CANADIAN SCENE

JONATHAN ODELL

[Jonathan Odell, born (1737) of a distinguished colonial family, put his vigorous pen at the service of the Loyalists during the progress of the American Revolution: and at the end of the war, established himself in New Brunswick, where he became Provincial Secretary and a member of the Executive Council. The "Birthday Ode" reflects the staunch devotion of the Loyalists to the British cause during the progress of the war. In the lines "On Our Thirty-ninth Wedding Day", Odell looks back from the vantage point of his seventy-third year over the circumstances which have brought him to the country of his adoption. That country, indeed, had been more than a mere "safe retreat" for he had not only served it well himself, but had seen his family rise to distinction in public service.]

ODE ON THE KING'S BIRTHDAY

(June 4th, 1776)

O'er Britannia's happy Land,
Rul'd by George's mild command,
On this bright, auspicious day
Loyal hearts their tribute pay,
Ever sacred be to mirth
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

There, the thundering Cannon's roar
Echoes round from shore to shore;
Royal Banners wave on high;
Drums and trumpets rend the sky.

There our Comrades clad in Arms,
Long enured to War's alarms,
Marshall'd all in bright array
Welcome this returning day.

There, the temples chime their bells;
And the pealing anthem swells;
And the gay, the grateful throng
Join the loud triumphant song!

Nor to Britain's Isle confin'd—
Many a distant Region join'd
Under George's happy sway
Joys to hail this welcome day.

O'er this Land among the rest,
Till of late supremely blest,
George, to sons of Britain dear,
Swell'd the song from year to year.

Here, we now lament to find
Sons of Britain, fierce and blind,
Drawn from loyal love astray,
Hail no more this welcome day.

When by foreign Foes dismay'd,
Thankless Sons, ye call'd for aid:
Then *we* gladly fought and bled,
And your Foes in triumph led.

Now, by Fortune's blind command,
Captives in your hostile Land;
To this lonely spot we stray
Here unseen to hail this day!

Though by Fortune thus betray'd,
For a while we seek the shade,
Still our loyal hearts are free,—
Still devoted, George, to thee!

Britain, Empress of the Main,
Fortune envies thee in vain:
Safe, while Ocean round thee flows,
Though the *world* were *all* thy Foes.

Long as Sun and Moon endure
Britain's Throne shall stand secure,
And great George's royal line
There in Splendid honour shine.
Ever sacred be to Mirth
The day that gave our Monarch birth!

ON OUR THIRTY-NINTH WEDDING-DAY
6th January, 1810.

Twice nineteen years, dear Nancy, on this day
Complete their circle, since the smiling May
Beheld us at the altar kneel and join
In holy rites and vows, which made thee mine.
Then, like the reddening East without a cloud,
Bright was my dawn of joy. To Heaven I bowed
In thankful exultation, well assured
That all my heart could covet was secured.

But ah, how soon this dawn of Joy so bright
Was followed by a dark and stormy night!
The howling tempest, in a fatal hour,
Drove me, an exile from our nuptial bower,
To seek for refuge in the tented field,
Till democratic Tyranny should yield.
Thus torn asunder, we, from year to year,
Endured the alternate strife of Hope and Fear;
Till, from Suspense deliver'd by Defeat,
I hither came and found a safe retreat.

Here, join'd by thee and thy young playful train,
I was o'erpaid for years of toil and pain.
We had renounced our native hostile shore;
And met, I trust, till death to part no more!
But fast approaching now the verge of life,
With what emotions do I see a Wife
And Children, smiling with affection dear,
And think—how sure that parting, and how near!
The solemn thought I wish not to refrain:
Tho' painful, 'tis a salutary pain.
Then let this verse in your remembrance live,
That, when from life released, I still may give
A token of my love; may whisper still
Some fault to shun, some duty to fulfil;
May prompt your Sympathy, some pain to share;
Or warn you of some pleasures to beware;
Remind you that the Arrow's silent flight,
Unseen alike at noon or dead of night,
Should cause no perturbation or dismay,
But teach you to enjoy the passing day
With dutiful tranquility of mind;

Active and vigilant, but still resign'd.
For our Redeemer liveth, and we know,
How or whenever parted here below,
His faithful servants, in the Realm above,
Shall meet again as heirs of His eternal love.

JOSEPH STANSBURY

[As Stansbury spent only ten years in Nova Scotia and did not, like Odell, become thoroughly identified with Canadian life, his poems are less properly a part of early Canadian literature. But the lines "To Cordelia" deserve quotation as a reflection of two characteristic aspects of the Loyalist mood in the early years—the sense of exile in an undeveloped and intractable country and the irritation against England on account of her failure (as they thought) to make adequate provision for those who had suffered in her cause.]

TO CORDELIA

Believe me, Love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife,
Or place that I can call a home
Delights not me;—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing, wet, and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil
I see, where'er I turn my eyes,
Luxuriant pasture, trees and soil.
Uncharm'd I see:—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

Oh could I through the future see
Enough to form a settled plan,
To feed my infant train and thee
And fill the rank and style of man:
I'd cheerful be the livelong day;
Since all my wishes point that way.

But when I see a sordid shed
Of birchen bark, procured with care,
Designed to shield the aged head
Which British mercy placed there—
'Tis too, too much: I cannot stay,
But turn with streaming eyes away.

Oh! how your heart would bleed to view
Six pretty prattlers like your own,
Expos'd to every wind that blew;
Condemn'd in such a hut to moan.
Could this be borne, Cordelia, say?
Contented in your cottage stay.

'Tis true, that in this climate rude,
The mind resolv'd may happy be;
And may, with toil and solitude,
Live independent and be free.
So the lone hermit yields to slow decay:
Unfriended lives—unheeded glides away.

If so far humbled that no pride remains,
But moot indifference which way flows the stream;
Resign'd to penury, its cares and pains;
And hope has left you like a painted dream;
Then here, Cordelia, bend your pensive way,
And close the evening of Life's little day.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

[The English Oliver Goldsmith dedicated his first important poem to his brother Henry. Henry Goldsmith was curate and school-teacher in the little Irish village of Lissoy, where the brothers had spent their boyhood and to which Oliver was to turn for the suggestion for "The Deserted Village". Henry Goldsmith's son emigrated to America and served under the British flag in the American Revolution. In 1871 he resigned his commission and joined the settlement of Loyalists in Annapolis, Nova Scotia. There and in that year his son, Oliver Goldsmith, was born. In 1825 this Canadian Oliver Goldsmith published "The Rising Village", dedicated likewise to a brother, who had encouraged him to

"emulate the fame
Of him who form'd the glory of our name",

and designed "to describe the sufferings which the earlier settlers experienced, the difficulties which they surmounted, the rise and progress of a young country, and the prospects which promise greatness to its future possessors". The first edition of "The Rising Village", which was published in London, bears the superscription: "By Oliver Goldsmith, a collateral descendant of the author of 'The Deserted Village' ".

There is a touch of irony in the fact that the English Oliver had lamented (not only in "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village", but also in "The Citizen of the World") the forced migration of Britain's sturdy sons to distant lands; that he had described Canada as "cold, desolate and hideous"; and that the future author of "A History of Animated Nature" should have been so ignorant of the country in which his great-nephew was to pay this tribute to his memory as to describe it as the haunt of the "insidious tiger" ("Citizen of the World", Letter xvii). But it may be conjectured that the prejudices and the blunders of the uncle were alike forgotten by the nephew; and that what lived in the latter's memory was rather the touching apostrophe with which "The Deserted Village" closes:

> "And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
> Still first to fly where sensual joys invade.....
> Farewell; and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
> On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
> Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
> Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
> Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
> Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
> And slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain
> Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
> Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
> Though very poor, may still be very bless'd."]

THE RISING VILLAGE

Thou dear companion of my early years,
Partner of all my boyish hopes and fears,
To whom I've oft address'd the youthful strain,
And sought no other praise than thine to gain;
Who oft hast bid me emulate the fame
Of him who form'd the glory of our name:
Say, when thou canst, in manhood's ripen'd age,
With judgment scan the more aspiring page,
Wilt thou accept this tribute of my lay,
By far too small thy fondness to repay?
Say, dearest Brother, wilt thou now excuse
This bolder flight of my advent'rous muse?

If then, adown your cheek a tear should flow,
For Auburn's village, and its speechless woe:
If, while you weep, you think the "lowly train"
Their early joys can never more regain,
Come, turn with me where happier prospects rise,
Beneath the sternest of our western skies.
And thou, dear spirit! whose harmonious lay
Didst lovely Auburn's piercing woes display,
Do thou to thy fond relative impart
Some portion of thy sweet poetic art;
Like thine, oh! let my verse as gently flow,
While truth and virtue in my numbers glow;
And guide my pen with thy bewitching hand,
To paint the Rising Village of the land. . . . .

What noble courage must their hearts have fired,
How great the ardour which their souls inspired,
Who, leaving far behind their native plain,
Have sought a home beyond the western main;
And braved the perils of the stormy seas,
In search of wealth, of freedom, and of ease!
Oh! none can tell but those who sadly share
The bosom's anguish, and its wild despair,
What dire distress awaits the hardy band
That ventures first to till the desert land.
How great the pain, the danger and the toil,
Which mark the first rude culture of the soil.
When, looking round, the lonely settler sees
His home amid a wilderness of trees:
How sinks his heart in those deep solitudes;
Where not a voice upon his ear intrudes;
Where solemn silence all the waste pervades,
Height'ning the horror of its gloomy shades;
Save where the sturdy woodman's strokes resound,
That strew the fallen forest on the ground.
See! from their heights the lofty pines descend
And crackling, down their pond'rous lengths extend.
Soon from their boughs the curling flames arise,
Mount into air, and redden all the skies;
And, where the forest late its foliage spread,
The golden corn triumphant waves its head. . . .
The arts of culture now extend their sway,
And many a charm of rural life display.
Where once the pine uprear'd its lofty head,

The settlers' humble cottages are spread;
Where the broad firs once sheltered from the storm,
By slow degrees a neighbourhood they form;
And as its bounds, each circling year, increase
In social life, prosperity and peace,
New prospects rise, new objects too appear,
To add more comfort to its lowly sphere.
Where some rude sign or post the spot betrays,
The tavern now its useful front displays. . . . .
Here, oft when winter's dreary terrors reign,
And cold, and snow, and storm pervade the plain,
Around the birchwood blaze the settlers draw,
"To tell of all they felt and all they saw,"
When thus in peace are met a happy few,
Sweet are the social pleasures that ensue.
What lively joy each honest bosom feels
As o'er the past events his mem'ry steals;
And to the list'ners paints the dire distress
That marked his progress in the wilderness;
The danger, trouble, hardship, toil and strife,
Which chas'd each effort of his struggling life. . . .

While now the Rising Village claims a name,
Its limits still increase and still its fame,
The wand'ring pedlar, who undaunted traced
His lonely footsteps o'er the silent waste;
Who traversed once the cold and snow-clad plain,
Reckless of danger, trouble or of pain,
To find a market for his little wares,
The source of all his hopes and all his cares,
Establish'd here, his settled home maintains,
And soon a merchant's higher title gains.

Around his store, on spacious shelves array'd,
Behold his great and various stock in trade.
Here nails and blankets, side by side, are seen,
There, horses' collars and a large tureen;
Buttons and tumblers, codhooks, spoons and knives,
Shawls for young damsels, flannels for old wives;
Woolcards and stockings, hats for men and boys,
Mill-saws and fenders, silks, and infants' toys;
All useful things and joined with many more,
Compose the well assorted country store.

The half-bred Doctor next here settles down,
And hopes the village soon will prove a town.
No rival here disputes his doubtful skill,
He cures, by chance, or ends each human ill:
By turns he physics, or his patient bleeds,
Uncertain in what case each best succeeds.
And if, from friends untimely snatch'd away,
Some beauty fall a victim to decay;
If some fine youth, his parents' fond delight,
Be early hurried to the shades of night;
Death bears the blame, 'tis his envenom'd dart
That strikes the suff'ring mortal to the heart.

Beneath the shelter of a log-built shed
The country school-house next erects its head.
No "man severe" with learning's bright display,
Here leads the op'ning blossoms into day;
No master here, in ev'ry art refin'd,
Through field of science guides th' aspiring mind;
But some poor wand'rer of the human race,
Unequal to the task, supplies his place,
Whose greatest source of knowledge or of skill
Consists in reading or in writing ill;
Whose efforts can no higher merit claim
Than spreading Dilworth's great scholastic fame.
No modest youths surround his awful chair,
His frowns to deprecate or smiles to share,
But all the terrors of his lawful sway,
The proud despise, the fearless disobey;
The rugged urchins spurn at all control,
Which cramps the movements of the free-born soul,
Till, in their own conceit so wise they've grown
They think their knowledge far exceeds his own.

As thus the village each successive year
Presents new prospects and extends its sphere,
While all around its smiling charms expand,
And rural beauties decorate the land.
The humble tenants, who were taught to know,
By years of suff'ring all the weight of woe;
Who felt each hardship nature could endure,
Such pains as time alone could ease or cure,
Relieved from want, in sportive pleasures find
A balm to soften and relax the mind;

And now, forgetful of their former care,
Enjoy each sport, and ev'ry pastime share.
Beneath some spreading tree's expanded shade
Here many a manly youth and gentle maid,
With festive dances or with sprightly song
The summer ev'ning hours in joy prolong,
And as the young their simple sports pursue,
The aged witness and approve them too.
And when the Summer's bloomy charms are sped,
When Autumn's fallen leaves around are spread,
When Winter rules the sad inverted year,
And ice and snow alternately appear,
Sports not less welcome lightly they essay,
To chase the long and tedious hours away.
Here, ranged in joyous groups around the fire,
Gambols and freaks each honest heart inspire;
And if some vent'rous youth obtain a kiss,
The game's reward, and summit of its bliss,
Applauding shouts, the victor's prize acclaim,
And ev'ry tongue augments his well earn'd fame;
While all the modest fair one's blushes tell
Success had crown'd his fondest hopes too well.
Dear humble sports, Oh! long may you impart
A guileless pleasure to the youthful heart;
Still may thy joys from year to year increase,
And fill each breast with happiness and peace. . . .

While time thus rolls his rapid years away,
The Village rises gently into day.
How sweet it is, at first approach of morn,
Before the silvery dew has left the lawn,
When warring winds are sleeping yet on high,
Or breathe as softly as the bosom's sigh,
To gain some easy hill's ascending height,
Where all the landscape brightens with delight,
And boundless prospects stretch'd on every side
Proclaim the country's industry and pride.
Here the broad marsh extends its open plain,
Until its limits touch the distant main;
There verdant meads along the uplands spring,
And to the breeze their grateful odours fling;
Here crops of corn in rich luxuriance rise
And wave their golden riches to the skies;
There smiling orchards interrupt the scene,
Or gardens bounded by some fence of green;

The farmer's cot, deep bosomed, 'mong the trees
Whose spreading branches shelter from the breeze;
The saw-mill rude, whose clacking all day long
The wilds re-echo and the hills prolong;
The neat white church, beside whose walls are spread
The grass-clad hillocks of the sacred dead;
Whose rude cut stones or painted tablets tell
In labour'd verse how youth and beauty fell,
How worth and hope were hurried to the grave,
And torn from those who had no power to save.

Or, when the Summer's dry and sultry sun
Adown the west his fiery course has run;
When, o'er the vale, his parting rays of light
Just linger, ere they vanish into night,
'Tis sweet to wander round the woodbound lake
Whose glassy stillness scarce the zephyrs wake;
'Tis sweet to hear the murmuring of the rill,
As down it gurgles from the distant hill;
The note of Whip-poor-Will 'tis sweet to hear,
When sad and slow it breaks upon the ear,
And tells each night, to all the silent vale,
The hopeless sorrows of its mournful tale.
Dear, lovely spot! Oh, may such charms as these
Sweet tranquil charms, that cannot fail to please,
For ever reign around thee, and impart
Joy, peace and comfort to each native heart.

Happy Acadia! though around thy shore
Is heard the stormy wind's terrific roar;
Though round thee winter binds his icy chains,
And his rude tempests sweep along thy plains,
Still Summer comes with her luxuriant band
Of fruits and flowers, to decorate thy land;
Still Autumn, smiling o'er thy fertile soil,
With richest gifts repays the lab'rer's toil;
With bounteous hand his varied wants supplies,
And scarce the fruit of other suns denies.
How pleasing, and how glowing with delight
Are now thy budding hopes! How sweetly bright
They rise to view! How full of joy appear
The expectations of each future year!
Not fifty summers yet have bless'd thy clime,
(How short a period in the page of time!)
Since savage tribes, with terror in their train,

Rush'd o'er thy fields and ravag'd all thy plain.
But some few years have rolled in haste away
Since through thy vales the fearless beasts of prey
With dismal yell and loud appalling cry
Proclaimed their midnight reign of horror nigh.
And now, how changed the scene! The first, afar,
Have fled to wilds beneath the northern star;
The last have learned to shun the dreaded eye
Of lordly man, and in their turn to fly.
While the poor peasant, whose laborious care
Scarce from the soil could wring his scanty fare,
Now in the peaceful arts of culture skill'd,
Sees his wide barns with ample treasure fill'd;
Now finds his dwelling, as the year goes round,
Beyond his hopes, with joy and plenty crown'd. . . .

Nor culture's arts, a nation's noblest friend,
Alone o'er Scotia's fields their power extend;
From all her shores, with every gentle gale,
Bright commerce wide expands her swelling sail;
And all the land, luxuriant, rich and gay,
Exulting owns the splendour of their sway.
These are thy blessings, Scotia, and for these
For wealth, for freedom, happiness and ease,
Thy grateful thanks to Britain's care are due;
Her power protects, her smiles past hopes renew;
Her valour guards thee, and her counsels guide;
Then may thy parent ever be thy pride!

Oh England! Although doubt around thee play'd,
And all thy childhood's years in error stray'd;
Matured and strong, thou shin'st in manhood's prime,
The first and brightest star of Europe's clime.
The nurse of science and the seat of arts,
The home of fairest forms and gentlest hearts,
The land of heroes, generous, free, and brave,
The noblest conqu'rors of the field and wave;
Thy flag on ev'ry sea and shore unfurled,
Has spread thy glory and thy thunder hurled.
When o'er the earth a tyrant would have thrown
His iron chain, and called the world his own,
Thine arm preserved it in its darkest hour,
Destroyed his hopes and crushed his dreaded pow'r;
To sinking nations life and freedom gave,
'Twas thine to conquer as 'twas thine to save.

Then, blest Acadia! ever may thy name,
Like hers, be graven on the rolls of fame;
May all thy sons, like hers, be brave and free,
Possessors of her laws and liberty;
Heirs of her splendour, science, pow'r and sk'll,
And through succeeding years her children still;
Then as the sun, with gentle dawning ray,
From night's dull bosom wakes, and leads the day,
His course majestic keeps, till in the height
He glows, one blaze of pure exhaustless light;
So may thy years increase, thy glories rise,
To be the wonder of the western skies;
And bliss and peace encircle all thy shore,
Till sun and moon and stars shall be no more.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG

(Author unidentified)*

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the songs of other shores;
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars;
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

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*This song was first printed in the Noctes Ambrosianae in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1829. The only ground for considering it a part of Canadian literature is the introductory comment purporting to be made by "Christopher North": "By-the-bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine in Upper Canada. He was rowed down The St. Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of them could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sung heaps of our old oar-songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion, and they had others of their own, Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties"—.

This may well be apocryphal; and the authorship of the song has been variously ascribed—to "North" himself, to Lockhart, to Hogg (the "Ettrick Shepherd"), to John Galt, and to half a dozen others. A full discussion of the question of authorship may be found in R. K. Gordon's *John Galt* (University of Toronto Press).

If this song is really a translation from the Canadian-Gaelic, it is of interest to students of Canadian literature as reflecting the homesickness so characteristic of early Canadian poetry and prose. The four lines beginning

"From the lone shieling of the misty island"

are sheer music, and have been quoted many times since they first appeared in print. They are indeed altogether too perfect to "belong" with the very inferior context, and raise the question whether some second rate poet (it could hardly have been the "Ettrick Shepherd") did not find the four perfect lines somewhere, and build crudely around them.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanish'd
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansmen true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our father's land.

LA COMPLAINTE DE CADIEUX

(French-Canadian Folk Song)

[As the canoes of the Company pass Petit Rocher on their annual journey down the Ottawa, some old voyageur will tell the story and sing the song of Cadieux. Cadieux as the tale goes, was one of a party attacked by Iroquois. He held the Iroquois in check while his companions shot the rapids. When some days later they returned to look for him they found his body lying beside a rude cross which he had fashioned and upon his breast the manuscript of a song which he had composed in his dying hours. (See Fréchette's *Sur la Tombe de Cadieux,* p. 45.]

Petit rocher de la haute montagne,
Je viens finir ici cette campagne!
Ah! doux échos, entendez mes soupirs;
En languissant je vais bientôt mourir!

Petits oiseaux, vos douces harmonies,
Quand vous chantez, me rattach' à la vie:
Ah! si j'avais des ailes comme vous,
Je s'rais heureux avant qu'il fut deux jours!

Seul en ces bois, que j'ai eu de soucis!
Pensant toujours à mes si chers amis,
Je demandais: Hélas! sont-ils noyés?
Les Iroquois les auraient-ils tués?

Un de ces jours que, m'étant éloigné,
En revenant je vis une fumée;
Je me suis dit: Ah! grand Dieu qu'est ceci?
Les Iroquois m'ont-ils pris mon logis?

Je me suis mis un peu à l'ambassade,
Afin de voir si c'était embuscade;
Alors je vis trois visages français! . . . .
M'ont mis le coeur d'une trop grande joie!

Mes genoux plient, ma faible voix s'arrête,
Je tombe...Hélas! à partir ils s'apprêtent:
Je reste seul . . . Pas un qui me console,
Quand la mort vient par un si grand désole!

Un loup hurlant vint près de ma cabane
Voir si mon feu n'avait plus de boucane;
Je lui ai dit: Retire-toi d'ici;
Car, par ma foi, je perc'rai ton habit!

Un noir corbeau, volant à l'aventure,
Vient se percher tout près de ma toiture:
Je lui ai dit: Mangeur de chair humaine,
Va-t'en chercher autre viande que mienne.

Va-t'en là-bas, dans ces bois et marais,
Tu trouveras plusieurs corps Iroquois;
Tu trouveras des chairs, aussi des os;
Va-t'en plus loin, laisse-moi en repos!

Rossignolet va dire à ma maîtresse
A mes enfants qu'un adieu je leur laisse;
Que j'ai gardé mon amour et ma foi,
Et désormais faut renoncer à moi!

C'est donc ici que le mond' m'abandonne!.....
Mais j'ai secours en vous Sauveur des hommes!
Très-Sainte Vierge, ah! m'abandonnez pas,
Permettez-moi d'mourir entre vos bras!

SUSANNA MOODIE

[Mrs. Moodie (1803-1885) is best remembered for her prose sketches of pioneer life in Canada (see page 169). Her verse is conventional, but the fact that she was one of the earliest to write of Canadian life lends it an historical interest.]

THE MAPLE TREE

Hail to the pride of the forest—hail
To the maple, tall and green!
It yields a treasure which ne'er shall fail
While leaves on its boughs are seen.
When the moon shines bright
On a wintry night,
And silvers the frozen snow,
And echo dwells
On the jingling bells
As the sleighs dart to and fro,
Then it brightens the mirth
Of the social hearth
With its red and cheery glow.

Afar, 'mid the bosky forest shades,
It lifts its tall head on high,
When the crimson-tinted evening fades
From the glowing saffron sky;
When the sun's last beams
Light up woods and streams,
And brighten the gloom below;
And the deer springs by
With his flashing eye,
And the shy, swift-footed doe;
And the sad winds chide
In the branches wide,
With a tender plaint of woe.

The Indian leans on its rugged trunk,
With the bow in his red right-hand,
And mourns that his race, like a stream, has sunk
From the glorious forest land,
But, blithe and free,
The maple-tree,
Still tosses to sun and air
Its thousand arms,
While in countless swarms
The wild bee revels there;
But soon not a trace
Of the red-man's race
Shall be found in the landscape fair.

When the snows of winter are melting fast,
And the sap begins to rise,
And the biting breath of the frozen blast
Yields to the spring's soft sighs,
Then away to the wood,
For the maple good
Shall unseal its honeyed store;
And boys and girls,
With their sunny curls,
Bring their vessels brimming o'er
With the luscious flood
Of the brave tree's blood,
Into caldrons deep to pour.

The blaze from the sugar-bush gleams red;
Far down in the forest dark
A ruddy glow on the trees is shed,
That lights up their rugged bark;
And with merry shout
The busy rout
Watch the sap as it bubbles high;
And they talk of the cheer
Of the coming year,
And the jest and the song pass by;
And brave tales of old
Round the fire are told,
That kindle youth's beaming eye.

Hurrah! for the sturdy maple-tree!
Long may its green branch wave
In native strength, sublime and free,
Meet emblem for the brave.
May the nation's peace
With its growth increase,
And its worth be widely spread;
For it lifts not in vain
To the sun and rain
Its tall, majestic head.
May it grace our soil,
And reward our toil,
While the nation's day is sped!

THE CANADIAN HERD-BOY

(A song of the backwoods)

Through the deep woods, at peep of day,
The careless herd-boy wends his way,
By piny ridge and forest stream,
To summon home his roving team:
Cobos! Cobos! from distant dell
Sly echo wafts the cattle-bell.

A blithe reply he whistles back,
And follows out the devious track,
O'er fallen tree and mossy stone,
A path to all save him unknown:
Cobos! Cobos! far down the dell
More faintly falls the cattle-bell.

See, the dark swamp before him throws
A tangled maze of cedar boughs;
On all around deep silence broods
In Nature's boundless solitudes:
Cobos! Cobos! the breezes swell
As nearer floats the cattle-bell.

He sees them now; beneath yon trees
His motley herd recline at ease;
With lazy pace and sullen stare
They slowly leave their shady lair:
Cobos! Cobos! far up the dell
Quick jingling comes the cattle-bell.

CHARLES SANGSTER

[Charles Sangster was born at Point Frederick in 1822, of Loyalist stock. After brief experiences in newspaper work at Amherstburg and Kingston, he entered the civil service at Ottawa. He died in 1893.

His first volume of poems, "The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay", written largely under the influence of Byron, appeared in 1856. His second volume, "Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics" (1860), contains his best and most original work. Sangster is not a great poet, but as the first Canadian poet to respond amply and genuinely to the inspiration of the Canadian Scene and to the earliest stirrings of the national impulse, he deserves the veneration in which he is held as "the father of Canadian poetry".]

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

Greatest twain among the nations,
Bound alike by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered
While your banners grace the skies—
But united, stand and labour,
Side by side, and hand in hand,
Battling with the sword of Freedom
For the peace of every land.
Yours the one beloved language,
Yours the same religious creed,
Yours the glory and the power,
Great as ever was the meed
Of old Rome, or Greece, or Sparta,
When their arms victoriously
Proved their terrible puissance
Over every land and sea.

Let the son respect the sire,
Let the father love the son,
Both unitedly supporting
All the glories they have won:
Thus in concert nobly wrestling,
They may work the world's release,
And when having crushed its tyrants,
Stand the Sentinels of Peace—
Stand the mighty twin Colossus,
Giants of the latter days,
Straightening for the coming kingdom
All the steep and rugged ways,

Down which many a lofty nation—
Lofty on the scroll of fame—
Has been swept to righteous judgment,
Naught remaining but its name.

What! allied to Merrie England,
Have ye not a noble birth?
Yours, America, her honours,
Yours her every deed of worth.
Have ye not her Norman courage?
Wear ye not her Saxon cast?
Boast ye not her love of Freedom?
Do ye not revere the past
When her mighty men of genius—
Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope—
Glorified that self-same language,
Since become your pride and hope?....

There will come a time, my Brothers,
And a dread time it will be,
When your swords will flash together,
For your faith in jeopardy.
Not for crowns, or lands, or sceptres,
Will the fight be fought and won,
Not for fame, or treaties broken,
But for God and God alone:
For the mind with which He blessed us,
That a false creed would keep down,
Shackle—bind it to its purpose—
To uphold a falling crown.
See that then ye fail not, Brothers!
Set the listening skies aglow
With such deeds as live in heaven,
If your Faith be worth a blow.

Proud, then, of each other's greatness,
Ever struggle side by side;
Noble Son! time-honored Parent!
Let no paltry strife divide
Hearts like yours, that should be mindful
Only of each other's worth—
Mindful of your high position
'Mongst the powers of the earth.
Mightiest twain among the nations!

Bound alike by kindred ties—
Ties that never should be sundered,
While your banners grace the skies:
Hearts and destinies once united,
Steadfast to each other prove,
Bind them with enduring fetters—
Bind them with the Bonds of Love.

From THE FALLS OF THE CHAUDIERE, OTTAWA.

"Within my pearl-roofed shell,
Whose floor is woven with the iris bright,
Genius and Queen of the Chaudière I dwell,
As in a world of immaterial light.

My throne, an ancient rock
Marked by the feet of ages long-departed,
My joy, the cataract's stupendous shock,
Whose roll is music to the grateful-hearted.

I've seen the eras glide
With muffled tread to their eternal dreams,
While I have lived in vale and mountain side,
With leaping torrents and sweet purling streams.

The Red-Man's active life;
His love, pride, passions, courage, and great deeds;
His perfect freedom, and his thirst for strife;
His swift revenge, at which the memory bleeds:

The sanguinary years,
When sullen Terror, like a raging Fate,
Swept down the stately tribes like slaughtered deers,
And war and hatred joined to decimate

The remnants of the race,
And spread decay through centuries of pain—
No more I mark their sure, avenging pace,
And forests wave where war-whoops shook the plain.

Their deeds I envied not.
The royal tyrant on his purple throne,
I, in secluded grove or shady grot,
Had purer joys than he had ever known.

God made the ancient hills,
The valleys and the solemn wildernesses,
The merry-hearted and melodious rills,
And strung with diamond dews the pine trees' tresses.

But man's hand built the palace,
And he that reigns therein is simply man;
Man turns God's gifts to poison in the chalice
That brimmed with nectar in the primal plan."

From AUTUMN

The cheery Spring may come,
And touch the dreaming flowers into life,
Summer expand her leafy sea of green,
And wake the joyful wilderness to song,
As a fair hand strikes music from a lyre:
But Autumn, from its daybreak to its close,
Setting in florid beauty, like the sun,
Robed with rare brightness and ethereal flame,
Holds all the year's ripe fruitage in its hands,
And dies with songs of praise upon its lips.

JOSEPH HOWE

[For biographical note, see page 323.]

THE FLAG OF OLD ENGLAND

(A centenary song of the landing of Cornwallis at Halifax).

All hail to the day when the Britons came over,
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet!
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.

Beneath it the emblems they cherished are waving,
The Rose of Old England the roadside perfumes;
The Shamrock and Thistle the north winds are braving,
Securely the Mayflower* blushes and blooms.

Hail to the day when the Britons came over.
And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet,
Around and above us their spirits will hover,
Rejoicing to show how we honour it yet.
We'll honour it yet, we'll honour it yet,
The flag of Old England! we'll honour it yet.

In the temples they founded, their faith is maintained,
Every foot of the soil they bequeathed is still ours,
The graves where they moulder, no foe has profaned,
But we wreathe them with verdure, and strew them with flowers!
The blood of no brother, in civil strife poured,
In this hour of rejoicing encumbers our souls!
The frontier's the field for the patriot's sword,
And cursed be the weapon that faction controls!

Then hail to the day! 'tis with memories crowded,
Delightful to trace 'midst the mists of the past,
Like the features of Beauty, bewitchingly shrouded,
They shine through the shadows Time o'er them has cast.
As travellers track to its source in the mountains
The stream which, far swelling, expands o'er the plains,
Our hearts on this day fondly turn to the fountains
Whence flow the warm currents that bound in our veins.

And proudly we trace them! No warrior flying
From city assaulted, and fanes overthrown,
With the last of his race on the battlements dying,
And weary of wandering, founded our own.
From the Queen of the Islands, then famous in story,
A century since, our brave forefathers came,
And our kindred yet fill the wide world with her glory,
Enlarging her empire, and spreading her name

*The Trailing Arbutus, the emblem of Nova Scotia.

Every flash of her genius our pathway enlightens,
  Every field she explores we are beckoned to tread,
Each laurel she gathers our future day brightens—
  We joy with her living, and mourn for her dead.
Then hail to the day when the Britons came over,
  And planted their standard, with sea-foam still wet!
Above and around us their spirits shall hover,
  Rejoicing to mark how we honour it yet.

OUR FATHERS

Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
  Treasures of art the stately tents within,
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
  And genius there spontaneous plaudits win:
But yet amidst the tumult and the din
  Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave!
Place claim I for the Dead—'twere mortal sin,
  When banners o'er our country's treasures wave,
  Unmarked to leave the wealth, safe garnered in the grave.

The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
  The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
  Mingle with flowers of every varied dye;
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
  And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil's graceful shadows charm the eye;
  But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
  For those, and for their works, who are not here.

Not here? O yes! our hearts their presence feel,
  Viewless, not voiceless; from the deepest shells
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal,
  And names which in the days gone by were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
  The spirit here our country's fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
  And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
  Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the Dead.

Look up! their walls enclose us. Look around!
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forest dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? Tell me, whose work they be,
The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? And who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?

Who, in frail barks, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honour for ever to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave;
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture or to die.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honoured, while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'ld aspire,
Honour the Dead; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours.
Gather their ashes; higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And o'er the old men's graves go strew your choicest flowers.

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN

[A professed imitator of Burns, Alexander McLachlan (1818-1896) wrote with a downright sincerity not unworthy of his master. If it has to be admitted that McLachlan's art could compass only so much, and that the music that made Burns's words (as McLachlan said) "living, vocal things", was denied to the disciple, one can still find in McLachlan's honest simplicity a refreshment not always afforded by more pretentious poems.]

OLD HANNAH

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
  Drops down on the heart like dew,
    And the sunbeams gleam
    Like a blessed dream
  Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,
  In her faded widow's cap;
    She is sitting alone
    On the old grey stone,
  With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging above her head,
  And the burn is wimpling by;
    The primroses peep
    From their sylvan keep,
  And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
  But they're all away with Death,
    And she sits alone
    On the old grey stone,
  To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
  And her eyes are waxing dim,
    But the page is bright
    With a living light,
  And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
  Which the soul can only hear!
    She is not alone
    On the old grey stone,
  Tho' no earthly friend is near . . . .

BRITANNIA

All hail, my country! hail to thee,
Thou birthplace of the brave and free,
Thou ruler upon land and sea,
  Britannia!

No thing of change, no mushroom state,
In wisdom thou canst work and wait,
Or wield the thunderbolts of Fate,
Britannia!

Oh, nobly hast thou played thy part!
What struggles of the head and heart
Have gone to make thee what thou art,
Britannia!

Great mother of the mighty dead!
Sir Walter sang and Nelson bled
To weave a garland for thy head,
Britannia!

And Watt, the great magician, wrought,
And Shakespeare ranged the realms of thought,
And Newton soared, and Cromwell fought,
Britannia!

And Milton's high seraphic art,
And Bacon's head and Burns' heart
Are glories that shall ne'er depart,
Britannia!

These are the soul of thy renown,
The gems immortal in thy crown,
The suns that never shall go down,
Britannia!

O, still have faith in truth divine!
Aye sacred be thy seal and sign,
And power and glory shall be thine,
Britannia!

MARTHA

In a sweet secluded nook,
Down beside the quiet brook,
There an humble cabin's seen
Peeping from the ivy green,
While a great elm bends above it,
As it really seemed to love it.
There old Martha lives alone,
But tho' to the world unknown,
There's a heart so truly human

In the breast of that old woman!
Oft I seek that quiet place,
Just to look upon her face,
And forget this scene of care,
Where men palter, curse and swear;
And the demons all are rife
In the never-ending strife
For the vanities of life.

What a world of love there lies
Mirrored in her deep blue eyes!
What a ray of quiet beauty
They throw around each daily duty!
How it is I cannot tell,
Yet I feel the magic spell
Of the quiet Sabbath grace,
Always breathing from her face,
And her voice so calm and clear
Lifts me to a higher sphere,
And unlocks my spirit's powers,
Gentle thoughts spring up like flowers.
Gems deep hidden in my heart
Into life and being start
When that saintly face I see,
Heaven and immortality
They grow clearer unto me.

She's acquaint with sin and sorrow,
Knows their weary burdens thorough,
And her hearth is the retreat
Of sad hearts, and weary feet;
And while others find but flaws,
Quoting still the moral laws,
She but thinks of what is human,
Loves them all, the dear old woman!
Time, which makes most heads but hoary,
Changed hers to a crown of glory.
Many—ah! many a benediction
From the children of affliction—
Blessings from the haunts of care
Nestle 'mid the glory there;
And she always seems to me
An embodied prophesy
Of a better world to be.

A BACKWOODS' HERO

Where yonder ancient willow weeps,
The Father of the village sleeps;
Tho' but of humble birth,
As rare a specimen was he
Of Nature's true nobility,
As ever trod the earth.
The busy head and hands are still;
Quenched the unconquerable will
Which fought and triumphed here;
And tho' he's all unknown to fame,
Yet grateful hearts still bless his name,
And hold his mem'ry dear . . . .

What was it that he would not face?
He bridged the stream, he cut the race,
Led water to the mill;
And planned and plodded night and day,
'Till every obstacle gave way
To his unconquered will.
And he was always at our call,
Was Doctor, Lawyer, Judge and all;
And all throughout the Section,
O, there was nothing could be done—
No field from out the forest won,
Save under his direction! . . .

He sought not fame, nor did he e'er
Find fault with his too narrow sphere,
Tho' many a body said
"He was the man who should be sent
To rule our rabble Parliament,—
It wanted such a head."
And here he ruled, and here he reigned,
And no man lost by what he gained;
And here he lies at rest!
And may his mem'ry never fade,
And may the turf upon him laid,
Lie lightly on his breast!

ACRES OF YOUR OWN

Here's the road to independence,
Who would bow and dance attendance!
Who with e'er a spark of pride,
While the bush is wild and wide,
Would be but a hanger-on,
Begging favours from a throne;
While beneath yon smiling sun,
Farms, by labour, can be won?
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne,
Who has acres of his own!

Tho' the cabin's walls are bare,
What of that, if love is there?
What, although your back is bent,
There are none to hound for rent;
What, tho' you must chop and plow,
None dare ask, "What doest thou?"
What, tho' homespun be your coat,
Kings might envy you your lot.
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne,
Who has acres of his own!

Honest labour thou would'st shirk—
Thou art far too good to work;
Such gentility's a fudge,
True men all must toil and drudge.
Nature's true Nobility
Scorns such mock gentility;
Fools but talk of blood and birth—
Ev'ry man must prove his worth.
Up! be stirring, be alive,
Get upon a farm and thrive!
He's a king upon a throne,
Who has acres of his own!

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE

[For biographical note, see page 342.]

JACQUES CARTIER

In the seaport of Saint Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

A year passed o'er Saint Malo—again came round the day,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side,
And the Captain of Saint Malo was rejoicing in his pride
In the forests of the North— while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount-Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
Saint Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region, hard, ironbound, and cold,
Where no seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold,
Where the wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrill'd with fear,
And piled fresh fuel upon the hearth to make them better cheer.

But when he changed the strain— he told how soon are cast
In early Spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the Winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of Summer o'ad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild;
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maim'd for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

He told them of the river, whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

DUNCAN ANDERSON

[Born in Scotland in 1828, the Rev. Duncan Anderson came to Canada in 1854. His *Lays of Canada* was published in 1890.]

THE DEATH OF WOLFE

Behind Jacques Cartier's hills the sun sinks low.
Low burn the beacon fires along the shore;
The drowsy watch dreams of his Norman home,
And dusky warriors sleep, and deem their toils are o'er.

Beneath the raven wing of sable night,
A little band, with martial fire aglow,
Sweeps down, while he who nobly leads them on
Chides every tardy hour that parts him from the foe.

Not glory's star allures that dauntless breast,
Nor lust of conquest fires that eagle eye;
For hearth and home, for King and Crown, his brand
Unsheathes at duty's call, and Wolfe will win or die.

And while no ghostly form unveils the fate
That, ere to-morrow's eve, awaits the brave,—
Love's gifts all laid aside,—he grasps his sword,
And sighs, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Adown the stream, past watch and ward they glide;
And as the keel grates on the rocky shore,
Silent and stern, and lithe as roe, each Gael
Upsprings o'er crag and fell, to meet the battle's roar.

And had New France no arm to rule the fight,
Or guard her oriflamme with dauntless breast?
Had the great Marquis wearied of the strife,
His war-worn blade to sheathe, and claim a soldier's rest?

Deserted by a ribald court and king,—
Ruled by a shameless minion's reckless hand,—
A thousand vampires battening on her blood,—
And knaves, or boastful fools deemed noblest of the land;—

Cape Breton's capital laid with the ground,—
Acadia lost,—of Western Empire shorn,—
No friendly fleet to shield her smouldering homes,
And Stadacona's walls crumbling in sun and storm.

Such was New France;—but in her bosom glowed
That patriot fire that burned while life was there;
Not Vaudreuil's iron rule could cool her love,
Nor Bigot's vile Friponne hound her to mad despair.

To arms! Grandsires and striplings seek the field;
The Censitaires obey their Seigneur's call;
Both high and low together ply the spade,
And dainty hands weave gabions for the battered wall.

And on that morn, when like their mountain mist
The Highland plumes waved o'er the beetling height,
One sentinel stood faithful at his post,—
One watchful eye gazed wondering at the sight.

But ere the warning shot could tell the tale,
The Scottish steel found sheath within his breast;
Long may his mother wait to greet her boy;—
He sleeps with kindred brave on Abraham's lofty crest.

One cheer above! one answering shout below!
Swift ply the boats across the ebbing tide;
Victors of Louisbourg press proudly on,
And cheerily the gun toils up the mountainside.

The pass is won, and as grey morning breaks,
The living wave rolls o'er the grassy plain,—
Grass that ere noon shall reek with human blood
From heaps of dead, like weeds upheaved by storm-tost main . . . .

Silent and stern, Montcalm rides on that morn,
Heedless of warlike shouts, or battle songs;
Victor of Carillon! thy palms may fade,
And Abraham's plains avenge Fort William Henry's wrongs.

Rank forms on rank, and as the managed hawk
Strains on its leash to swoop upon the prey,
So curbs the ardent chief his champing steed,
And longs to bid his warriors mingle in the fray.

What stays the heart that panted for the strife?
Why lags the bold Vaudreuil, when battle calls?
Why guard a thousand men our peaceful lines?
Why linger Ramesay's guns behind the sheltering walls?

"On with the charge!" he cries, and waves his sword;
One rolling cheer five thousand voices swell;
The levelled guns pour forth their leaden shower,
While thundering cannons' roar half drowns the Huron yell. . . .

And down the line swells high the British cheer,
That on a future day woke Minden's plain,
And the loud slogan that fair Scotland's foes
Have often heard with dread, and oft shall hear again.

And the shrill pipe its coronach that wailed
On dark Culloden moor o'er trampled dead,
Now sounds the "Onset" that each Clansman knows,
Still leads the foremost rank, where noblest blood is shed.

And on that day no nobler stained the sod,
Than his, who for his country laid life down;
Who, for a mighty Empire battled there,
And strove from rival's brow to wrest the laurel crown.

Twice struck,—he recks not, but still heads the charge,
But, ah! fate guides the marksman's fatal ball:—
With bleeding breast, he claims a comrade's aid,—
"We win,—let not my soldiers see their Leader fall."

Full well he feels life's tide is ebbing fast,—
When hark! "They run: see how they run!" they cry.
"Who run?" "The foe." His eyes flash forth one gleam,
Then murmuring low he sighs, "Praise God, in peace I die."

CHARLES MAIR

[Charles Mair was born in Ontario in 1838. His experience as paymaster in the first expedition (1869) sent to the Northwest by the Canadian government brought him into early contact with the life of the West. He took part in the suppression of the Riel rebellion, was subsequently in the Immigration service, first in Winnipeg, and then in Lethbridge, and is now living in British Columbia.

The historical drama *Tecumseh*, the most ambitious of Mair's poems on Canadian themes, was first printed in 1886, and as reprinted in 1890. The materials of the play—Tecumseh's efforts to federate the Indian tribes against the encroachments of the Americans, the assistance which he tendered General Brock in defeating the Americans at Detroit, and his last fight at Amherstburg—do not "compose" into a drama. Neither the personality of the central figure nor the interwoven love-plot avails to fuse the different elements of the story. Even as a dramatic poem—an heroic pageant—it is marred by the stiffness, the grandiloquence and the mechanical uniformity of the style. But *Tecumseh* deserves to be remembered as one of the few notable, if not altogether successful, efforts to dramatize Canadian history in verse; and many of its descriptive and reflective passages are of genuine merit.]

From TECUMSEH

Lefroy. I tell you, Brock,
The world is wiser than its wisest men,
And shall outlive the wisdom of its gods,
Made after man's own liking. The crippled throne
No longer shelters the uneasy king,
And outworn sceptres and imperial crowns
Now grow fantastic as an idiot's dream.
These perish with the kingly pastime, war,
And war's blind tool, the monster, Ignorance!
Both hateful in themselves, but this the worst.
One tyrant will remain—one impious fiend
Whose name is Gold—our earliest, latest foe!

Him must the earth destroy, ere man can rise,
Rightly self-made, to his high destiny,
Purged of his grossest faults; humane and kind;
Co-equal with his fellows, and as free.

Brock. Lefroy, such thoughts, let loose, would wreck the world.
The kingly function is the soul of state,
The crown the emblem of authority,
And loyalty the symbol of all faith.
Omitting these, man's government decays—
His family falls into revolt and ruin.
But let us drop this bootless argument,
And tell me more of those unrivalled wastes
You and Tecumseh visited.

Lefroy. We left
The silent forest, and, day after day,
Great prairies swept beyond our aching sight
Into the measureless West; uncharted realms,
Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous wind
Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
And rushing tides which never found a shore.
And tender clouds, and veils of morning mist,
Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
Into interminable wildernesses,
Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by the rose,
And murmurous with flower-fed bird and bee.
The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
Turned by the cloven hoofs of thundering herds
Primeval, and still travelled as of yore.
And gloomy valleys opened at our feet
Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary pine;
And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
Which through long reaches of the prairie wound,
Then melted slowly into upland vales,
Lingering, far-stretched amongst the spreading hills.

Brock. What charming solitudes! And life was there!

Lefroy. Yes, life was there! inexplicable life,
Still wasted by inexorable death.
There had the stately stag his battle-field—
Dying for mastery among his hinds.
There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
The dancing grouse, at their insensate sport,

Heard not the stealthy footstep of the fox;
The gopher on his little earthwork stood,
With folded arms, unconscious of the fate
That wheeled in narrowing circles overhead;
And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling bent,
Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.
At length we heard a deep and solemn sound—
Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
Trembling beneath innumerable feet.
A growing uproar blending in our ears,
With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
Of bellowings, fierce breath and battle shock,
And ardour of unconquerable herds,
A multitude whose trampling shook the plains,
With discord of harsh sound and rumbling deep,
As if the swift revolving earth had struck,
And from some adamantine peak recoiled,
Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed hill—
The last and loftiest of a file of such—
And, lo! before us lay the tameless stock,
Slow wending to the northward like a cloud!
A multitude in motion, dark and dense—
Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,
In countless myriads stretched for many a league.

Brock. You fire me with the picture! What a scene!

Lefroy. Nation on nation was invillaged there.
Skirting the flanks of that imbanded host;
With chieftains of strange speech and port of war,
Who, battle-armed, in weather-brawny bulk,
Roamed fierce and free in huge and wild content.
These gave Tecumseh greetings fair and kind,
Knowing the purpose havened in his soul.
And he, too, joined the chase as few men dare;
For I have seen him, leaping from his horse,
Mount a careering bull in foaming flight,
Urge it to fury o'er its burden strange,
Yet cling tenacious, with a grip of steel,
Then, by a knife-plunge, fetch it to its knees
In mid career, and pangs of speedy death.

Brock. You rave, Lefroy! or saw this in a dream.

Lefroy. No, no; 'tis true—I saw him do it, Brock!
Then would he seek the old, and with his spoils

Restore them to the bounty of their youth,
Cheering the crippled lodge with plenteous feasts,
And warmth of glossy robes, as soft as down,
Till withered cheeks ran o'er with feeble smiles,
And tongues, long silent, babbled of their prime.

Brock. This warrior's fabric is of perfect parts!
A worthy champion of his race—he heaps
Such giant obligations on our heads
As will outweigh repayment.

LOUIS FRECHETTE

[Louis Fréchette (1839-1908), the best-known of French-Canadian poets, was born at Lévis. He studied for the bar, practised law and then journalism, and represented Lévis in the House of Commons, 1874-1878. His collected poems include *Mes Loisirs* (1863); *La Voix d'une Exilé* (1867); *Pêle-Mêle* (1877); *Les Fleurs Boréales et Les Oiseaux de Neige* (1880), which was "crowned" by the French Academy; *Le Légende d'un Peuple* (1887), and *Feuilles Volantes* (1890).]

À LA BAIE D'HUDSON

C'est l'hiver, l'âpre hiver, et la tempête embouche
Des grands vents boréaux la trompette farouche.
Dans la rafale, au loin, la neige à flots pressés
Roule sur le désert ses tourbillons glacés,
Tandis que la tourmente ébranle en ses colères
Les vieux chênes rugueux et les pins séculaires.

L'horrible giboulée aveugle; le froid mord;
La nuit s'approche aussi—la sombre nuit du Nord—
Apportant son surcroît de mornes épouvantes.
Et pourtant, à travers les spirales mouvantes
Que l' ouragan soulève en bonds désordonnés,
Luttant contre le choc des *blizzards* déchaînés,
Des voyageurs, là-bas, affrontent la bourrasque.
L'ombre les enveloppe et le brouillard les masque.

Qui sont-ils? Où vont-ils. Quels Titans orgueilleux
Peuvent narguer ainsi tant d' éléments fougueux?
Ce sont de fiers enfants de la Nouvelle-France.
Sans songer aux périls, sans compter la souffrance,
Ils vont, traçant toujours leur immortel sillon,
Au pôle, s'il le faut, planter leur pavillon!

Au mépris des traités, la hautaine Angleterre,
Contre la France armant sa haine héréditaire,
Sur les côtes d' Hudson—dangers toujours croissants—
Avait braqué vers nous ses canons menaçants.
Il fallait étouffer les oursons au repaire;
Et d'Iberville, un fort que rien ne désespère,
Avec cent compagnons armés jusques aux dents,
Malgré la saison fauve et ses froids corrodants,
A travers des milliers d'obstacles fantastiques,
Avait pris le chemin des régions arctiques . . . .
Pour reprendre à l'Anglais ces postes importants,
Il fallait prévenir les secours du printemps.
Et c'est ce groupe fier, avec son chef en tête,
Qu'on voit marcher ainsi le front dans la tempête.

Sans un sentier battu, sans guides, sans jalons,
Ils franchissent les gués, les ravins, les vallons;
Précipice ou torrent, forêt ou fondrière,
Rien ne peut entraver leur course aventurière;
Les canots sur l'épaule et la raquette aux pieds,
Ces fiers coureurs des bois, ces chasseurs, ces troupiers,
Traînant munitions, bagage, armes et vivres,
Courbés sous la courroie et tout couverts de givres,
Semblaient, dans les brouillards de ce ciel nébuleux,
Les fantômes errants d' un monde fabuleux.
Les semaines, les mois s'écoulent; les débâcles
A l'expédition, offrent d'autres obstacles.
Les rayons du soleil, de plus en plus troublants,
Ont sur le sol blanchi des reflets aveuglants;
Puis le verglas fangeux que le printemps fait fondre
Change en marais glacé la route qui s'effondre....
Nul ne faiblit; plié sous les fardeaux trops lourds,
Dans l'eau jusqu'à mi-jambe, on avance, toujours.
Une rivière est là de banquises couverte:
Vite, canots à flot, la rame aux poings, alerte!
Quelquefois il leur faut descendre en pagayant
Quelque effrayant rapide au remous tournoyant;
Nul ne recule! Un jour, dans un torrent qui gronde,
D'Iberville lui-même est englouti sous l'onde;
Un miracle l'arrache à la mort. En retour,
Deux braves qu'il aimait, emportés à leur tour
Par le choc d'une vague au fond du gouffre traître,
S'enfoncent sous les flots pour ne plus reparaître.

La nuit, il faut camper le plus souvent sans feu,
Et puis recommencer la corvée, au milieu
De fatigues sans nom, jusqu'à la nuit suivante.
Et qu'il pleuve ou qu'il gèle, et qu'il grêle ou qu'il vente,
A travers le désert tragique, ces Titans,
Sordides, harassés, trempés et grelottants,
Mais que le dévoûment patriotique enflamme,
L'enthousiasme au coeur, le délire dans l'âme,
Pour atteindre leur but marchent sans sourciller!

Plus tard, quand les héros rentrèrent au foyer,
Ils avaient arraché trois forts à l'Angleterre,
Conquis toute une zone, et sur mer et sur terre
Humilié vingt fois nos rivaux confondus . . .

Ce sont ces hommes-là qu'un monarque a vendus!

LES PLAINES D'ABRAHAM

L'assiégeant se rangeait sur l'immense plateau . .
Or Montcalm l'avait dit:—L'on me verra, plutôt
  Que de céder au nombre,
Jusqu'au dernier moment défendre sans pâlir
Mes derniers bastions, et puis m'ensevelir
  Sous leur dernier décombre!

Depuis des mois déjà, l'implacable ennemi
Avait, sans respirer, sur la ville, vomi
  Des trombes de mitrailles;
Et, pillant la campagne et les forts envahis,
Des hordes de soudards étreignaient le pays
  Comme dans des tenailles.

Québec, que bombardaient quarante gros vaisseaux,
N'offrait plus aux regards que débris et monceaux
  De ruines croulantes;
Et, des tours aux clochers le feu torrentiel
Nuit et jour détachait, sinistre, sur le ciel
  Ses spirales sanglantes.

Montcalm, désespéré, mais sans faillir pourtant,
Du haut de ses ramparts, voyait à chaque instant,
  Depuis la Canardière
Jusqu'à perte de vue, et main basse sur tout,
Des bandes se ruer en promenant partout
  La torche incendiaire.

Un jour, Wolfe, qu'enrage échec après échec,
Débarqué nuitamment pour surprendre Québec,
  Joyeux, se met en route;
Près de Montmorency, son rival qui l'attend
Fond sur lui, l'enveloppe, et met tambour battant
  Son armée en déroute.

Mais, battus sur un point, sur un autre écrasés,
Partout, sur les débris des villages rasés,
  Les assiégeants semblaient renaître;
Un contre dix, le jour, la nuit, nous nous battions:
Une mèche allumée à tous les bastions,
  Un mousquet à chaque fenêtre.

Mais la lutte touchait à son terme; un Vergor,
Bazaine de jadis, avait pour un peu d'or
  Entre-bâillé nos portes;
Et Wolfe, risquant tout sur la carte à jouer,
Dans la plaine où le drame allait se dénouer
  Déployait ses cohortes.

On n'avait plus de pain, et la ville râlait.
Point d'autre alternative à choisir: il fallait
  Accepter la bataille.
Les deux guerriers, lassés par tant de vains efforts,
Allaient enfin pouvoir s'étreindre corps à corps,
  Et mesurer leur taille.

Montcalm a sous les murs rangé ses bataillons.
Et bientôt, remplissant de ses noirs tourbillons
  L'atmosphère ébranlée,
Sous le ciel par des flots de fumée obscurci,
Dans les acharnements d'un combat sans merci,
  Rugit l'âpre mêlée.

Le spectacle était fauve, et grand comme l'enjeu.
Ce panache effrayant de tonnerre et de feu,
  Couronnant cette cime,
Faisant presque l'effet d'un volcan déchaîné....
Jamais plus fier tableau n'avait illuminé
  Un cadre plus sublime!

Et les deux généraux, oubliant le danger,
Sous le plomb foudroyant se prenaient à songer
  Que ce canon qui gronde,
Au terrible hasard d'un succès incertain,
Jouait, sur ce fatal échiquier du destin,
  Le sort de tout un monde!

Hélas! des nations l'arbitre avait parlé;
Le Canada français, au firmament voilé,
  Voyait pâlir son astre;
Et, dans leurs étendards les deux rivaux drapés,
Vainqueur comme vaincu, tombaient enveloppés
  Dans le même désastre.

Montcalm, le fier héros que, dans son drapeau blanc,
Les Romains d'autrefois eussent voulu, sanglant,
  Porter au Capitole,
Voyant ses vétérans sous le nombre plier,
En mourant avait su, comme un preux chevalier,
  Racheter sa parole!

VAINQUEUR ET VAINCU

Sur les murs de Québec, au milieu des vieux ormes
Qui font un dôme vert aux contreforts énormes
Du roc qui sert d'assise à la fière cité,
Superbe, et dominant le port mouvementé
Dont l'orbe s'ouvre au fond d'un bassin gigantesque,
Se dresse un obélisque au profil pittoresque,
Comme une flèche au front d'un immense portail.
Or, sur ce monument, rare et touchant détail,
L'enfant peut épeler, entre les branches d'arbre,
Deux noms gravés en noir sur deux lames de marbre.
C'est le nom d'un vainqueur et celui d'un vaincu;
Un Français, un Anglais, tous deux ayant vécu

—Dans une époque, hélas! moins douce que la nôtre—
L'un avec un seul but, celui d'écraser l'autre;
Deux héros ennemis dont le sort fait rêver;
L'un tombé comme un preux en voulant conserver
A sa patrie ingrate une conquête ancienne;
L'autre mort en donnant tout un monde à la sienne!

Passants, ne trouvez rien d'illogique en cela;
Un noble sentiment les a réunis là,
Comme un gage constant d'union fraternelle,
D'entente cordiale et de paix éternelle
Entre deux nations qui savent, en grands coeurs,
Honorer les vaincus autant que les vainqueurs!

Wolfe et *Montcalm*, grands noms tragiques de l'histoire,
Dont l'un nous dit Défaite et l'autre dit Victoire,
Par le sort des combats si rudement heurtés,
Où sont ceux qui jadis vous ont si haut portés?
Chacun eut son destin, et chacun eut sa tombe:
Le panthéon pour l'un, pour l'autre un trou de bombe!
Ils moururent ensemble, et presque de leurs mains.
A ce seul point fatal se croisent leurs chemins:
De nos jours, comme alors, un gouffre les sépare.

Pourtant, sous ce granit le rêveur qui s'égare
Peut aujourd'hui confondre et mettre au même rang
Le vaincu sans reproche et l'heureux conquérant!

SUR LA TOMBE DE CADIEUX

Sur un îlot désert de l'Ottawa sauvage,
Le voyageur découvre, à deux pas du rivage,
Un tertre que la ronce achève de couvrir:
Un jour quelqu'un, ici, s'arrêta pour mourir.

L'humble tombe des bois n'a ni grille ni marbre;
Mais, poète naïf, à l'écorce d'un arbre
Cet étrange mourant confia son secret,
Et dit, sa plainte amère au vent de la forêt.
La légende a doré cette histoire touchante:
L'arbre n'est plus debout; mais le peuple qui chante,

Bien souvent, au hameau, fredonne en soupirant
La complainte qu'alors chanta Cadieux mourant.

* * * *

O sinistre Ottawa, combien de sombres drames
Dieu n'a-t-il pas écrits dans le pli de tes lames
Et sur les flancs rugueux de tes âpres récifs!
Dans les ombres du soir, combien de cris plaintifs,
Combien de longs sanglots, combien de plaintes vagues
Ne se mêlent-ils pas aux clameurs de tes vagues?
Ah! c'est que, sous tes flots et dans tes sables mous,
Bien des corps délaissés dorment dans tes remous!

Ceux-là n'ont pas même eu leurs quelques pieds de terre:
Leur linceul est l'oubli; leur tombe est un mystère.
Jamais, au fond des bois, le touriste rêvant
Ne lira leurs adieux sur le bouleau mouvant;
Et, le soir, au foyer, nulle voix printanière
Ne mêlera leurs noms aux chants de la chaumière.
Pour eux nuls souvenirs, nul bruit de pas aimés . . .
Dans vos tombeaux errants, pauvres perdus, dormez!

LE BONHOMME HIVER

Le bonhomme Hiver a mis ses parures,
Souples mocassins et bonnet bien clos,
Et, tout habillé de chaudes fourrures,
Au loin fait sonner gaîment ses grelots.

A ses cheveux blancs le givre étincelle;
Son large manteau fait des plis bouffants;
Il a des jouets plein son escarcelle
Pour mettre au chevet des petits enfants.

Quand le soleil luit la neige est coquette;
Mol et lumineux, son tapis attend
Le groupe rieur qui, sur la raquette,
Au flanc des coteaux chemine en chantant.

Dans les soirs sereins, l'astre noctambule
Plaque vaguement d'un reflet d'acier
La clochette d'or qui tintinnabule
Au harnais d'argent du fringant coursier.

Au feu du soleil ou des girandoles,
Emportée au vol de son patin clair,
Mainte patineuse, en ses courses folles,
Sylphe gracieux, luit comme un éclair.

Un rayon là-bas aux vitres rougeoie;
On entend des sons d'orchestre lointain:
Ce sont ces deux soeurs, la danse et la joie,
Qui vont s'amuser jusques au matin.

Et dans l'azur vif baigné de lumière,
Spectacle charmant, aspect sans rival,
Aux toits de la ville et sur la chaumière
Flotte le drapeau du gai carnaval.

PROLOGUE, LES OISEAUX DE NEIGES

Quand le rude Equinoxe, avec son froid cortège,
Quitte nos horizons moins inhospitaliers,
Sur nos champs de frimas s'abattent par milliers
Ces visiteurs ailés qu'on nomme *oiseaux de neige.*

De graines nulle part, nul feuillage aux halliers.
Contre la giboulée et nos vents de Norvège,
Seul le regard d'en haut les abrite, et protège
Ces courriers du soleil en butte aux oiseliers.

Chers petits voyageurs, sous le givre et la grêle,
Vous voltigez gaîment, et l'on voit sur votre aile
Luire un premier rayon du printemps attardé.

Allez, tourbillonnez autour des avalanches;
Sans peur, aux flocons blancs mêlez vos plumes blanches:
Le faible que Dieu garde est toujours bien gardé.

LE RAPIDE

L'eau qui se précipite en énorme volume,
Heurtant l'angle des rocs sur leur base tremblants,
Avec de longs cris sourds roule en tourbillons blancs:
C'est le fleuve qui prend sa course dans la brume.

Comme un cheval fougueux dont on saigne les flancs.
Il se cabre d'abord, puis court, bondit, écume,
Et va dans le lointain cacher son flot qui fume,
Sous le rocher sonore ou les grands bois ronflants.

De partout l'on entend monter des clameurs vagues;
On voit de gros oiseaux pêcheurs suivre les vagues
De remous en remous, plongeant et tournoyant;

Par un dernier effort cramponnés au rivage,
De vieux troncs rabougris penchent leur front sauvage
Noirs fantômes, au bord de l'abîme aboyant.

From L'ANNÉE CANADIENNE

JUIN

L'été met des fleurs à sa boutonnière;
Au flanc des ravins et dans les roseaux,
Ivres de soleil, les petits oiseaux
Entonnent en choeur l'hymne printanière;

Sur les clairs sommets, les champs et les eaux,
Tombent de l'azur des jets de lumière;
Au nid, au palais et sous la chaumière,
Le parfait amour tourne ses fuseaux.

Sous les bois touffus la source murmure;
La brise en jouant berce la ramure;
Le papillon vole au rosier fleuri;

Tout chante, s'émeut, palpite, étincelle . . .
Transports infinis! joie universelle!
A son créateur le terre a souri.

OCTOBRE

Les feuilles des bois sont rouges et jaunes;
La forêt commence à se dégarnir;
L'on se dit déjà: L'hiver va venir,
Le morose hiver de nos froides zones.

Sous le vent du nord tout va se ternir . . .
Il ne reste plus de vert que les aulnes
Et que les sapins dont les sombres cônes
Sous les blancs frimas semblent rejeunir.

Plus de chants joyeux, plus de fleurs nouvelles!
Aux champs moissonnés les lourdes javelles
Font sous leur fardeau crier les essieux.

Un brouillard dormant couvre les savanes;
Les oiseaux s'en vont, et leur caravanes
Avec des cris sourds passent dans les cieux.

TO LOUIS FRÉCHETTE

(On the occasion of his poems being crowned by the French Academy.)

O gifted son of our dear land and thine,
We joy with thee on this thy joyous day,
And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
A modest wreath of our own simple bay!
Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
Pride of the brave and theme of poet's song.
They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
Bretons and Normans, too? North, south and west
Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
Here, re-united, one great race to be.

JOHN READE

ROBERT REID

[Robert Reid ("Rob Wanlock") was born in Scotland in 1850, came to Canada in 1877, and died in Montreal, 1922. He was the author of two volumes of poems, *Moorland Rhymes*, 187 , and *Poems, Songs and Sonnets*, 1894.]

A SONG OF CANADA

Sing me a song of the great Dominion!
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;
Here is no starveling—Heaven-forsaken—
Shrinking aside where the Nations throng;
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—
Worthy is she of a noble song!

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,
Baring their brows in the dazzling blue;
Changeless alone, where all else changes,
Emblems of all that is grand and true:
Free as the eagles around them soaring;
Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the calm of her tranquil forests,
Silence eternal, and peace profound,
Into whose great heart's deep recesses
Breaks no tempest, and comes no sound;
Face to face with the death-like stillness,
Here, if at all, man's soul might quail:
Nay! 'tis the love of that great peace leads us
Thither, where solace will never fail!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom
Shouting her name from her fortress walls!

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,
League upon league of the golden grain:
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.
Land of contentment! May no strife vex you,
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd;
Only the blessings of mankind reach you—
Finding the food for a hungry world! . . .

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

[Isabella Valancy Crawford was born in Ireland in 1850 accompanied her family to Upper Canada in 1858 and died in Toronto in 1875. In a period of conventionality and imitation, her verse is noteworthy for its spontaneity, its lyricism, and its genuineness.]

THE AXE OF THE PIONEER

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
What doth thy bold voice promise me?

"I promise thee all joyous things,
That furnish forth the lives of Kings!

For every silver ringing blow
Cities and palaces shall grow!"

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Tell wider prophecies to me.

"When rust hath gnawed me deep and red,
A nation strong shall lift its head!

His crown the very heavens shall smite,
Aeons shall build him in his might!"

Bite deep and wide, O Axe, the tree,
Bright seer, help on thy prophecy!

From "MALCOLM'S KATIE"

In these new days men spread about the earth,
With wings at heel,—and now the settler hears,
While yet his axe rings on the primal woods,
The shrieks of engines rushing o'er the wastes,
Nor parts his kind to hew his fortunes out.
And as one drop glides down the unknown rock,
And the bright-threaded stream leaps after it
With welded billions, so the settler finds
His solitary footsteps beaten out
With the quick rush of panting human waves,
Upheav'd by throbs of angry poverty,

And driven by keen blasts of hunger, from
Their native strands,—so stern, so dark, so drear!
O, then, to see the troubl'd, groaning waves,
Throb down to peace in kindly valley beds,
Their turbid bosoms clearing in the calm
Of sun-ey'd Plenty,—till the stars and moon,
The blessed sun himself, has leave to shine
And laugh at their dark hearts! So shanties grew
Other than his amid the blacken'd stumps;
And children ran with little twigs and leaves,
And flung them, shouting, on the forest pyres,
Where burn'd the forest kings,—and in the glow
Paus'd men and women when the day was done.
There the lean weaver ground anew his axe,
Nor backward look'd upon the vanish'd loom,
But forward, to the ploughing of his fields,
And to the rose of Plenty in the cheeks
Of wife and children, nor heeded much the pangs
Of the rous'd muscles tuning to new work;
The pallid clerk look'd on his blister'd palms,
And sigh'd and smil'd, but girded up his loins,
And found new vigour as he felt new hope;
The lab'rer with train'd muscles, grim and grave,
Look'd at the ground, and wonder'd in his soul
What joyous anguish stirr'd his darken'd heart
At the mere look of the familiar soil,
And found his answer in the words—"Mine own!"
Then came smooth-coated men, with eager eyes,
And talk'd of steamers on the cliff-bound lakes,
And iron tracks across the prairie lands,
And mills to crush the quartz of wealthy hills,
And mills to saw the great wide-armèd trees,
And mills to grind the singing stream of grain;
And with such busy clamour mingled still
The throbbing music of the bold, bright Axe,—
The steel tongue of the Present, and the wail
Of falling forest,—voices of the Past . . .

SAMUEL MATHEWSON BAYLIS

[Samuel Mathewson Baylis was born in Montreal in 1854. His poems appeared in a volume entitled *Camp and Lamp*, in 1897.]

THE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

In the glimmering light of the Old Régime
A figure appears like the flashing gleam
Of sunlight reflected from sparkling stream,
Or jewel without a flaw.
Flashing and fading but leaving a trace
In story and song of a hardy race,
Finely fashioned in form and face—
The Old Coureur-de-Bois.

No loiterer he 'neath the sheltering wing
Of ladies' bowers where gallants sing.
Thro' his woodland realm he roved a king!
His untamed will his law.
From the wily savage he learned his trade
Of hunting and wood-craft; of nothing afraid:
Bravely battling, bearing his blade
As a free Coureur-de-Bois . . .

Then peace to his ashes! He bore his part
For his country's weal with a brave stout heart.
A child of nature, untutored in art,
In his narrow world he saw
But the dawning light of the rising sun
O'er an Empire vast his toil had won.
For doughty deeds and duty done
Salût! Coureur-de-Bois.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

[Drummond was born in Ireland in 1854 and accompanied his parents to Canada when he was eleven years old. As a telegrapher in the little village of Bord-a-Plouffe on the Rivière des Prairies, he first came into contact with the *habitant* and *voyageur*, and, as Mrs. Drummond relates, "heard from Gédéon Plouffe the tragedy retold as "The Wreck of the Julie Plante", a poem..... which had made its way through the length and breadth of the American continent before ever his first book of poems was published." Finally obtaining a medical education, Dr. Drummond practised first in the country among the *habitants* and subsequently in Montreal. *The Habitant* (1897) was followed by three other volumes of dialect verse. He died in 1907.

Drummond's verses do not pretend to be great poetry. It is even a matter of indifference whether the homely *patois* which he handled with such facility is strictly authentic. The enduring charm of his poetry is in its characterization, its sympathetic and vivid portrayal of the moods and manners of a fascinating folk—a portrayal to which the dialect lends just the proper tang of quaint simplicity.]

DE HABITANT

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc;
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran' fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know——

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us
An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning
An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide,
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de day,

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de wood pile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de wedder—
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever—ma wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' it's lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! Ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you play us.
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de k'itchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam to get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ings, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de countree
Don't put on same style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monce you t'ing dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

THE WRECK OF THE "JULIE PLANTE"

(A Legend of Lac-St. Pierre.)

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow "Julie Plante"
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole,
He call de cook also.
De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-w s',
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"
Den de captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still de scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.
Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' morning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,

For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

Moral

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you're only five an' a half dis fall,
Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min' I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

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But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he's twenty year
I bet he'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken and mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

[Born in Montreal in 1861, and now Canon of the Holy Trinity Cathedral in Quebec, Canon Scott has published several volumes of verse. His recent service as a chaplain at the front has been commemorated in *The Great War as I Saw It.*]

IN MEMORIAM

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Pillowed where they fought and bled,
The loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Toil and sorrow came with age,
Manhood's rightful heritage;
Toil our arms more strong shall render,
Sorrow make our hearts more tender,

In the heartlessness of time;
Honour lays a wreath sublime—
Deathless glory—where they bled,
Our loved and lost, our glorious dead!

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's new-made grave;
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us,
But the future spreads before us
Glorious in that sunset land—
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shed,
But the dead, the glorious dead!

Lay them where they fought and fell;
Every heart shall ring their knell,
For the lessons they have taught us,
For the glory they have brought us,
Though our hearts are sad and bowed,
Nobleness still makes us proud—
Proud of light their names shall shed
In the roll-call of our dead!

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care-lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Where the call of duty led,
Where the lonely prairies spread,
Where for us they fought and bled,
Our ever loved and glorious dead!

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

[Of United Empire Loyalist stock, Archibald Lampman was born in Ontario in 1861. Most of his poetry was written in and around Ottawa where he was employed as a clerk in the Post Office Department from 1883 until his death in 1899. The beauty of the Ottawa countryside, its landscapes, its seasonal changes, provided the theme of almost all of his voluminous verse.

Notwithstanding his voluminousness, Lampman's work is singularly even. It is never crude and it is almost never commonplace. On the other hand, there are no supreme moments, no "east windows of divine surprise". Nor, nature-poet though he was, are his pictures of nature generally very sharply etched. But his work has unerring choiceness of phrase and unfailing finish. Under the spell of Keats in his early poems, he became in his later work a confirmed Wordsworthian, discovering always "a remoter charm by thought supplied."

APRIL

Pale season, watcher in unvexed suspense,
Still priestess of the patient middle day,
Betwixt wild March's humoured petulance
And the warm wooing of green kirtled May,
Maid month of sunny peace and sober gray,
Weaver of flowers in sunward glades that ring
With murmur of libation to the spring;

As memory of pain, all past, is peace,
And joy, dream-tasted, hath the deepest cheer,
So art thou sweetest of all months that lease
The twelve short spaces of the flying year.
The bloomless days are dead, and frozen fear
No more for many moons shall vex the earth,
Dreaming of summer and fruit-laden mirth.

The gray song-sparrows full of spring have sung
Their clear thin silvery tunes in leafless trees;
The robin hops, and whistles, and among
The silver-tasseled poplars the brown bees
Murmur faint dreams of summer harvestries;
The creamy sun at even scatters down
A gold-green mist across the murmuring town.

By the slow streams the frogs all day and night
Dream without thought of pain or heed of ill,
Watching the long warm silent hours take flight,
And ever with soft throats that pulse and thrill,
From the pale-weeded shallows trill and trill,
Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering
One to another, glorying in the spring.

All day across the ever-cloven soil,
Strong horses labour, steaming in the sun,
Down the long furrows with slow straining toil,
Turning the brown clean layers; and one by one
The crows gloom over them till daylight done
Finds them asleep somewhere in duskèd lines
Beyond the wheatlands in the northern pines.

The old year's cloaking of brown leaves, that bind
The forest floor-ways, plated close and true—
The last love's labour of the autumn wind—
Is broken with curled flower buds white and blue
In all the matted hollows, and speared through
With thousand serpent-spotted blades up-sprung,
Yet bloomless, of the slender adder-tongue.

In the warm noon the south wind creeps and cools,
Where the red-budded stems of maples throw
Still tangled etchings on the amber pools,
Quite silent now, forgetful of the slow
Drip of the taps, the troughs, the trampled snow,
The keen March mornings, and the silvering rime
And mirthful labour of the sugar prime.

Ah, I have wandered with unwearied feet,
All the long sweetness of an April day,
Lulled with cool murmurs and the drowsy beat
Of partridge wings in secret thickets gray,
The marriage hymns of all the birds at play,
The faces of sweet flowers, and easeful dreams
Beside slow reaches of frog-haunted streams;

Wandered with happy feet, and quite forgot
The shallow toil, the strife against the grain,
Near souls, that hear us call, but answer not,
The loneliness, perplexity and pain,
And high thoughts cankered with an earthly stain;
And then, the long draught emptied to the lees,
I turn me homeward in slow-pacing ease. . . . .

MORNING ON THE LIEVRE

Far above us where a jay
Screams his matins to the day,
Capped with gold and amethyst,
Like a vapour from the forge
Of a giant somewhere hid,
Out of hearing of the clang
Of his hammer, skirts of mist
Slowly up the woody gorge
Lift and hang.

Softly as a cloud we go,
Sky above and sky below,
Down the river; and the dip
Of the paddles scarcely breaks,
With the little silvery drip
Of the water as it shakes
From the blades, the crystal deep
Of the silence of the morn,
Of the forest yet asleep;
And the river reaches borne
In a mirror, purple gray,
Sheer away
To the misty line of light,
Where the forest and the stream
In the shadow meet and plight,
Like a dream.
From amid a stretch of reeds,
Where the lazy river sucks
All the water as it bleeds
From a little curling creek,
And the muskrats peer and sneak
In around the sunken wrecks
Of a tree that swept the skies
Long ago,
On a sudden seven ducks
With a splashy rustle rise,
Stretching out their seven necks,
One before, and two behind,
And the others all arow,
And as steady as the wind
With a swivelling whistle go,

Through the purple shadow led,
Till we only hear their whir
In behind a rocky spur,
Just ahead.

THE RAILWAY STATION

The darkness brings no quiet here, the light
No waking; ever on my blinded brain
The flare of lights, the rush, and cry, and strain,
The engines' scream, the hiss and thunder smite:
I see the hurrying crowds, the clasp, the flight,
Faces that touch, eyes that are dim with pain:
I see the hoarse wheels turn, and the great train
Move labouring out into the bourneless night.
So many souls within its dim recesses,
So many bright, so many mournful eyes;
Mine eyes that watch grow fixed with dreams and guesses;
What threads of life, what hidden histories,
What sweet or passionate dreams or dark distresses,
What unknown thoughts, what various agonies!

SOLITUDE

How still it is here in the woods. The trees
Stand motionless, as if they did not dare
To stir, lest it should break the spell. The air
Hangs quiet as spaces in a marble frieze.
Even this little brook, that runs at ease,
Whispering and gurgling in its knotted bed,
Seems but to deepen with its curling thread
Of sound the shadowy sun-pierced silences.
Sometimes a hawk screams or a woodpecker
Startles the stillness from its fixèd mood
With his loud careless tap. Sometimes I hear
The dreamy white-throat from some far off tree
Pipe slowly on the listening solitude,
His five pure notes succeeding pensively.

IN NOVEMBER

With loitering step and quiet eye,
Beneath the low November sky,
I wandered in the woods, and found
A clearing, where the broken ground
Was scattered with black stumps and briers,
And the old wreck of forest fires.
It was a bleak and sandy spot,
And, all about, the vacant plot
Was peopled and inhabited
By scores of mulleins long since dead.
A silent and forsaken brood
In that mute opening of the wood,
So shrivelled and so thin they were,
So gray, so haggard, and austere,
Not plants at all they seemed to me,
But rather some spare company
Of hermit folk, who long ago,
Wandering in bodies to and fro,
Had chanced upon this lonely way,
And rested thus, till death one day
Surprised them at their compline prayer,
And left them standing lifeless there.
There was no sound about the wood
Save the wind's secret stir. I stood
Among the mullein-stalks as still
As if myself had grown to be
One of their sombre company,
A body without wish or will.
And as I stood, quite suddenly,
Down from a furrow in the sky
The sun shone out a little space
Across that silent sober place,
Over the sand heaps and brown sod,
The mulleins and dead goldenrod,
And passed beyond the thickets gray,
And lit the fallen leaves that lay,
Level and deep within the wood,
A rustling yellow multitude.

And all around me the thin light,
So sere, so melancholy bright,
Fell like the half-reflected gleam

Or shadow of some former dream;
A moment's golden reverie
Poured out on every plant and tree
A semblance of weird joy, or less,
A sort of spectral happiness;
And I, too, standing idly there,
With muffled hands in the chill air,
Felt the warm glow about my feet,
And shuddering betwixt cold and heat,
Drew my thoughts closer, like a cloak,
While something in my blood awoke,
A nameless and unnatural cheer,
A pleasure secret and austere.

SNOW

White are the far-off plains, and white
The fading forests grow;
The wind dies out along the height,
And denser still the snow,
A gathering weight on roof and tree,
Falls down scarce audibly.

The road before me smoothes and fills
Apace, and all about
The fences dwindle, and the hills
Are blotted slowly out;
The naked trees loom spectrally
Into the dim white sky.

The meadows and far-sheeted streams
Lie still without a sound;
Like some soft minister of dreams
The snow-fall hoods me round;
In wood and water, earth and air,
A silence everywhere.

Save when at lonely intervals
Some farmer's sleigh urged on,
With rustling runners and sharp bells,
Swings by me and is gone;
Or from the empty waste I hear
A sound remote and clear;

The barking of a dog, or call
To cattle, sharply pealed,
Borne echoing from some wayside stall
Or barnyard far afield;
Then all is silent, and the snow
Falls, settling soft and slow.

The evening deepens, and the gray
Folds closer earth and sky;
The world seems shrouded far away;
Its noises sleep, and I,
As secret as yon buried stream,
Plod humbly on, and dream.

SAPPHICS

Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and silent,
Comes the autumn over the woods and highlands,
Golden, rose-red, full of divine remembrance,
Full of foreboding.

Soon the maples, soon will the glowing birches,
Stripped of all that summer and love had dowered them,
Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their pomp and treasure
Ruthlessly scattered:

Yet they quail not: Winter with wind and iron
Comes and finds them silent and uncomplaining,
Finds them tameless, beautiful still and gracious,
Gravely enduring.

Me too changes, bitter and full of evil,
Dream by dream have plundered and left me naked,
Gray with sorrow. Even the days before me
Fade into twilight,

Mute and barren. Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my noble
Elms and maples, utterly grave and fearless,
Grandly ungrieving.

Brief the span is, counting the years of mortals,
Strange and sad; it passes, and then the bright earth,
Careless mother, gleaming with gold and azure,
Lovely with blossoms—

Shining white anemones, mixed with roses,
Daisies mild-eyed, grasses and honeyed clover—
You and me, and all of us, met and equal,
Softly shall cover.

ACROSS THE PEA-FIELDS

Field upon field to westward hum and shine
The gray-green sun-drenched mists of blossoming peas;
Beyond them are great elms and poplar trees
That guard the noon-stilled farm-yards, groves of pine,
And long dark fences muffled thick with vine;
Then the high city, murmurous with mills;
And last, upon the sultry west, blue hills.
Misty, far-lifted, a mere filmy line.

Across these blackening rails into the light
I lean and listen, lolling drowsily;
On the fence corner, yonder to the right,
A red squirrel whisks and chatters; nearer by
A little old brown woman on her knees
Searches the deep hot grass for strawberries.

A SUNSET AT LES EBOULEMENTS

Broad shadows fall. On all the mountain side
The scythe-swept fields are silent. Slowly home
By the long beach the high-piled hay-carts come,
Splashing the pale salt shallows. Over wide
Fawn-coloured wastes of mud the slipping tide,
Round the dun rocks and wattled fisheries,
Creeps murmuring in. And now by twos and threes,
O'er the slow spreading pools with clamorous chide,
Belated crows from strip to strip take flight.
Soon will the first star shine; yet ere the night

Reach onward to the pale-green distances,
The sun's last shaft beyond the gray sea-floor
Still dreams upon the Kamouraska shore,
And the long line of golden villages.

STORM VOICES

The night grows old; again and yet again
The tempest wakens round the whistling height,
And all the winds like loosened hounds take flight
With bay and halloo, and the wintry rain
Sweeps the drenched roof, and blears the narrow pane.
There is a surging horror in the night;
The woods far out are roaring in their might;
The curtains sway; the rafters creak and strain;
And as I dream, o'er all my spirit swims
A passion sad and holy as the tomb;
Strange human voices cry into mine ear;
Out of the vexèd dark I seem to hear
Vast organ thunders, and a burst of hymns
That swell and soar in some cathedral gloom.

GOLDENROD

Ere the stout year be waxéd shrewd and old,
And while the grain upon the well-piled stack
Waits yet unthreshed, by every woodland track,
Low stream, and meadow, and wide waste outrolled,
By every fence that skirts the forest mould,
Sudden and thick, as at the reaper's hail,
They come, companions of the harvest, frail
Green forests yellowing upward into gold.
Lo, where yon shaft of level sunshine gleams
Full on those pendent wreaths, those bounteous plumes
So gracious and so golden! Mark them well,
The last and best from summer's empty looms,
Her benedicite, and dream of dreams,
The fulness of her soul made visible.

BLISS CARMAN

[Born in Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861, of United Empire Loyalist descent, Bliss Carman has been for many years the most distinguished Canadian poet. Like Lampman, the beauties and the lure of nature have been his constant theme, but Carman has brought to the treatment of the theme a virility and an *élan* which Lampman lacked. Carman's inscription "In a Copy of Browning":

> Since first I sought you,
> Found you and bought you,
> Hugged you and brought you
> Home from Cornhill,
> While some upbraid you,
> And some parade you,
> Nine years have made you,
> My master still.

sufficiently indicates one source of his inspiration. Still more evident, alike in his rhythms and in his turns of phrase, is the influence of Swinburne. But neither the form nor the content of his poetry is borrowed. To an unusual degree it is the expression of a vivid and salient personality—the irresponsible and vagrant poet-soul—the lover of the sea and the open road. If Lampman may be said to be the meditative observer of the quiet beauties of nature, Carman is the participant in its passions.]

SUMMER STREAMS

All day long beneath the sun
Shining through the fields they run,

Singing to a cadence known
To the seraphs round the throne.

And the traveller, drawing near
Through the meadow, halts to hear

Anthems of a natural joy
No disaster can destroy.

All night long from set of sun
Through the starry woods they run,

Singing through the purple dark
Songs to make a traveller hark.

All night long, when winds are low,
Underneath my window go

The immortal happy streams,
Making music through my dreams.

THE SHIPS OF YULE

When I was just a little boy,
Before I went to school,
I had a fleet of forty sail
I called the Ships of Yule;

Of every rig, from rakish brig
And gallant barkentine,
To little Fundy fishing-boats
With gunwales painted green.

They used to go on trading trips
Around the world for me,
For though I had to stay on shore
My heart was on the sea.

They stopped at every port to call
From Babylon to Rome,
To load with all the lovely things
We never had at home;

With elephants and ivory
Bought from the King of Tyre,
And shells and silk and sandal-wood
That sailor men admire;

With figs and dates from Samarcand,
And squatty ginger-jars,
And scented silver amulets,
From Indian bazaars;

With sugar-cane from Port of Spain,
And monkeys from Ceylon,
And paper lanterns from Pekin
With painted dragons on;

With cocoanuts from Zanzibar,
And pines from Singapore;
And when they had unloaded these
They could go back for more.

And even after I was big
And had to go to school,
My mind was often far away
Aboard the Ships of Yule.

THE SHIPS OF ST. JOHN

Where are the ships I used to know,
That came to port on the Fundy tide
Half a century ago,
In beauty and stately pride?

In they would come past the beacon light,
With the sun on gleaming sail and spar,
Folding their wings like birds in flight
From countries strange and far.

Schooner and brig and barkentine,
I watched them slow as the sails were furled,
And wondered what cities they must have seen
On the other side of the world.

Frenchman and Britisher and Dane,
Yankee, Spaniard and Portugee,
And many a home ship back again
With her stories of the sea.

Calm and victorious, at rest
From the relentless, rough sea-play,
The wild duck on the river's breast
Was not more sure than they.

The creatures of a passing race,
The dark spruce forests made them strong,
The sea's lore gave them magic grace.
The great winds taught them song.

And God endowed them each with life—
His blessing on the craftsman's skill—
To meet the blind, unreasoned strife
And dare the risk of ill.

Not mere insensate wood and paint
Obedient to the helm's command,
But often restive as a saint
Beneath the Heavenly hand.

All the beauty and mystery
Of life were there, adventure bold,
Youth, and the glamour of the sea
And all its sorrows old.

Any many a time I saw them go
Out on the flood at morning brave,
As the little tugs had them in tow,
And the sunlight danced on the wave.

There all day long you could hear the sound
Of the caulking iron, the ship's bronze bell,
And the clank of the capstan going round
As the great tides rose and fell.

The sailors' songs, the Captain's shout,
The boatswain's whistle piping shrill,
And the roar as the anchor chain runs out,—
I often hear them still.

I can see them still, the sun on their gear,
The shining streak as the hulls careen,
And the flag at the peak unfurling,—clear
As a picture on a screen.

The fog still hangs on the long tide-rips,
The gulls go wavering to and fro,
But where are all the beautiful ships
I knew so long ago?

"NOW THE LENGTHENING TWILIGHTS HOLD"

Now the lengthening twilights hold
  Tints of lavender and gold,
And the marshy places ring
  With the pipers of the spring,

Now the solitary star
  Lays a path on meadow streams,
And I know it is not far
  To the open door of dreams.

Lord of April, in my hour
  May the dogwood be in flower,
And my angel through the dome
  Of spring twilight lead me home.

PEONY

Pionia virtutem habet occultam.
—Arnoldus Villanova—1235-1313.

Arnoldus Villanova
Six hundred years ago
Said Peonies have magic,
And I believe it so.
There stands his learned dictum
Which any boy may read,
But he who learns the secret
Will be made wise indeed.

Astrologer and doctor
In the science of his day,
Have we so far outstripped him?
What more is there to say?
His mediaeval Latin
Records the truth for us,
Which I translate—virtutem
Habet occultam—thus;

She has a deep hid virtue
No other flower hath.
When summer comes rejoicing
A-down my garden path,
In opulence of colour,
In robe of satin sheen,
She casts o'er all the hours
Her sorcery serene.

A subtile, heartening fragrance
Comes piercing the warm hush,
And from the greening woodland
I hear the first wild thrush.
They move my heart to pity
For all the vanished years,
With ecstacy of longing
And tenderness of tears.

By many names we call her,—
Pale, exquisite Aurore,
Luxuriant Gismonda,
Or sunny Couronne d'Or.
What matter,—Grandiflora,
A queen in some proud book,
Or sweet familiar Piny
With her old-fashioned look?

The crowding apple blossoms
Above the orchard wall;
The Moonflower in August
When eerie nights befall;
Chrysanthemum in autumn,
Whose pageantries appear
With mystery and silence
To deck the dying year;

And many a mystic flower
Of the wildwood I have known,
But Pionia Arnoldi
Hath a transport all her own.
For Peony, my Peony,
Hath strength to make me whole,—
She gives her heart of beauty
For the healing of my soul.

Arnoldus Villanova,
Though earth is growing old,
As long as life has longing
Your guess at truth will hold.
Still works the hidden power
After a thousand springs,—
The medicine for heartache
That lurks in lovely things.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

[C. G. D. Roberts was born in New Brunswick in 1860. After a considerable experience in newspaper and magazine editing and in teaching, he has devoted his entire time to writing. His short stories and novels of Canadian life and nature are widely known. A collected edition of his poems appeared in 1907, and *New Poems* in 1919. Lacking, perhaps, something of the delicate sensitiveness of Lampman, and of the tang of Carman at his best, Roberts's poetry is still admirable for the genuineness of its feeling, and for its unfailing music.]

THE SKATER

My glad feet shod with the glittering steel
I was the god of the winged heel.

The hills in the far white sky were lost;
The world lay still in the wide white frost;

And the woods hung hushed in their long white dream
By the ghostly, glimmering, ice-blue stream.

Here was a pathway, smooth like glass,
Where I and the wandering wind might pass

To the far-off palaces, drifted deep,
Where Winter's retinue rests in sleep.

I followed the lure, I fled like a bird,
Till the startled hollows awoke and heard

A spinning whisper, a sibilant twang,
As the stroke of the steel on the tense ice rang;

And the wandering wind was left behind
As faster, faster I followed my mind;

Till the blood sang high in my eager brain,
And the joy of my flight was almost pain.

Then I stayed the rush of my eager speed
And silently went as a drifting seed,—

Slowly, furtively, till my eyes
Grew big with the awe of a dim surmise,

And the hair of my neck began to creep
At hearing the wilderness talk in sleep,

Shapes in the fir-gloom drifted near.
In the deep of my heart I heard my fear;

And I turned and fled, like a soul pursued,
From the white, inviolate solitude.

CANADA

O Child of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple Wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Fal'erer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands,—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY

Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name,—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian Land!

O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty these calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!

THE PLACE OF HIS REST

The green marsh-mallows
Are over him.
Along the shallows
The pale lights swim.

Wide air, washed grasses,
And waveless stream;
And over him passes
The drift of dream;—

The pearl-hue down
Of the poplar seed;
The elm-flower brown;
And the sway of the reed;

The blue moth, winged
With a flake of sky;
The bee, gold ringed;
And the dragon fly.

Lightly the rushes,
Lean to his breast;
A bird's wing brushes
The place of his rest.

The far-flown swallow,
The gold-finch flame,—
They come, they follow
The paths he came.

'Tis the land of No Care
Where now he lies,
Fulfilled the prayer
Of his weary eyes:

And while around him
The kind grass creeps,
Where peace hath found him
How sound he sleeps.

Well to his slumber
Attends the year:
Soft rains without number,
Soft noons, blue clear,

With nights of balm,
And the dark sweet hours
Brooding with calm,
Pregnant with flowers.

See how she speeds them,
Each childlike bloom,
And softly leads them
To tend his tomb!—

The white thorn
As the cowslip goes;
Then the iris appears;
And then, the rose.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

[Wilfred Campbell (born 1861, died 1918) was a representative member of the Parnassian senate of the early "Sixty's". Coeval with Lampman, Carman, and Roberts, and properly associated with them in reputation, Campbell is however the least effective of the group. His reach is greater than his grasp, the impression of his more ambitious poems that of straining after effects not altogether achieved. But when the simplicity of the theme saves him from rhetoric, there are an essential fineness and spiritual depth in his poetry which rank it with the best of his contemporaries.]

HOW ONE WINTER CAME IN THE LAKE REGION

For weeks and weeks the autumn world stood still,
Clothed in the shadow of a smoky haze;
The fields were dead, the wind had lost its will,
And all the lands were hushed by wood and hill,
In those grey, withered days.

Behind a mist the clear sun rose and set,
At night the moon would nestle in a cloud;
The fisherman, a ghost, would cast his net;
The lake its shores forgot to chafe and fret,
And hushed its caverns loud.

Far in the smoky woods the birds were mute,
Save that from blackened tree a jay would scream,
Or far in swamps the lizard's lonesome lute
Would pipe in thirst, or by some gnarlèd root
The tree-toad trilled his dream.

From day to day still hushed the season's mood,
The streams stayed in their runnels shrunk and dry;
Suns rose aghast by wave and shore and wood,
And all the world, with ominous silence, stood
In weird expectancy:

When one strange night the sun like blood went down,
Flooding the heavens in a ruddy hue;
Red grew the lake, the sere fields parched and brown,
Red grew the marshes where the creeks stole down,
But never a wind-breath blew.

That night I felt the winter in my veins,
A joyous tremor of the icy glow;
And woke to hear the north's wild vibrant strains,
While far and wide, by withered woods and plains,
Fast fell the driving snow.

THE FLIGHT OF THE GULLS

Out over the spaces,
The sunny, blue places,
Of water and sky;
Where day on day merges
In nights that reel by;
Through calms and through surges,
Through stormings and lulls,
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

With wheeling and reeling,
With skimming and stealing,
We wing with the wind,
Out over the heaving

Of gray waters, leaving
The lands far behind,
And dipping ships' hulls.
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

Up over the thunder
Of reefs that lie under,
And dead sailors' graves;
Like snowflakes in summer,
Like blossoms in winter,
We float on the waves,
And the shore-tide that pulls.
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

Would you know the wild vastness
Of the lakes in their fastness,
Their heaven's blue span;
Then come to this region,
From the dwellings of man.
Leave the life-care behind you,
That nature annuls,
And follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

ENGLAND

England, England, England,
Girdled by ocean and skies,
And the power of a world and the heart of a race,
And a hope that never dies.

England, England, England,
Wherever a true heart beats,
Wherever the armies of commerce flow,
Wherever the bugles of conquest blow,
Wherever the glories of liberty grow,
'Tis the name that the world repeats.

And ye, who dwell in the shadow
Of the century-sculptured piles,
Where sleep our century-honoured dead,
While the great world thunders overhead,
And far out, miles on miles,
Beyond the throb of the mighty town
The blue Thames dimples and smiles;—
Not yours alone the glory of old,
Of the splendid thousand years
Of Britain's might and Britain's right
And the brunt of British spears;—
Not yours alone, for the great world round,
Ready to dare and do,
Scot and Celt and Norman and Dane,
With the Northman's sinew and heart and brain,
And the Northman's courage for blessing or bane,
Are England's heroes too.

North and south and east and west,
Wherever their triumphs be,
Their glory goes home to the ocean-girt Isle,
Where the heather blooms and the roses smile,
With the green Isle under her lee.
And if ever the smoke of an alien gun
Should threaten her iron repose,
Shoulder to shoulder against the world,
Face to face with her foes,
Scot and Celt and Saxon are one
Where the glory of England goes.

And we of the newer and vaster West,
Where the great war-banners are furled,
And commerce hurries her teeming hosts,
And the cannon are silent along our coasts;
Saxon and Gaul, Canadians claim
A part in the glory and pride and aim
Of the Empire that girdles the world.

Yea, England, England, England,
Wherever the daring heart
By arctic floe or torrid sand
Thy heroes play their part; —

For as long as conquest holds the earth,
Or commerce sweeps the sea,
By orient jungle or western plain
Will the Saxon spirit be;
And whatever the people that dwell beneath,
Or whatever the alien tongue,
Over the freedom and peace of the world
Is the flag of England flung.

Till the last great freedom is found,
And the last great truth be taught,
Till the last great deed be done,
And the last great battle is fought;
Till the last great fighter is slain in the last great fight,
And the war-wolf is dead in his den,
England, breeder of hope and valour and might,
Iron mother of men.

Yea, England, England, England,
Till honour and valour are dead,
Till the world's great cannons rust,
Till the world's great hopes are dust,
Till faith and freedom be fled;
Till wisdom and justice have passed
To sleep with those who sleep in the many chambered vast,
Till glory and knowledge are charnelled, dust in dust;
To all that is best in the world's unrest
In heart and mind you are wed:—
While out from the Indian jungle,
To the far Canadian snows,
Over the east and over the west,—
Over the worst and over the best,
The flag of the world to its winds unfurled,
The blood-red ensign blows.

STUART LIVINGSTON

[Born in Canada of United Empire Loyalist stock, Stuart Livingston engaged in the practice of law. A collection of his poems entitled *In Various Moods* was published in 1894.]

THE VOLUNTEERS OF '85

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward;
Drear are the skies to the west and the north—
Little they cared, as they snatched up their rifles,
And shoulder to shoulder marched gallantly forth.
Cold are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—
Little they cared as they marched from the barrack-room,
Willing and ready, if need be, to die.

Bright was the gleam of the sun on their bayonets;
Firm and erect was each man in his place;
Steadily, evenly, marched they like veterans;
Smiling and fearless was every face;
Never a dread of the foe that was waiting them;
Never a fear of war's terrible scenes;
"Brave as the bravest" was stamped on each face of them;
Half of them boys not yet out of their teens.

Many a woman gazed down at them longingly,
Scanning each rank for her boy as it passed;
Striving through tears just to catch a last glimpse of him,
Knowing that glimpse might, for aye, be the last.
Many a maiden's cheek paled as she looked at them,
Seeing the lover from whom she must part;
Trying to smile and be brave for the sake of him,
Stifling the dread that was breaking her heart.

Every heart of us, wild at the sight of them,
Beat as it never had beaten before;
Every voice of us, choked though it may have been,
Broke from huzza to a deafening roar.
Proud! Were we proud of them? God! they were part of us,
Sons of us, brothers, all marching to fight;
Swift at their country's call, ready each man and all,
Eager to battle for her and the right.

Wide are the plains to the north and the westward,
Stretching out far to the gray of the sky—
Little they cared as they filed from the barrack-room,
Shoulder to shoulder, if need be, to die.
Was there one flinched? Not a boy, not a boy of them;
Straight on they marched to the dread battle's brunt—
Fill up your glasses and drink to them, all of them,
Canada's call found them all at the front.

A. W. H. EATON

[A. W. H. Eaton, a Nova Scotian by birth, is an Anglican clergyman who has of late years devoted himself to teaching. His several volumes of verse include a number of poems dealing with episodes of Canadian history and legend.]

L'ILE SAINTE CROIX

The first French Settlement in America was made here in 1604.

With tangled brushwood overgrown,
And here and there a lofty pine,
Around whose form strange creepers twine,
And crags that mock the wild sea's moan,

And little bays where no ships come,
Though many a white sail passes by,
And many a drifting cloud on high
Looks down and shames the sleeping foam,

Unconscious on the waves it lies
While midst the golden reeds and sedge
That, southward, line the water's edge,
The thrush sings her shrill melodies.

No human dwelling now is seen
Upon its rude, unfertile slopes,
Though many a summer traveller gropes
For ruins midst the tangled green,

And seeks upon the northern shore
The graves of that adventurous band
That followed to the Acadian land
Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt.

There stood the ancient fort that sent
Fierce cannon echoes through the world,
There waved the Bourbon flag that told
The mastery of a continent;

There through the pines the echoing wail
Of ghostly winds was heard at eve,
And hoarse, deep sounds like those that heave
The breasts of stricken warriors pale.

There Huguenots and cassocked priests,
And noble-born and sons of toil,
Together worked the barren soil,
And shared each other's frugal feasts,

And dreamed beneath the yellow moon
Of golden reapings that should be,
Conjuring from the sailless sea
A glad, prophetic harvest-tune,

Till stealthy winter through the reeds
Crept, crystal-footed, to the shore,
And to the little hamlet bore
His hidden freight of deathly seeds.

Spring came at last, and o'er the waves
The welcome sail of Pontgravé,
But half the number silent lay,
Death's pale first-fruits, in western graves.

Sing on, wild sea, your sad refrain
For all the gallant sons of France,
Whose songs and sufferings enhance
The witchery of the western main,

Keep kindly watch before the strand
Where lie in hidden mounds, secure,
The men De Monts and Poutrincourt
First led to the Acadian land.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

[Pauline Johnson, daughter of the Indian Chief of the "Six Nations", was born on the Reservation near Brantf l, Ontario, in 1862, and died in British Columl ia in 1913. Her two volumes of verse reflect the instinctive rhythms and the lyrical fervour of her Indian blood.]

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west,
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favour you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,—
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast;
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest;
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow;
Swirl, swirl,
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

And far to forward the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore;
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil and bound and splash.

Be strong, O Paddle; be brave, Canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

THE CATTLE COUNTRY

Up the dusk-enfolded prairie,
Footfalls soft and sly,
Velvet cushioned, wild and wary;
  Then—the coyote's cry.

Rush of hoofs and roar and rattle;
  Beasts of blood and breed—
Twenty thousand frightened cattle;
  Then—the wild stampede.

Pliant lasso, circling wider,
  With the frenzied flight;
Loping horse and cursing rider
  Plunging through the night.

Rim of dawn the darkness losing,
  Trail of blackened loam,
Perfume of the sage brush oozing
  On the air like foam.

Foothills to the Rockies lifting,
Brown, and blue, and green;
Warm Alberta sunlight drifting
Over leagues between.

That's the country of the ranges,
Plain, and prairie-land;
And the God who never changes
Holds it in His hand.

PRAIRIE GREYHOUNDS

C. P. R. Westbound—No. 1.

I swing to the sunset land,
The world of prairie, the world of plain,
The world of promise, and hope, and gain,
The world of gold, and the world of grain,
And the world of the willing hand.

I carry the brave and bold,
The one who works for the nation's bread,
The one whose past is a thing that's dead,
The one who battles and beats ahead,
And the one who goes for gold.

I swing to the land to be:
I am the power that laid its floors,
I am the guide to its western shores,
I am the key to its golden doors,
That open alone to me.

C. P. R. Eastbound—No. 2.

I swing to the land of morn,
The grey old East, with its grey old seas,
The land of leisure, the land of ease,
The land of flowers and fruits and trees,
And the place where we were born.

Freighted with wealth I come:
For he who many a moon has spent
Far out west on adventure bent,
With well-worn pick and a folded tent,
Is bringing his bullion home.

I never will be renowned
As my twin that swings to the western marts,
For I am she of the humbler parts;
But I am the joy of the waiting hearts,
For I am the homeward bound!

ARTHUR STRINGER

[Arthur Stringer was born in London, Ontario, 1874. He is best known as a short story writer and novelist of Western life, but has also published several volumes of verse.]

CANADA TO ENGLAND

Sang one of England in his island home:
"Her veins are million, but her heart is one;"
And looked from out his wave-bound homeland island
To us who dwell beyond its western sun.

And we among the northland plains and lakes,
We youthful dwellers on a younger land,
Turn eastward to the wide Atlantic waste,
And feel the clasp of England's outstretched hand.

For we are they who wandered far from home
To swell the glory of an ancient name;
Who journeyed seaward on an exile long,
When fortune's twilight to our island came.

But every keel that cleaves the midway waste
Binds with a silent thread our sea-cleft strands,
Till ocean dwindles and the sea-waste shrinks,
And England mingles with a hundred lands.

And weaving silently all far-off shores
A thousand singing wires stretch round the earth,
Or sleep still vocal in their ocean depths,
Till all lands die to make one glorious birth.

So we remote compatriots reply,
And feel the world-task only half begun:
"We are the girders of the ageing earth,
Whose veins are million, but whose heart is one."

JOHN McCRAE

[Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae was born in Guelph, Ontario, 1872, studied at the University of Toronto, practised medicine, served in the South African War, and was first an artillery officer and then in hospital service in the War of 1914. He died in France, 1918.

It is not well that Col. McCrae should be remembered only for the beautiful and widely known "In Flanders Fields". He was, it might almost be said, the poet of a single theme—the thought of death—but his variations on that theme reveal a high poetic quality, notable for its beauty of phrase and perfection of form.]

THE UNCONQUERED DEAD

" . . . defeated, with great loss."

Not we the conquered! Not to us the blame
Of them that flee, of them that basely yield;
Nor ours the shout of victory, the fame
Of them that vanquish in a stricken field.

That day of battle in the dusty heat
We lay and heard the bullets swish and sing
Like scythes amid the over-ripened wheat,
And we the harvest of their garnering.

Some yielded. No, not we! Not we, we swear
By these our wounds; this trench upon the hill
Where the shell-strewn earth is seamed and bare,
Was ours to keep; and lo! we have it still.

We might have yielded, even we, but death
Came for our helper; like a sudden flood
The crashing darkness fell; our painful breath
We drew with gasps amid the choking blood.

The roar fell faint and farther off, and soon
Sank to a foolish humming in our ears,
Like crickets in the long, hot afternoon
Among the wheat fields of the olden years.

Before our eyes a boundless wall of red
Shot through by sudden streaks of jagged pain!
Then a slow-gathering darkness overhead
And rest came on us like a quiet rain.

Not we the conquered! Not to us the shame,
Who hold our earthen ramparts, nor shall cease
To hold them ever; victors we, who came
In that fierce moment to our honoured peace.

QUEBEC
1608-1908

Of old, like Helen, guerdon of the strong—
Like Helen fair, like Helen light of word,—
"The spoils unto the conquerors belong,
Who winneth me must win me by the sword."

Grown old, like Helen, once the jealous prize
That strong men battled for in savage hate,
Can she look forth with unregretful eyes,
Where sleep Montcalm and Wolfe beside her gate?

THEN AND NOW

Beneath her window in the fragrant night
I half forgot how truant years have flown
Since I looked up to see her chamber-light,
Or catch, perchance, her slender shadow thrown
Upon the casement; but the nodding leaves
Sweep lazily across the unlit pane,
And to and fro beneath the shadowy eaves,
Like restless birds; the breath of coming rain
Creeps lilac-laden up the village street
When all is still, as if the very trees
Were listening for the coming of her feet
That come no more; yet, lest I weep, the breeze
Sings some forgotten song of those old years
Until my heart grows far too glad for tears.

THE DYING OF PÈRE PIERRE

" . . . with two other priests; the same night he died, and was buried by the shores of the lake that bears his name."
—Chronicle.

"Nay, grieve not that ye can no honour give
To these poor bones that presently must be
But carrion; since I have sought to live
Upon God's earth, as He hath guided me,
I shall not lack! Where would ye have me lie?
High heaven is higher than cathedral nave:
Do men paint chancels fairer than the sky?"
Beside the darkened lake they made his grave,
Below the altar of the hills; and night
Swung incense clouds of mist in creeping lines
That twisted through the tree-trunks, where the light
Groped through the arches of the silent pines;
And he, beside the lonely path he trod,
Lay, tombed in splendour, in the House of God.

THE NIGHT COMETH

Cometh the night. The wind falls low,
The trees swing slowly to and fro:
Around the church the headstones grey
Cluster, like children strayed away
But found again, and folded so.

No chiding look doth she bestow:
If she is glad, they cannot know;
If ill or well they spend their day,
Cometh the night.

Singing or sad, intent they go;
They do not see the shadows grow;
"There yet is time," they lightly say,
"Before our work aside we lay";
Their task is but half-done, and lo!
Cometh the night.

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
  That mark our place; and in the sky
  The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
  Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
                In Flanders fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
  The torch; be yours to hold it high.
  If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
                In Flanders fields.

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

[Bernard Trotter was born in Toronto in 1890, enlisted in March, 1916, and was killed at the front in the following May. The poem quoted below, was written in France just before he was killed. It is reprinted from his posthumously published volume *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems,* 1917.]

"ICI REPOSE"

A little cross of weather-silvered wood,
Hung with a garish wreath of tinselled wire,
And on it carved a legend—thus it runs:
"*Ici repose*—" Add what name you will,
And multiply by thousands: in the fields,
Along the roads, beneath the trees—one here,
A dozen there, to each its simple tale
Of one more jewel threaded star-like on
The sacrificial rosary of France.

And as I read and read again those words,
Those simple words, they took a mystic sense;
And from the glamour of an alien tongue
They wove insistent music in my brain,
Which, in a twilight hour, when all the guns
Were silent, shaped itself to song.

O happy dead! who sleep embalmed in glory,
Safe from corruption, purified by fire,—
Ask you our pity?—ours, mud-grimed and gory,
Who still must grimly strive, grimly desire?

You have outrun the reach of our endeavour,
Have flown beyond our most exalted quest,—
Who prate of Faith and Freedom, knowing ever
That all we fight for's just—a rest,

The rest that only Victory can bring us—
Or Death, which throws us brother-like by you—
The civil commonplace in which 'twill fling us
To neutralize our then too martial hue.

But you have rest from every tribulation
Even in the midst of war; you sleep serene,
Pinnacled on the sorrow of a nation,
In cerements of sacrificial sheen.

Oblivion cannot claim you; our heroic
War-lustred monument, as our youth, will pass
To swell the dusty hoard of Time the Stoic,
That gathers cobwebs in the nether glass.

We shall grow old, and tainted with the rotten
Effluvia of the peace we fought to win,
The bright deeds of our youth will be forgotten,
Effaced by later failure, sloth, or sin;

But you have conquered Time; and sleep forever,
Like gods, with a white halo on your brows—
Your souls our lode-stars, your death-crowned endeavour
The spur that holds the nations to their vows.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

[The untimely death of Marjorie Pickthall (April 19, 1922) deprives Canadian literature of its purest poet. The two slender volumes, *A Drift of Pinions* and *The Lamp of Poor Souls,* contain nothing which will place her among "the few, the immortal names", but they do reveal a singing voice and a delicate perception of beauty unparalleled in contemporary Canadian poetry. Had she lived to develop her powers, she would have been, alike in depth of religious feeling and in command of rhythms, another Christina Rossetti—but a more buoyant one. Marjorie Pickthall was born in England in 1883 and came to Canada in 1890.]

DAWN

O, keep the world forever at the dawn,
  Ere yet the opals, cobweb-strung, have dried,
Ere yet too bounteous gifts have marred the morn
  Or fading stars have died.
O, keep the eastern gold no wider than
An angel's finger-span,
And hush the increasing thunder of the sea
To murmuring melody
  In those fair coves where tempests ne'er should be.

Hold back the line of shoreward-sweeping surge
  And veil each deep sea-pool in pearlier mist,
Ere yet the silver ripples on the verge
  Have turned to amethyst.
Fling back the chariot of encroaching day
And call the winds away
  Ere yet they sigh, and let the hastening sun
  Along his path in heaven no higher run,
But show through all the years his golden rim
With shadows lingering dim
Forever o'er the world awaiting him.

Hold every bird with still and drowsy wing,
  That in the breathless hush no clamorous throat
Shall break the peace that hangs on everything
  With shrill awakening note;
Keep fast the half-seen beauties of the rose
In undisturbed repose,

Check all the iris buds where they unfold
  Impatient from their hold,
  And close the cowslips' cups of honeyed gold.

Keep all things hushed, so hushed we seem to hear
  The sounds of low-swung clouds that sweep the trees;
Let now no harsher music reach the ear,
  No earthlier sounds than these,
When whispering shadows move within the grass,
And airy tremors pass
  Through all the earth with life awakening thrilled,
  And so forever stilled,
  Too sweet in promise e'er to be fulfilled.

O, keep the world forever at the dawn,
  Yet, keeping so, let nothing lifeless seem,
But hushed, as if the miracle of morn
  Were trembling in its dream.
Some shadowy moth may pass with downy flight
And fade before the sight,
  While in the unlightened darkness of the wall
  The chirping crickets call;
From forest pools where fragrant lilies are
A breath shall pass afar,
And o'er the crested pine shall hang one star.

PÈRE LALEMANT

I lift the Lord on high,
Under the murmuring hemlock boughs, and see
The small birds of the forest lingering by
And making melody.
These are mine acolytes and these my choir,
And this mine altar in the cool green shade,
Where the wild soft-eyed does draw nigh
Wondering, as in the byre
Of Bethlehem the oxen heard Thy cry
And saw Thee, unafraid.

My boatmen sit apart,
Wolf-eyed, wolf-sinewed, stiller than the trees.
Help me, O Lord, for very slow of heart
And hard of faith are these.
Cruel are they, yet Thy children. Foul are they,
Yet wert Thou born to save them utterly.
Then make me as I pray,
Just to their hates, kind to their sorrows, wise
After their speech, and strong before their free
Indomitable eyes.

Do the French lilies reign
Over Mont Royal and Stadacona still?
Up the St. Lawrence comes the spring again,
Crowning each southward hill
And blossoming pool with beauty, while I roam
Far from the perilous folds that are my home,
There where we built St. Ignace for our needs,
Shaped the rough roof tree, turned the first sweet sod,
St. Ignace and St. Louis, little beads
On the rosary of God.

Pines shall Thy pillars be
Fairer than those Sidonian cedars brought
By Hiram out of Tyre, and each birch-tree
Shines like a holy thought.
But come no worshippers; shall I confess,
St. Francis-like, the birds of the wilderness?
O, with Thy love my lonely head uphold.
A wandering shepherd I, who hath no sheep;
A wandering soul, who hath no scrip, nor gold,
Nor anywhere to sleep.

My hour of rest is done;
On the smooth ripple lifts the long canoe;
The hemlocks murmur sadly as the sun
Slants his dim arrows through.
Whither I go I know not, nor the way,
Dark with strange passions, vexed with heathen charms,
Holding I know not what of life or death;
Only be Thou beside me day by day,
Thy rod my guide and comfort, underneath
Thy everlasting arms.

CANADA TO ENGLAND

Great names of thy great captains gone before
Beat with our blood, who have that blood of thee:
Raleigh and Grenville, Wolfe and all the free,
Fine souls who dared to front a world in war;
Such only may outreach the envious years,
Where feebler crowns and fainter stars remove,
Nurtured in one remembrance and one love,
Too high for passion and too stern for tears.

O little isle our fathers held for home,
Not, not alone thy standards and thy hosts
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother Land.
Quick as the north wind, ardent as the foam,
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.

PART II
THE PEOPLE

THE PEOPLE

THE FIRST SETTLERS

[For an account of Judge Haliburton the author of *The Old Judge: or Life in a Colony*, from which this selection is taken, see page 186. For comment on the volume itself see page 197.]

The people who discovered and colonized this country were so different from those who come to us in the present day, that it may amuse you to hear the result of my investigations.

During one of my visits to Paris I had accidentally met with the Journal of Mark Lescarbot, a French lawyer who had accompanied the exploring party that first visited this part of America. With this book in my hand (which was published as early as 1609) I traced their movements from place to place in their attempt at colonization. On the 8th of November, 1603, Henry IV of France granted to Sieur de Monts, a gentleman of his bedchamber, a patent constituting him Lieutenant-General of L'Acadi (now Nova Scotia) with power to conquer and Christianize the inhabitants. On the 7th of March, having equipped two vessels, he set sail from Havre de Grace, accompanied by the celebrated Champlain and Monsieur Poutrincourt, and arrived on the 7th of May at a harbour (Liverpool) on the south east shore of the province. From thence they continued coasting the country, until they arrived at the Bay of Fundy. On the eastern side of this bay they discovered a narrow strait, into which they entered, and soon found themselves in a spacious basin, environed with hills, from which descended streams of fresh water. Between these high lands ran a large, navigable river, to which they gave the name of L'Equille. It was bordered by fertile meadows and filled with delicate fish. Poutrincourt, charmed with the beauty of the place, gave it the name of Port Royal (now Annapolis). After exploring the neighbourhood and refreshing themselves, they ascended the River St. John, as far as Fredericton, and then, visiting the coast of Maine, spent the winter of 1604-5 at the Island of Saint Croix, the identity of which has lately been the subject of so much discussion between the Governments of Great Britain

and the United States. The weather proved very severe, and the people suffered so much from the scurvy, that thirty-six of them died. The remaining forty, who were all invalids, lingered on until the spring, when they recovered by means of the fresh vegetation.

After an ineffectual attempt to reach a more southern climate, they re-crossed the Bay of Port Royal, where they found a reinforcement from France of forty men, under the command of Dupont. They then proceeded to erect buildings on the spot where Annapolis now stands, with a view to a permanent occupation of the country. De Monts and Poutrincourt, having put their affairs in as good order as possible, embarked in the autumn for France, leaving Pontgragé Commandant, with Champlain and Champdore as lieutenants, to perfect the settlement and explore the country. During the winter they were plentifully supplied by the savages with venison, and a great trade was carried on for furs. Nothing is said of the scurvy; but they had a short allowance of bread, not by reason of any scarcity of corn, but because they had no means of grinding it, except a hand mill, which required hard and continued labour. The savages were so averse to this exercise, that they preferred hunger to the task of grinding, though they were offered half of the flour in payment. De Monts and Poutrincourt were at that time in France, preparing, under every discouragement, for another voyage.

On the 13th of May, 1606, they sailed from Rochelle, accompanied by Lescarbot, who has left us a record of their proceedings; and on the 27th of July arrived at Port Royal. To their astonishment they found but two persons remaining. The rest conjecturing from the long absence of succour that the settlement had been abandoned by De Monts, compelled the officer in charge to sail for Canseau, in order that they might obtain a passage to France in some of the fishing vessels that frequented that port. Two men, however, having more courage and more faith than the others (La Taille and Mequelet) volunteered to remain and guard the stores and the buildings. These faithful retainers were at their dinner, when a savage rushed in and informed them that a sail was in sight, which they soon discovered to be the long expected vessel of their chief. Poutrincourt now began his plantation; and having cleared a spot of ground sowed European corn, and several kinds of garden vegetables.

But notwithstanding all the beauty and fertility of Port Royal, De Monts had still a desire to make discoveries further

towards the south. He therefore prevailed upon Poutrincourt to undertake a voyage to Cape Malibarre (Cape Cod) and on the 28th of August, the ship and the barque both put to sea. In the former De Monts and Dupont returned to France, while Poutrincourt, Champdore and others, crossed the Bay to Saint Croix, and then continued their survey of the coast. In the meantime Lescarbot, who remained behind at Port Royal, was busily employed in the cultivation of the garden, harvesting the crop, completing the buildings, and visiting the encampments of the natives in the interior.

On the 14th of November Poutrincourt returned from his exploring voyage, which had proved disastrous, and was received with every demonstration of joy by the party at the fort. Lescarbot had erected a temporary stage, which he called the "Theatre of Neptune," from which he recited a poetical address to his friend, congratulating him on his safe arrival, probably the first verses ever written in North America. Over the gate were placed the royal arms of France, encircled with evergreens, with the motto,—

DVO PROTEGIT VNVS.

Above the door of the house of De Monts were placed his arms, embellished in a similar manner, with the inscription,—

DABIT DEŪS HIS QUOQUE FINEM.

Poutrincourt's apartments were graced with the same simple decoration, having the classical superscription,—

INVIA VIRTUTI NVLLA EST VIA.

The manner in which they spent the third winter (1606-7) was social and festive. Poutrincourt established the order of "Le Bon Temps," of which the principal officers and gentlemen, fifteen in number, were members. Every one was *maitre d'hôtel* in his turn for one day, beginning with Champlain, who was first installed into the office. The president (whom the Indians called Atoctegi) having superintended the preparations, marched to the table, baton in hand, with the collar of the order round his neck, and napkin on his shoulder, and was followed by the others successively, each carrying a plate. The same form was observed at every meal; and at the conclusion of supper, as soon as grace

was said, he delivered, with all gravity, his insignia of office to his successor, and pledged him in a cup of wine. The advantage of this institution was, that each one was emulous to be prepared for his day, by previously hunting or fishing, or purchasing fish or game of the natives, who constantly resided among them, and were extremely pleased with their manners. The chiefs of the savages were alone allowed the honour of sitting at their table; the others partook of the hospitality of the kitchen. The abundance and variety of the fare this winter was a subject of no little boasting to Lescarbot, on his return to Europe, where he taunted the frequenters of *La Rue aux Ours de Paris* (where was one of the first eating houses of the day) that they knew nothing of the pleasures of the table who had not partaken of the beavers' tails, and the mouffles of moose of Port Royal. The weather, meanwhile, was particularly mild and agreeable.

On the 14th of January, on a Sunday, they proceeded by water two leagues, to a corn-field, where they dined cheerfully in the sunshine, and enjoyed the music of their fatherland. You will observe, therefore, my dear sir, that from the earliest account that we have of this climate, it has always had the same character of variableness and uncertainty. The winter but one preceding this (when they were at St. Croix) was extremely severe; and we are informed that that which succeeded it was remarkable for the most intense cold the Indians ever recollected. Their time, however, was not devoted to amusement alone. They erected more buildings, for the accommodation of other adventurers, in making pitch for the repairs of their vessels and, above all, in putting up a water mill, to grind their corn. In this latter attempt they completely succeeded, to their own infinite relief and the great amusement of the savages. Some of the iron work of this first North American mill is yet in existence, and another of the same kind (Easson's mill) still occupies the ancient site.

You will, perhaps, smile at the idea of antiquities in a country which is universally called a new world; but America has a great advantage over Europe in this respect, that it has a record of its birth, while the origin of the other has to be sought for in the region of fable. I am a native of this country and this little settlement has always had great attractions for me, who am an old Tory, from its primogeniture being two years older than Jamestown in Virginia, and three years senior to Quebec, which was settled twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts.

IBERVILLE CAPTURES THE FORTS AT HUDSON'S BAY

[One of the earliest exploits of Iberville, who was to become one of the most distinguished French Canadians of his time, was the capture in 1686 of the fortified trading posts belonging to the English company in Hudson's Bay. Thus Gilbert Parker tells the story in his novel, *The Trail of the Sword*, of which Iberville is the hero. With this narrative should be compared Fréchette's "A la Baie d'Hudson", page 40.

Gilbert Parker, while of Canadian birth, (Ontario, 1862), has lived in England since 1897, and has written most of his novels there. The fact that Canadian life and history (with which he is intimately acquainted) have furnished the theme for many of his spirited short stories and novels, is, however, sufficient justification for the inclusion of his writings in Canadian literature.]

The English colonies never had a race of woodsmen like the *coureurs du bois* of New France. These were a strange mixture; French peasants, half-breeds, Canadian-born Frenchmen, gentlemen of birth with fortunes gone askew, and many of the Canadian noblesse, who, like the nobles of France, forbidden to become merchants, became adventurers with the *coureurs du bois*, who were ever with them in spirit more than with the merchant. The peasant prefers the gentleman to the bourgeois as his companion. Many a *coureur du bois* divided his tale of furs with a distressed nobleman or seigneur, who dare not work in the fields.

The veteran Charles le Moyne, with his sons, each of whom played a daring and important part in the history of New France,—Iberville greatest—was one of the few merchants in whom was combined the trader and the noble. But he was a trader by profession before he became a seigneur. In his veins was a strain of noble blood; but, leaving France and settling in Canada, he avoided the little Court at Quebec, went to Montreal and there began to lay the foundation of his fame and fortune, and to send forth men who were as the sons of Jacob. In his heart he was always in sympathy with the woodsmen, and when they were proclaimed as perilous to the peace and prosperity of the King's empire, he stood stoutly by them. Adventurers, they traded as they listed; and when the Intendant Duchesnan could not bend them to his greedy will, they were to be caught and hanged wherever found. King Louis hardly guessed that to carry out that order would be to reduce greatly the list of his Canadian noblesse. It struck a blow at the men who, in one of the letters which the grim Frontenac sent to Versailles not

long before his death, were rightly called "the King's Traders" —more truly such than any others in New France.

Whether or not the old seigneur knew it, three of his own sons were among the *coureurs du bois*—chieftains by courtesy —when they were proclaimed. And it was like Iberville, that, then only a lad, he came in from the woods, went to his father, and astonished him by asking for his blessing. Then he started for Quebec, and arriving there with Perrot and Du Lhut, went to the citadel at night and asked to be admitted to Count Frontenac. Perhaps the governor—grand half-barbarian he was at heart—guessed the nature of the visit and before he admitted Iberville, dismissed those who were with him. There is an old letter still preserved by an ancient family in France, an account of this interview, told by a cynical young nobleman. Iberville alone was admitted. His excellency greeted his young visitor courteously, yet with hauteur.

"You bring strange comrades to visit your governor, Monsieur Iberville," he said.

"Comrades in peace, your excellency, comrades in war."

"What war?"

"The King makes war against the *coureurs du bois*. There is a price on the heads of Perrot and Du Lhut. We are all in the same boat."

"You speak in riddles, sir."

"I speak *of* riddles. Perrot and Du Lhut are good friends of the King. They have helped your excellency with the Indians a hundred times. Their men have been a little roystering, but that's no sin. I am one with them, and I am as good a subject as the King has."

"Why have you come here?"

"To give myself up. If you shoot Perrot or Du Lhut you will have to shoot me; and, if you carry on the matter, your excellency will not have enough gentlemen to play *Tartuffe*."

This last remark had reference to a quarrel which Frontenac had had with the bishop, who inveighed against the governor's intention of producing *Tartuffe* at the château.

Iberville's daring was quite as remarkable as the position in which he had placed himself. With a lesser man than Frontenac it might have ended badly. But he himself, courtier as he was, had ever used heroical methods, and appreciated the reckless courage of youth. With grim humour he put all three under arrest, made them sup with him, and sent them away secretly before morning—free. Before Iberville left, the governor had word with him alone.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have a keen tongue, but your King needs keen swords, and since you have the advantage of me in this, I shall take care you pay the bill. We have had enough of outlawry. You shall fight by rule and measure soon."

"In your excellency's bodyguard, I hope," was the instant reply.

"In the King's navy," answered Frontenac with a smile, for he was pleased with the frank flattery." . . . . .

From Land's End to John o' Groat's is a long tramp, but that from Montreal to Hudson's Bay is far longer, and yet many have made it; more, however, in the days of which we are writing than now, and with greater hardships also before them. But weighed against the greater hardships, there was a bolder temper and a more romantic spirit.

How strange and severe a journey it was, only those can tell who have travelled those wastes, even in these later days, when paths have been beaten down from Mount Royal to the lodges of the North. When they started, the ice had not yet all left the Ottawa River, and they wound their way through crowding floes, or portaged here and there for miles, the eager sun of spring above with scarcely a cloud to trail behind him. At last the river cleared, and for leagues they travelled to the north west, and came at last to the Lake of the Winds. They travelled across one corner of it, to a point where they would strike an unknown path to Hudson's Bay.

Iberville had never before seen this lake, and, with all his knowledge of great proportions, he was not prepared for its splendid vastness. They came upon it in the evening, and camped beside it. They watched the sun spread out his banners, presently veil his head in them and sink below the world. And between them and that sunset was a vast rock, stretching out from a ponderous shore—a colossal stone lion, resting Sphinx-like, keeping its faith with the ages. Alone, the warder of the West, stormy, menacing, even the vernal sun could give it little cheerfulness. But to Iberville and his followers it brought no gloom at night, nor yet in the morning, when all was changed, and a soft silver mist hung over the "great water" like dissolving dew, through which the sunlight came with a strange solemn delicacy. Upon the shore were bustle, cheerfulness, and song, until every canoe was launched, and then the band of warriors got in, and presently were away in the haze.

The long bark canoes, with lofty prows, stained with powerful dyes, slid along this path swiftly, the paddles noiselessly cleaving the water with the precision of a pendulum. One followed

the other with a space between, so that Iberville, in the first, looking back, could see a diminishing procession, the last seeming large and weird—almost a shadow—as it were a part of the weird atmosphere. On either side was that soft plumbless diffusion, and ahead the secret of untravelled wilds and the fortunes of war.

As if by common instinct, all gossip ceased soon after they left the shore, and cheerful as was the French Canadian, he was—and is—superstitious. He saw sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and the supernatural in everything. Simple, hardy, occasionally bloody, he was ever on the watch for signs and wonders; and a phase of nature influenced him after the manner of a being with a temperament. Often as some of the woodsmen and rivermen had seen this strange effect, they now made the sacred gesture as they ran on. The pure moisture lay like a fine exudation on their brown skins, glistened on their black hair, and hung from their beards, giving them a mysterious look. The colours of their canoes and clothes were softened by the dim air and long use, and there seemed to accompany each boat and each person an atmosphere within this other haze, a spiritual kind of exhalation; so that one might have thought them, with the crucifixes on their breasts, and that unworldly, distinguished look which comes to those who live much with nature, as sons of men going upon such mission as did they who went into the far land of Arthur.

But the silence could not be maintained for long. The first flush of the impression gone, these half barbarians, with the simple hearts of children, must rise from the almost melancholy, somewhat religious mood, into which they had been cast. As Iberville, with Sainte-Hélène and Perrot, sat watching the canoes that followed, with voyageurs erect in bow and stern, a voice in the next canoe, with a half-chanting modulation, began a song of the wild-life. Voice after voice slowly took it up, until it ran along the whole procession. A verse was sung, then a chorus altogether, then a refrain of one verse which was sung by each boat in succession to the last. As the refrain of this was sung by the last boat it seemed to come out of the great haze behind. Verses of the old song are still preserved—

> *"Qui vive?*
> Who is it cries it in the dawn—
> Cries it when the stars go down?
> Who is it comes through the mist—
> The mist that is fine like lawn,

The mist of an angel's gown?
Who is it comes in the dawn?
Qui vive? Qui vive? in the dawn.

"*Qui vive?*
Who is it passes us by,
Still in the dawn and the mist?
Tall seigneur of the dawn;
A two-edged sword at his thigh,
A shield of gold at his wrist;
Who is it hurrieth by?
Qui vive? Qui vive? in the dawn."

Under the influence of this beautiful mystery of the dawn, the slow, thrilling song, and the strange, happy loneliness—as though they were in the wash between two worlds, Iberville got the great inspiration of his life. He would be a discoverer, the faithful servant of his King, a trader in provinces . . . . . And in that he kept his word—years after, but he kept it. . . . .

After this came varying days of hardship by land and water, and then another danger. One day they were crossing a great northern lake. The land was moist with the sweat of quick-springing verdure; flocks of wild fowl rose at all points, and herds of caribou came drinking and feeding at the shore. The cries of herons, loons and river hens rose with strange distinctness, so delicate was the atmosphere, and the blue of the sky was exquisite.

As they paddled along this lake, keeping time to their songs with the paddles, there suddenly grew out of the distance a great flotilla of canoes with tall prows, and behind them a range of islands which they had not before seen. The canoes were filled with men—Indians, it would seem, by the tall feathers lifting from their heads. A moment before there had been nothing. The sudden appearance was even more startling than the strange canoe that crossed their track on Lake of the Winds. Iberville knew at once that it was a mirage, and the mystery of it did not last long, even among the superstitious. But they knew now that somewhere in the North—presumably not far away—was a large band of Indians, possibly hostile; their own numbers were about fourscore. There was the chance that the Indians were following or intercepting them. Yet, since they had left the Ottawa River, they had seen no human being save in that strange canoe on Lake of the Winds. To the east were the dreary wastes of Labrador, to the west were the desolate plains and hills, stretching to the valley of the Saskatchewan.

Practically in command, Iberville advised watchfulness and preparation for attack. Presently the mirage faded away as suddenly as it came. For days again they marched and voyaged on, seeing still no human being. At last they came to a lake, which they crossed in their canoes; then they entered the mouth of a small river, travelling northward. The river narrowed at a short distance from its mouth, and at a certain point the stream turned sharply. As the first canoe rounded the point it came full upon half a hundred canoes blocking the river, filled by Indians with bended bows. They were a northern tribe that had never yet seen the white man. Tall and stern, they were stout enemies, but they had no fire-arms and, as could be seen, they were astonished at the look of the little band, which at the command of De Troyes, who with Iberville was in the first boat, came steadily on. Suddenly brought face to face, there was a pause, in which Iberville, who knew several Indian languages, called to them to make way.

He was not understood, but he had pointed to the white standard of France flaring with the golden lilies; and perhaps the drawn swords and the martial manner of the little band,—who had donned gay trappings, it being Iberville's birthday—conveyed in some way his meaning. The bows of the strangers remained drawn, awaiting word from the leader. Near the chief stood a man seven feet in height, a kind of bodyguard, who presently said something in his ear. He frowned, then seemed to debate, and his face cleared at last. Raising a spear, he saluted the French leaders, and then pointed towards the shore, where there was a space clear of trees, a kind of plateau. De Troyes and Iberville, thinking that a truce and parley were meant, returned the salute with their swords, and presently the canoes of both parties made over to the shore. It was a striking sight; the grave, watchful faces of the Indians, who showed up grandly in the sun, their skin like fine rippling bronze as they moved; their tall feathers tossing, rude bracelets on their wrists, while some wore necklets of brass or copper. The chief was a stalwart savage with a cruel eye, but the most striking figure of all—either French or Indian—was that of the chief's bodyguard. He was, indeed, the Goliath of the tribe, who, after the manner of other champions, was ever ready for challenge in the name of his master. He was massively built, with long sinewy arms; but Iberville noticed that he was not powerful at the waist in proportion to the rest of his body, and that his neck was thinner than it should be. But these were items, for in all he was a fine piece of humanity, and Iberville said as much to

De Casson, involuntarily stretching up as he did so. Tall and athletic himself, he never saw a man of calibre but he felt a wish to measure strength with him, not from vanity, but through the mere instincts of the warrior. Priest as he was, it is possible that De Casson shared the young man's feeling, though chastening years had overcome impulses of youth. It was impossible for the French leaders to guess how this strange parley would end, and when many more Indians suddenly showed on the banks, they saw that they might have tough work.

"What do you think of it, Iberville?" said De Troyes.

"A juggler's puzzle—let us ask Perrot," was the reply.

Perrot confessed that he knew nothing of this tribe of Indians. The French leaders, who had never heard of Indians who would fight in the open, were, in spite of great opposing numbers, in warrior mood. Presently all the canoes were got to land, and without any hostile signs the Indians filed out on the centre of the plateau, where were pitched a number of tents. The tents were in a circle, surrounding a clear space of ground, and the chief halted in the middle of this. He and his men had scarcely noticed the Frenchmen as they followed, seemingly trusting the honour of the invaders that they would not attack from behind. It was these Indians who had been seen in the mirage. They had followed the Frenchmen, had gone parallel with them for scores of miles, and had at last at this strategic point waylaid them.

The conference was short. The French ranged in column on one side, the Indians on the other, and then the chief stepped forward. De Troyes did the same, and not far behind the chief was the champion, then, a little distance away on either side, the Indian councillors.

The chief waved his hand proudly towards the armed warriors behind him, as if showing their strength, speaking meanwhile, and then, with effective gesture, remarking the handful of Frenchmen. Presently, pointing to his fighting man, he seemed to ask that the matter be settled by private combat.

The French leaders understood; Goliath would have his David. The champion suddenly began a sing-song challenge, during which Iberville and his comrades conferred. The champion's eyes ran up and down the line and lighted on the large form of De Casson, who calmly watched him. Iberville saw this look and could not help but laugh, though the matter was serious. He pictured the good abbé fighting for the band. At this the champion began to beat his breast defiantly.

Iberville threw off his coat and motioned his friends back. Immediately there was protest. They had not known quite what to do, but Perrot had offered to fight the champion, and they, supposing it was to be a fight with weapons, had hastily agreed. It was clear, however, that it was to be a wrestle to the death. Iberville quelled all protests and they stepped back. There was a final call from the champion and then he became silent. From the Indians rose one long cry of satisfaction, and then they too stilled, the chief fell back, and the two men stood alone in the centre. Iberville, whose face had become grave, went to De Casson and whispered to him. The abbé gave him his blessing, and then he turned and went back. He waved his hand to his brothers and his friends—a gay Cavalier-like motion —then took off all save his small clothes and stood out.

Never was seen, perhaps, a stranger sight; a gentleman of France ranged against a savage wrestler, without weapons, stripped to the waist, to fight like a gladiator. But this was a new land, and Iberville could ever do what another of his name or rank could not. There was only one other man in Canada who could do the same—old Count Frontenac himself, who, dressed in all his Court finery, had danced a war dance in the torchlight with Iroquois chiefs.

Stripped, Iberville's splendid proportions could be seen at advantage. He was not massively made, but from crown to heel there was perfect muscular proportion. His admirable training and his splendidly nourished body—cared for, as in those days only was the body cared for—promised much, though against so huge a champion. Then, too, Iberville in his boyhood had wrestled with Indians and had learned their tricks. Added to this were methods learned abroad, which might prove useful now. Yet anyone looking at the two would have begged the younger man to withdraw.

Never was battle shorter. Iberville, too proud to give his enemy one moment of athletic trifling, ran in on him. For a time they were locked, straining terribly, and then the neck of the champion went with a snap and he lay dead in the middle of the green.

The Indians and the French were both so dumbfounded that for a moment no one stirred, and Iberville went back and quietly put on his clothes. But presently cries of rage and mourning came from the Indians, and weapons threatened. But the chief waved aggression down and came forward to the dead man. He looked for a moment, and then, as Iberville and De Troyes came near, he gazed at Iberville in wonder, and all at once reached

out both hands to him. Iberville took them and shook them heartily.

There was something uncanny in the sudden death of the champion, and Iberville's achievement had conquered these savages, who, after all, loved such deeds, though at the hand of an enemy. And now the whole scene was changed. The French courteously but firmly demanded homage, and got it, as the superior race can get it from the inferior, when events are, even distantly, in their favour; and here were martial display, a band of fearless men, weapons which the Indians had never seen before, trumpets, and most of all, a chief who was his own champion, and who had snapped the neck of their Goliath as one would break a tree-branch.

From the moment Iberville and the chief shook hands they were friends, and after two days, when they parted company there was no Indian among all this strange tribe but would have followed him anywhere. As it was, he and De Troyes preferred to make the expedition with his handful of men, and so parted with the Indians, after having made gifts to the chief and his people. The most important of these presents was a musket, handled by the chief at first as though it were some deadly engine. The tribe had been greatly astonished at hearing a volley fired by the whole band at once, and at seeing caribou shot before their eyes; but when the chief himself, after divers attempts, shot a caribou, they stood in proper awe. With mutual friendliness they parted. Two weeks later, after great trials, the band emerged on the shores of Hudson's Bay almost without baggage and starving.

The last two hundred miles of their journey had been made under trying conditions. Accident had befallen the canoes which carried the food, and the country through which they passed was almost devoid of game. During the last three days they had little or nothing to eat. When, therefore, at night they came suddenly on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and Fort Hayes lay silent before them, they were ready for desperate enterprises. The high stockade walls with stout bastions and small cannon looked formidable, yet there was no man of them but was better pleased that the odds were against him than with him. Though it was late spring, the night was cold, and all were wet, hungry and chilled.

Iberville's first glance at the Bay and the Fort brought disappointment. No vessel lay in the harbour, therefore it was probable Gering was not there. But there were other forts and

this one must be taken meanwhile. The plans were quickly made. Iberville advised a double attack; an improvised battering-ram at the great gate, and a party to climb the stockade wall at another quarter. The climbing party he would himself lead, accompanied by his brother Sainte-Hélène, Perrot, and a handful of agile woodsmen. He had his choice and his men were soon gathered round him. A tree was cut down in the woods some distance from the shore, shortened and brought down, ready for its duty of battering-ram.

The night was beautiful. There was a bright moon, and the sky by some strange trick of atmosphere had taken on a green hue, against which everything stood out with singular distinctness. The air was placid, and through the stillness came the low humming wash of the water to the hard shore. The fort stood on an upland, looking in its solitariness like some lonely prison-house, where men went more to have done with the world than for punishment. Iberville was in that mood wherein men do stubborn deeds—when justice is more with them than mercy, and selfishness than either.

"If you meet that man, Pierre?" De Casson said, before the party started.

Iberville laughed softly. "If we meet, may my mind be his, abbé? But he is not here—there is no vessel, you see! Still, there are more forts on the bay."

The band knelt down before they started. It was strange to hear in that lonely waste a handful of men, bent on a deadly task, singing a low chant of pentinence—a Kyrie eleison. Afterwards came the benediction upon this buccaneering expedition, behind which was one man's personal enmity, a merchant company's cupidity, and a great nation's lust of conquest!

Iberville stole across the shore and up the hill with his handful of men. There was no sound from the fort; all were asleep. No musket-shot welcomed them, no cannon roared on the night; there was no sentry. What should people on the outposts of the world need of sentries, so long as there were walls to keep out wild animals? In a few minutes Iberville and his companions were over the wall. Already the attack on the gate had begun, a passage was quickly made, and by the time Iberville had forced open the doors of the blockhouse, his followers making a wild hubbub as of a thousand men, De Troyes and his party were at his heels. Before the weak garrison could make resistance, they were in the hands of their enemies, and soon were gathered in the yard—men, women and children.

THE OLD REGIME

The Golden Dog (*Le Chien d'Or*) from which the following extracts are taken, is a romance of the Old Régime in French Canada, and of the rivalry between the Intendant, Bigot, who was ruthlessly exploiting the people, and the good merchant, Philibert, who was the champion of their rights. The story hinges on a plot against the life of Philibert who has thwarted the unscrupulous designs of the "Grand Company of Associates", of which Bigot is the head. The connecting thread is the love of Philibert's son, Pierre, for Amelie, daughter of the Sieur de Repentigny. The death of Philibert at the hands of Amelie's brother (who has fallen under the fatal fascination of Bigot) frustrates the marriage and Amelie dies broken-hearted. Into the warp of the story are woven pictures of the intrigues and the dissipation of Bigot's coterie, the wealth and high breeding of the Seigneurs, and the suffering of the tenants and peasantry, when the regime of New France was drawing to a close.

The author of *The Golden Dog*, William Kirby, came from England to Canada when he was fifteen, settling in the town of Niagara. He is one of the few Canadians who have availed themselves of the wealth of material for historical fiction at their door. The plot of *The Golden Dog* is sheer melodrama, but the historical material is ingeniously used.

A vivid account of this period and of many of the characters who appear in *The Golden Dog* may be found in Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Chapter XVII.]

"'See Naples, and then die!' That was a proud saying, Count, which we used to hear as we cruised under lateen sails about the glorious bay that reflects from its waters the fires of Vesuvius. We believed the boast then, Count. But I say now, 'See Quebec, and live for ever.' Eternity would be too short to weary me of this lovely scene—this bright Canadian morning is worthy of Eden, and the glorious landscape worthy of such a sun-rising."

Thus exclaimed a tall, fair, Swedish gentleman, his blue eyes sparkling, and every feature glowing with enthusiasm, Herr Peter Kalm, to His Excellency, Count de la Galissoniere, Governor of New France, as they stood together on a bastion of the ramparts of Quebec, in the year of grace 1748.

A group of French and Canadian officers, in the military uniforms of Louis XV stood leaning on their swords, as they conversed gaily together on the broad gravelled walk at the foot of the rampart. They formed the suite in attendance upon the Governor, who was out by sunrise this morning to inspect the work done during the night by the citizens of Quebec and the

habitants of the surrounding country, who had been hastily summoned to labor upon the defences of the city.

A few ecclesiastics in black cassocks, dignitaries of the Church, mingled cheerfully in the conversation of the officers. They had accompanied the Governor, both to show their respect, and to encourage, by their presence and exhortations, the zeal of the colonists in the work of fortifying the capital.

War was then raging between old England and old France, and between new England and new France. The vast region of North America, stretching far into the interior and south west from Canada to Louisiana, had for three years past been the scene of fierce hostilities between the rival nations, while the savage Indian tribes, ranged on the one hand and the other, steeped their moccasins in the blood of the French and English colonists, who, in their turn, became as fierce, and carried on the war as relentlessly, as the savages themselves.

Louisbourg, the bulwark of new France, projecting its mailed arm boldly into the Atlantic, had been cut off by the English, who now overran Acadia and began to threaten Quebec with invasion by sea and land. Busy rumours of the approaching danger were rife in the colony, and the gallant Governor issued orders, which were enthusiastically obeyed, for the people to proceed to the walls and place the city in a state of defence, to bid defiance to the enemy. . . . .

It was a glorious morning. The sun had just risen over the hill tops of Lauzon, throwing aside his drapery of gold, purple and crimson. The soft haze of the summer morning was floating away into nothingness, leaving every object fresh with dew and magnified in the limpid purity of the air.

The broad St. Lawrence, far beneath their feet, was still partially veiled in a thin blue mist, pierced here and there by the tall mast of a King's ship or merchantman lying unseen at anchor; or, as the fog rolled slowly off, a swift canoe might be seen shooting out into a streak of sunshine with the first news of the morning from the south shore.

Behind the Count and his companions rose the white glistening walls of the Hotel Dieu and further off the tall tower of the newly restored Cathedral, the belfry of the Recollets, and the roofs of the ancient College of the Jesuits. An avenue of old oaks and maples shaded the walk, and in the branches of the trees a swarm of birds fluttered and sang, as if in rivalry with the gay French talk and laughter of the group of officers who waited the return of the Governor from the bastion where he stood, showing the glories of Quebec to his friend.

The walls of the city ran along the edge of the cliff upwards as they approached the broad gallery and massive front of the Castle of St. Louis, and ascending the green slope of the broad glacis, culminated in the lofty citadel, where, streaming in the morning breeze, radiant in the sunshine, and alone in the blue sky, waved the white banner of France, the sight which sent a thrill of joy and pride into the hearts of her faithful subjects in the new world.

The broad bay lay before them, round as a shield, and glittering like a mirror as the mist blew off its surface. Behind the sunny slopes of Orleans, which the river encircled in its arms like a giant lover his fair mistress, rose the bold dark crests of the Laurentides, lifting their bare summits far away along the course of the ancient river, leaving imagination to wander over the wild scenery in their midst—the woods, glens, and unknown lakes and rivers that lay hid far from human ken, or known only to rude savages, wild as the beasts of chase they hunted in those strange regions.

Across the broad valley of the St. Charles, covered with green fields and ripening harvests, and dotted with quaint old homesteads, redolent with memories of Normandy and Brittany, rose a long mountain ridge covered with primeval woods, on the slope of which rose the glittering spire of Charlesbourg, once a dangerous outpost of civilization. The pastoral Lairet was seen mingling its waters with the St. Charles in a little bay that preserves the name of Jacques Cartier, who with his hardy companions spent their first winter in Canada on this spot, the guests of the hospitable Donnacona, lord of Quebec and of all the lands seen from its lofty cape.

Directly beneath the feet of the Governor, on a broad strip of land that lay between the beach and the precipice, stood the many-gabled Palace of the Intendant, the most magnificent structure in new France. Its long front of eight hundred feet overlooked the royal terraces and gardens and beyond these the quays and magazines, where lay the ships of Bordeaux, St. Malo, and Havre, unloading the merchandise and luxuries of France in exchange for the more rude, but not less valuable products of the colony.

Between the Palace and the Basse Ville the waves at high tide washed over a shingle beach where there were already the beginnings of a street. A few rude inns displayed the sign of the *fleur-de-lis* or the imposing head of Louis XV. Round the doors of these inns in summer time might always be found groups of loquacious Breton and Norman sailors in red caps

and sashes, voyageurs and canoemen from the far west in half Indian costume, drinking Gascon wine and Norman cider, or the still more potent liquors filled with the fire of the Antilles. The Batture kindled into life on the arrival of the Fleet from home, and in the evenings of summer as the sun set behind the Côte à Bonhomme, the natural magnetism of companionship drew the lasses of Quebec down to the beach, where, amid old refrains of French ditties and the music of violins and tambours de Basque they danced on the green with the jovial sailors who brought news from the old land beyond the Atlantic.

"Pardon me, gentlemen, for keeping you waiting," said the Governor, as he left the bastion and rejoined his suite. "I am so proud of our beautiful Quebec that I can scarcely stop showing off its charms to my friend Herr Kalm, who knows so well how to appreciate them. But," continued he, looking around admiringly on the bands of citizens and habitants who were at work strengthening every weak point in the fortifications, "my brave Canadians are as busy as beavers on their dam. They are determined to keep the saucy English out of Quebec. They deserve to have the beaver for their crest, industrious fellows that they are! I am sorry I kept you waiting, however."

"We can never count the moments lost which your Excellency gives to the survey of our fair land," replied the Bishop, a grave, earnest-looking man. "Would that His Majesty himself could stand on these walls and see with his own eyes, as you do, this splendid patrimony of the Crown of France. He would not dream of bartering it away in exchange for petty ends and corners of Germany and Flanders, as is rumored, my Lord."

"True words and good, my Lord Bishop," replied the Governor; "the retention of all Flanders now in the strong hands of the Marshal de Saxe would be a poor compensation for the surrender of a glorious land like this to the English."

Flying rumours of some such proposal on the part of France had reached the colony with wild reports arising out of the endless chaffering between the negotiators for peace, who had already assembled at Aix la Chapelle. "The fate of America will one day be decided here," continued the Governor; "I see it written upon this rock, 'whoever rules Quebec will sway the destinies of the Continent.' May our noble France be wise and understand in time the signs of empire and of supremacy!"

The Bishop looked upwards with a sigh. "Our noble France has not yet read those tokens, or she misunderstands them. Oh, these faithful subjects of hers! Look at them, your Excellency." The Bishop pointed towards a crowd of citizens hard at

work on the walls. "There is not a man of them but is ready to risk life and fortune for the honour and dominion of France, and yet they are treated by the Court with such neglect, and burdened with exactions that take from life the sweet reward of labour! They cannot do the impossible that France requires of them—fight her battles, till her fields, and see their bread taken from them by these new ordinances of the Intendant." . .

On the Rue Buade, a street commemorative of the gallant Frontenac, stood the large, imposing edifice newly built by the Bourgeois Philibert, as the people of the colony fondly called Nicholas Jaquin Philibert, the great and wealthy merchant of Quebec and their champion against the odious monopolies of the Grand Company favoured by the Intendant.

The edifice was of stone, spacious and lofty, but in style solid, plain and severe. It was a wonder of architecture in New France and the talk and admiration of the Colony from Tadousac to Ville Marie. It comprised the city residence of the Bourgeois, as well as suites of offices and warehouses connected with his immense business.

The house was bare of architectural adornments, but on its facade, blazing in the sun, was the gilded sculpture that so much piqued the curiosity of both citizens and strangers and was the talk of every seigneury in the land. The tablet of the *Chien d'Or*—The Golden Dog—with its enigmatical inscription, looked down defiantly upon the busy street beneath, where it is still to be seen, perplexing the beholder to guess its meaning and exciting our deepest sympathies for the tragedy of which it remains the sole sad memorial.

Above and beneath the figure of a couchant dog gnawing the thigh bone of a man is graven the weird inscription, cut deeply in the stone, as if for all future generations to read and ponder over its meaning:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os,
En le rongeant je prends mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n' est pas venu,
Que je mordrai qui m' aura mordu."

Or in English:

"I am a dog that gnaws his bone,
I couch and gnaw it all alone—
The time will come which is not yet,
When I'll bite him by whom I'm bit."

The magazines of the Bourgeois Philibert presented not only an epitome but a substantial portion of the commerce of New France. Bales of fur which had been brought down in fleets of canoes from the wild, almost unknown regions of the North West, lay piled up to the beams—skins of the smooth beaver, the delicate otter, black and silver fox, so rich to the eye and silky to the touch that the proudest beauties longed for their possession; sealskins to trim the gowns of portly burgomasters, and ermine to adorn the robes of nobles and kings. The spoils of the wolf, bear and buffalo, worked to the softness of cloth by the hands of Indian women, were stored for winter wear and to fill the sledges with warmth and comfort when the north west wind freezes the snow to fine dust and the aurora borealis moves in stately procession, like an army of spearmen, across the Northern sky. The harvests of the colonists, the corn, the wool, the flax; timber enough to build whole navies, and mighty pines fit to mast the tallest admiral, were stored upon the wharves and in the warehouses of the Bourgeois upon the banks of the St. Lawrence, with iron from the royal forges of the Three Rivers and heaps of ginseng from the forests, a product worth its weight in gold and eagerly exchanged by the Chinese for their teas, silks and sycee silver. . . . .

The crowd had come to the Rue Buade to see the famous tablet of The Golden Dog, which was talked of in every seigneury in New France; still more, perhaps, to see the Bourgeois Philibert himself—the great merchant who contended for the rights of the habitants, and who would not yield an inch to the Friponne.

The Bourgeois looked down at the ever-increasing throng—country people for the most part, with their wives, with not a few citizens whom he could easily distinguish by their dress and manner. The Bourgeois stood rather withdrawn from the front, so as not to be recognized, for he hated intensely anything like a demonstration, still less an ovation. He could hear many loud voices, however, in the crowd, and caught up the chief topics they discussed with each other.

His eyes rested several times on a wiry, jerking little fellow whom he recognized as Jean La Marche, the fiddler, a *censitaire* of the manor of Tilly. He was a well known character and had drawn a large circle of the crowd around himself.

"I want to see the Bourgeois Philibert," exclaimed Jean La Marche. "He is the bravest merchant in New France—the people's friend. Bless the Golden Dog and curse the Friponne!"

"Hurrah for the Golden Dog and curse the Friponne!" exclaimed a score of voices; "won't you sing, Jean?"

"Not now; I have a new ballad ready on the Golden Dog which I shall sing to-night—that is if you will care to listen to me." Jean said this with a very demure air and mock modesty, knowing well that the reception of a new ballad from him would equal the furore of a new aria from the prima donna of the opera at Paris.

"We will all come to hear it, Jean," cried they; "but take care of your fiddle or you will get it crushed in the crowd."

"As if I did not know how to take care of my darling baby!" said Jean, holding his violin high above his head. "It is my only child: it will laugh or cry and love and scold as I bid it and make everybody else do the same when I touch its heart-strings." Jean had brought his violin under his arm, in place of a spade, to help build up the walls of the city. He had never heard of Amphion with his lyre, building up the walls of Thebes; but Jean knew that in his violin lay a power of work by other hands, if he played while they laboured. "It lightened toil and made work go merrily as the bells of Tilly at a wedding," said he.

There was immense talk, with plenty of laughter and no thought of mischief among the crowd. The habitants of *en haut* and the habitants of *en basse* commingled, as they rarely did, in a friendly way. Nor was anything to provoke a quarrel said even to the Acadians, whose rude patois was a source of merry jest to the better speaking Canadians.

The Acadians had flocked in great numbers into Quebec, on the seizure of their province by the English, sturdy, robust, quarrelsome fellows, who went about challenging people in their reckless way—*Etions pas mon maitre, monsieur?*—but all were civil to-day, and tuques were pulled off and bows exchanged in a style of easy politeness that would not have ashamed the streets of Paris.

The crowd kept increasing on the Rue Buade. The two sturdy beggars who vigorously kept their places on the stone steps of the barrier or gateway of the Basse Ville, reaped an unusual harvest of the smallest coin. Max Grimau, an old disabled soldier in ragged uniform, which he had worn at the defence of Prague, under the Marshal de Belleisle, and blind Bartemy—a mendicant born—the former loud tongued and importunate, the latter silent and only stretching out a shaking hand for charity. No Finance Minister or royal Intendant studied more earnestly the problem of how to tax the kingdom than Max and blind

Bartemy how to toll the passers by, and with less success, perhaps.

To-day was a red letter day for the sturdy beggars, for the news flew fast that an ovation of some popular kind was to be given to the Bourgeois Philibert. The habitants came trooping up the rough mountain road that leads from the Basse Ville to the Upper Town; and up the long stairs, lined with the stalls of Basque peddlers—cheating, loquacious varlets—which form a bye-way from the lower reaches of the Rue de Champlain—a breakneck thoroughfare little liked by the old and asthmatical, but nothing to the sturdy "climbers," as the habitants call the lads of Quebec, or the light-footed lasses who displayed their trim ankles as they flew up the breezy steps to church or market.

Max Grimau and blind Bartemy had ceased counting their coins. The passers-by came up in still increasing numbers, until the street, from the barrier of the Basse Ville to the Cathedral, was filled with a noisy, good-humoured crowd, without an object except to stare at the Golden Dog and a desire to catch a glimpse of the Bourgeois Philibert.

The crowd had become very dense, when a troop of gentlemen rode at full speed into the Rue Buade, and after trying recklessly to force their way through, came to a sudden halt in the midst of the surging mass.

The Intendant, Cadet and Varin had ridden from Beaumanoir, followed by a train of still flushed guests, who, after a hasty purification, had returned with their host to the city—a noisy troop, loquacious, laughing, shouting, as is the wont of men, reckless at all times, and still more defiant when under the influence of wine.

"What is the meaning of this rabble, Cadet?" asked Bigot; "they seem to be no friends of yours. That fellow is wishing you in a hot place!" added Bigot laughing, as he pointed out a habitant who was shouting *"À bas Cadet!"*

"Nor friends of yours, either," replied Cadet. "They have not recognized you yet, Bigot. When they do, they will wish you in the hottest place of all!"

The Intendant was not known personally to the habitants as were Cadet, Varin and the rest. Loud shouts and execrations were freely vented against these as soon as they were recognized.

"Has this rabble waylaid us to insult us?" asked Bigot. "But it can hardly be that they knew of our return to the city to-day."

The Intendant began to jerk his horse round impatiently, but without avail.

"Oh, no, your Excellency, it is the rabble which the Governor has summoned to the King's *corvee*. They are paying their respects to the Golden Dog, which is the idol the mob worships just now. They did not expect us to interrupt their devotions, I fancy."

"The vile *moutons!* Their fleece is not worth the shearing!" exclaimed Bigot angrily, at the mention of the Golden Dog, which, as he glanced upwards, seemed to glare defiantly upon him.

"Clear the way, villains," cried Bigot loudly, while darting his horse into the crowd. "Plunge that Flanders cart horse of yours into them, Cadet, and do not spare their toes!"

Cadet's rough disposition chimed well with the Intendant's wish. "Come on, Varin and the rest of you," cried he, "give spur and fight your way through the rabble."

The whole troop plunged madly at the crowd, striking right and left with their heavy hunting whips. A violent scuffle ensued; many habitants were ridden down and some of the horsemen dismounted. The Intendant's Gascon blood got furious; he struck heavily, right and left, and many a bleeding tuque marked his track in the crowd.

The habitants recognized him at last and a tremendous yell burst out. "Long live the Golden Dog! Down with the Friponne!" while the more bold ventured on the cry, "Down with the Intendant and the thieves of the Grand Company!"

Fortunately for the troop of horsemen the habitants were utterly unarmed; but stones began to be thrown and efforts were made by them, not always unsuccessful, to pull the riders off their horses. Poor Jean La Marche's darling child, his favourite violin, was crushed at the first charge. Jean rushed at the Intendant's bridle and received a blow which levelled him.

The Intendant and all the troop now drew their swords. A bloody catastrophe seemed impending, when the Bourgeois Philibert, seeing the state of affairs, despatched a messenger with tidings to the Castle of St. Louis, and rushed himself into the street amidst the surging crowd, imploring, threatening and compelling them to give way.

He was soon recognized and cheered by the people; but even his influence might have failed to calm the fiery passions excited by the Intendant's violence, had not the drums of the approaching soldiery suddenly resounded above the noise of the riot. In a few minutes long files of glittering bayonets were seen stream-

ing down the Rue du Fort. Colonel St. Remi rode at their head, forming his troops in position to charge the crowd. The Colonel saw at once the state of affairs, and being a man of judgment, commanded peace before resorting to force. He was at once obeyed. The people stood still and in silence. They had no purpose to resist the authorities—indeed, had no purpose whatever. A way was made by the soldiers, and the Intendant and his friends were extricated from their danger. . . . .

The market place then as now occupied the open square lying between the great Cathedral of Ste. Marie and the College of the Jesuits. The latter, a vast edifice, occupied one side of the square. Through its wide portal a glimpse was had of the gardens and broad avenue of ancient trees, sacred to the meditation and quiet exercises of the reverend fathers, who walked about in pairs, according to the rule of their order, which rarely permitted them to go singly.

The market place itself was lively this morning with the number of carts and stalls ranged on either side of the bright little rivulet which ran under the old elms that intersected the square, the trees affording shade and the rivulet drink for man and beast.

A bustling, loquacious crowd of habitants and citizens, wives and maidservants, were buying, selling, exchanging compliments, or complaining of hard times. The market place was full and all were glad at the termination of the terrible war and hopeful of the happy effect of peace in bringing plenty back again to the old market.

The people bustled up and down, testing their weak purses against their strong desires to fill their baskets with the ripe autumnal fruits and the products of field and garden, river and *basse cour*, which lay temptingly disposed in the little carts of the market-men and women who on every side extolled the quality and cheapness of their wares.

There were apples from Côte de Beaupré, small in size but impregnated with the flavour of honey; pears grown in the old orchards about Ange Guardien, and grapes worthy of Bacchus, from the Isle of Orleans, with baskets of the delicious bilberries that covered the wild hills of the North shore from the first wane of summer until late in autumn.

The drain of the war had starved out the butchers' stalls, but Indians and hunters took their places for the nonce with an abundance of game of all kinds, which had multiplied exceedingly during the years that man had taken to killing Bostonnais and English instead of deer and wild turkeys.

Fish was in especial abundance; the blessing of the old Jesuits still rested on the waters of New France, and the fish swarmed metaphorically with money in their mouths.

There were piles of speckled trout fit to be eaten by popes and kings, taken in the little pure lakes and streams tributary to the Montmorency; lordly salmon that swarmed in the tidal weirs along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and huge eels, thick as the arm of the fisher who drew them up from their rich river beds.

There were sacks of meal ground in the banal mills of the seigniories for the people's bread, but the old *tinettes* of yellow butter, the pride of the good wives of Beauport and Lauzon, were rarely to be seen and commanded unheard of prices. The hungry children who used to eat *tartines* of bread buttered on both sides were now accustomed to the cry of their frugal mother as she spread it thin as if it were gold-leaf: "*Mes enfants*, take care of the butter!"

The Commissionaires of the army, in other words, the agents of the Grand Company, had swept the settlements far and near of their herds, and the habitants soon discovered that the exposure for sale in the market of the products of the dairy was speedily followed by a visit from the purveyors of the army and the seizure of their remaining cattle.

Roots and other esculents of field and garden were more plentiful in the market, among which might have been seen the newly introduced potato,—a vegetable long despised in New France, then endured, and now beginning to be liked and widely cultivated as a prime article of sustenance.

At the upper angle of the square stood a lofty cross or Holy Rood, overtopping the low roofs of the shops and booths in its neighbourhood. About the foot of the cross was a platform of timber raised a few feet from the ground, giving a commanding view of the whole market place.

A crowd of habitants were gathered round this platform listening, some with exclamations of approval, not unmingled on the part of others with sounds of dissent, to the fervent address of one of the Jesuit fathers from the College, who with crucifix in hand was preaching to the people upon the vices and backslidings of the times. . . . .

The bold denunciations of the preacher against the *Honnêtes Gens* and against the people's friend and protector, the Bourgeois Philibert, caused a commotion in the crowd of habitants, who began to utter louder and louder exclamations of dissent and remonstrance. A close observer would have noticed angry

looks and clenched fists in many parts of the crowd, pressing closer and closer to the platform.

The signs of increasing tumult in the crowd did not escape the sharp eyes of Father Glapion, who, seeing that the hot-blooded Italian was overstepping the bounds of prudence in his harangue, called him by name and with a half angry sign brought his sermon suddenly to a close. Padre Monti obeyed with the unquestioning promptness of an automaton. He stopped instantly without rounding the period or finishing the sentence that was in his mouth.

His flushed and ardent manner changed to the calmness of marble as, lifting up his hands with a devout *oremus*, he uttered a brief prayer and left the puzzled people to finish his speech and digest at leisure his singular sermon. . . . .

There was much stir in the market when the Bourgeois began his accustomed walk among the stalls, stopping to converse with such friends as he met, and especially with the poor and infirm, who did not follow him—he hated to be followed—but who stood waiting his arrival at certain points which he never failed to pass. The Bourgeois knew that his poor almsmen would be standing there, and he would no more avoid them than he would avoid the Governor. . . . .

Le Gardeur and De Lantagnac rode furiously through the market, heedless of what they encountered or whom they ran over, and were followed by a yell of indignation from the people, who recognized them as gentlemen of the Grand Company.

It chanced that at that moment a poor almsman of the Bourgeois Philibert was humbly and quietly leaning upon his crutches, listening with bowing head and smiling lips to the kind enquiries of his benefactor as he received his accustomed alms.

De Lantagnac rode up furiously, followed by Le Gardeur. De Lantagnac recognized the Bourgeois, who stood in his way talking to the crippled soldier. He cursed him between his teeth, and lashed his horse with intent to ride him down as if by accident.

The Bourgeois saw them approach and motioned them to stop, but in vain. The horse of De Lantagnac just swerved in its course, and without checking his speed, ran over the crippled man, who instantly rolled in the dust, his face streaming with blood from a sharp stroke of the horse's shoe upon his forehead.

Immediately following De Lantagnac came Le Gardeur, lashing his horse and yelling like a demon to all to clear the way.

The Bourgeois was startled at this new danger—not to himself—he thought not of himself—but to the bleeding man lying prostrate upon the ground. He sprang forward to prevent Le Gardeur's horse going over him.

He did not in the haste and confusion of the moment recognize Le Gardeur, who, inflamed with wine and frantic with passion, was almost past recognition by any who knew him in his normal state. Nor did Le Gardeur in his frenzy recognize the presence of the Bourgeois, whose voice calling him by name, with an appeal to his better nature, would undoubtedly have checked his headlong career.

The moment was critical. It was one of those points of time when the threads of many lives and many destinies cross and intersect each other, and thence part different ways, leading to life or death, happiness, or despair, forever.

Le Gardeur spurred his horse madly over the wounded man who lay upon the ground; but he did not hear him, he did not see him. Let it be said for Le Gardeur, if aught can be said in his defence, he did not see him. His horse was just about to trample upon the prostrate cripple lying in the dust, when his bridle was suddenly and firmly seized by the hand of the Bourgeois, and his horse wheeled round with such violence that, rearing back upon his haunches, he almost threw his rider headlong. Le Gardeur, not knowing the reason of this sudden interference, and flaming with wrath, leaped to the ground just at the moment when Angélique and De Peau rode up. Le Gardeur neither knew nor cared at that moment who his antagonist was. He saw but a bold, presumptuous man who had seized his bridle and whom it was his desire to punish on the spot.

De Peau recognized the stately figure and fearless look of the Bourgeois confronting Le Gardeur. The triumph of the Friponne was at hand. De Peau rubbed his hands with ecstacy as he called out to Le Gardeur, his voice ringing above the din of the crowd, "*Achevez-le!* Finish him, Le Gardeur!" . . . . .

A great cry now ran through the market-place: "The Bourgeois is killed! The Grand Company have assassinated the Bourgeois!" Men ran up from every side shouting and gesticulating. The news spread like wildfire through the city, and simultaneously a yell for vengeance rose from the excited multitude.

The Recollet Brother Daniel had been the first to fly to the help of the Bourgeois. His grey robe was dyed red with the blood of the best friend and protector of their monastery. But

death was too quick for even one prayer to be heard or uttered by the dying man.

The grey brother made the sign of the cross upon the forehead of the Bourgeois, who opened his eyes once for a moment, and looked in the face of the good friar, while his lips quivered with two inarticulate words, "Pierre! Amélie!" That was all. His brave eyes closed again forever from the light of the sun. The good Bourgeois Philibert was dead.

THE FALL OF QUEBEC

[Gilbert Parker (see page 109), has woven the closing events of the downfall of Quebec into the plot of *The Seats of the Mighty*, from which the following extracts are taken. The teller of the story is a young Scotchman, Robert Moray, resident in Virginia until he joined the British forces at the outbreak of the war with France. Captured at the fall of Fort Necessity, Moray is brought to Quebec as a hostage. After several years detention, during which he falls in love with Alixe, daughter of the Seigneur Duvarney, he is suddenly thrown into a dungeon under suspicion of secret communication with the enemy. While Moray is in prison, his sworn enemy Doltaire (the real "power behind the throne" in Quebec) attempts to win Alixe's love. She plays upon Doltaire to aid Moray and cajoles Doltaire into saving Moray from being hanged as a spy. After a secret marriage with Alixe in prison, Moray escapes and joins the English forces at Louisbourg.]

At Louisbourg we found that Admiral Saunders and General Wolfe were gone to Quebec. They had passed us as we came down, for we had sailed inside some islands of the coast, getting shelter and better passage, and the fleet had, no doubt, passed outside. This was a blow to me, for I had hoped to be in time to join General Wolfe and proceed with him to Quebec, where my knowledge of the place would be of service to him. It was, however, no time for lament, and I set about to find my way back again. Our prisoners I handed over to the authorities. The two Provincials decided to remain and take service under General Amherst; Mr. Stevens would join his own Rangers at once, but Clark would go back with me to have his hour at the hated foes.

I paid Mr. Stevens and the two Provincials for their shares in the schooner, and Clark and I manned her afresh, and prepared to return to Quebec. From General Amherst I received correspondence to carry to General Wolfe and Admiral Saun-

ders. Before I started back I sent letters to Governor Dinwiddie and to Mr. (now Colonel) George Washington, but I had no sooner done so than I received other letters from them through General Amherst. They had been sent to him to convey to General Wolfe at Quebec, who was, in turn, to hand them to me, when, as was hoped, I should be released from captivity, if not already beyond the power of men to free me.

The letters from these friends almost atoned for my past sufferings, and I was ashamed that ever I had thought my countrymen forgot me in my misery; for this was the first matter I saw when I opened the Governor's letter:

By the House of Burgesses.

Resolved that the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Moray, in consideration of his services to the country and his singular sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage in Quebec.

This, I learned, was one of three such resolutions.

But there were other matters in his letter which much amazed me. An attempt, the Governor said, had been made one dark night on his strong-room, which would have succeeded but for the great bravery and loyalty of an old retainer. Two men were engaged in the attempt, one of whom was a Frenchman. Both men were masked, and when set upon fought with consummate bravery, and escaped. It was found the next day that the safe of my partner had also been rifled and all my papers stolen. There was no doubt in my mind what this meant. Doltaire, with some renegade Virginian who knew Williamsburg and myself, had made essay to get my papers. But they had failed in their designs, for all my valuable documents—and those desired by Doltaire among them—remained safe in the Governor's strong-room.

I got away again for Quebec five days after reaching Louisbourg. We came along with good winds, having no check, though twice we sighted French sloops, which, however, seemed most concerned to leave us to ourselves. At last, with colours flying, we sighted Kamaraska Isles, which I saluted, remembering the Chevalier de la Darante; then Isle aux Coudres, below which we poor fugitives came so near disaster. Here we all felt new fervour, for the British flag flew from a staff on a lofty point, tents were pitched thereon in a pretty cluster, and, rounding a point, we came plump upon Admiral Durell's little

fleet, which was here to bar the advance of French ships and to waylay stragglers.

On a blithe summer day we sighted, afar off, the Isle of Orleans and the tall masts of two patrol ships of war, which in due time we passed, saluting, and ran abreast of the island in the North Channel. Coming up this passage, I could see on an eminence, far distant, the tower of the Château Alixe!

Presently there opened on our sight the great bluff at the Falls of Montmorenci, and, crowning it with tents and batteries, the camp of General Wolfe himself, and the good ship *Centurion*, standing off like a sentinel at a point where the Basin, the river Montmorenci, and the North Channel seem to meet.

To our left, across the shoals, was Major Hardy's post, on the extreme eastern point of the Isle of Orleans; and again beyond that, in a straight line, Point Levis on the south shore, where Brigadier General Monckton's camp was pitched; and farther on his batteries, from which shell and shot were poured into the town. How all had changed in the two months since I had left there! Around the Seigneur Duvarney's manor, in the sweet village of Beauport, was encamped the French army, and redoubts and batteries were ranged where Alixe and I and her brother Juste had many a time walked in a sylvan quiet. Here, as it were, round the bent and broken sides of a bowl, war raged, and the centre was like some cauldron, out of which imps of ships sprang to hand up fires of hell to the battalions on the ledges. Here swung Admiral Saunders's and Admiral Holmes's divisions, out of reach of the French batteries, yet able to menace and destroy and to feed the British camps with men and munitions. There were no French ships in sight—only two old hulks with guns in the mouth of the St. Charles River to protect the road to the palace gate,—that is, the gate at the Intendance.

It was all there before me, the investment of Quebec for which I had prayed and waited seven long years.

All at once, on a lull in the fighting which had lasted twenty-four hours, the heavy batteries from the Levis shore opened upon the town, emptying therein the fatal fuel. Mixed feelings possessed me. I had at first listened to Clark's delighted imprecations and devilish praises with a feeling of brag almost akin to his own—that was the soldier and the Briton in me. But all at once the man, the lover, and the husband spoke; my wife was in that beleaguered town under that monstrous shower! She had said that she would never leave it till I came to fetch her.

Yet might she not be dead—or, if living, immured in a convent? For I knew well that our marriage must become known after I had escaped; that she would not, for her own pride and womanhood, keep it secret then; that it would be proclaimed while yet Gabord and the excellent chaplain were alive to attest all.

Summoned by the *Centurion*, we were passed on beyond the eastern point of the Isle of Orleans to the Admiral's ship, which lay in the Channel off the point, with battleships in front and rear, and a line of frigates curving towards the rocky peninsula of Quebec. Then came a line of buoys beyond these, with manned boats moored alongside to protect the fleet from fire rafts, which once already the enemy had unavailingly sent down to ruin and burn our fleet.

Admiral Saunders received me with great cordiality, thanked me for the despatches, heard with applause of my adventures with the convoy, and at once, with dry humour, said he would be glad, if General Wolfe consented, to make my captured schooner one of his fleet. Later, when her history and doings became known in the fleet, she was at once called the *Terror of France*; for she did a wild thing or two before Quebec fell, though from first to last, she had but her six swivel guns, which I had taken from the burned sloop. Clark had command of her.

From Admiral Saunders I learned that Bigot had recovered from his hurt, which had not been severe, and of the death of Monsieur Cournal, who had ridden his horse over the cliff in the dark. From the Admiral I came to General Wolfe at Montmorenci.

I shall never forget my first look at my hero, that flaming, exhaustless spirit, in a body so *gauche* and so unshapely. When I was brought to him he was standing on a knoll alone, looking through a glass towards the batteries of Levis. The first thing that struck me, as he lowered the glass and leaned against a gun, was the melancholy in the line of his figure. I never forget that, for it seemed to me even then that, whatever glory there was for British arms ahead, there was tragedy for him. Yet, as he turned at the sound of our footsteps, I almost laughed; for his straight red hair, his face defying all regularity, with the nose thrust out like a wedge and the chin falling back from an affectionate sort of mouth, his tall, straggling frame and far from athletic shoulders, all challenged contrast with the compact, handsome, graciously shaped Montcalm. In Montcalm was all manner of things to charm—all save that which presently filled me with awe, and showed me wherein this sallow-featured, pain-racked Briton was greater than his rival

beyond measure; in that searching, burning eye, which carried all the distinction and greatness denied him elsewhere. There resolution, courage, endurance, deep design, clear vision, dogged will and heroism lived; a bright furnace of daring resolves, which gave England her sound desire.

An officer of his staff presented me. The General looked at me with piercing intelligence, and then, presently, his long hand made a swift motion of knowledge and greeting, and he said:

"Yes, yes, and you are welcome, Captain Moray. I have heard of you, of much to your credit. You were for years in durance there."

He pointed towards the town, where we could see the dome of the cathedral shine, and the leaping smoke and flame of the roaring batteries.

"Six years, your Excellency," said I.

"Papers of yours fell into General Braddock's hands, and they tried you for a spy—a curious case—a curious case! Wherein were they wrong and you justified, and why was all your exchange refused?"

I told him the main, the bare facts, and how, to force certain papers from me, I had been hounded on to the edge of the grave. He nodded and seemed lost in study of the mud-flats at the Beauport shore, and presently took to beating his foot upon the ground. After a minute, as if he had come back from a distance, he said: "Yes, yes, broken articles. Few women have a sense of national honour, such as La Pompadour none! An interesting matter."

Then, after a moment: "You shall talk with our chief engineer; you know the town; you should be useful to me, Captain Moray. What do you suggest, concerning this siege of ours?"

"Has any attack been made from above the town, your Excellency?"

He lifted his eyebrows. "Is it vulnerable from there? From Cap Rouge, you mean?"

"They have you at advantage everywhere, sir," I said. "A thousand men could keep the town so long as this river, those mud-flats and those high cliffs are there."

"But above the town—"

"Above the citadel there is a way—the only way; a feint from the basin here and sham menace and attack, and the real action at the other door of the town."

"They will, of course, throw fresh strength and vigilance above, if our fleet run their batteries and attack there; the

river at Cap Rouge is like the Montmorenci for defence." He shook his head. "There is no way, I fear."

"General," said I, "if you will take me into your service and then give me leave to handle my little schooner in this basin and in the river above, I will prove that you may take your army into Quebec, by entering it myself and returning with that as precious to me as the taking of Quebec to you."

He looked at me piercingly for a minute, then a sour sort of smile played at his lips. "A woman!" he said. "Well, it were not the first time the love of a wench opened the gates to a nation's victory."

"Love of a wife, sir, should carry a man farther."

He turned on me a commending look. "Speak plainly," said he. "If we are to use you, let us know you in all."

He waved farther back the officers with him.

"I have no other wish, your Excellency," I answered him. Then I told him briefly of the Seigneur Duvarney, of Alixe, and of Doltaire.

"Duvarney! Duvarney!" he said and a light came into his look. Then he called an officer. "Was it not one Seigneur Duvarney who this morning prayed protection for his château on the Isle of Orleans?" he asked.

"Even so, your Excellency," was the reply; "and he said that if Captain Moray was with us, he would surely speak for the humanity and kindness he and his household had shown to British prisoners."

"You speak, then, for this gentleman?" he asked, with a dry sort of smile.

"With all my heart," I answered. "But why does he ask protection at this late day?"

"New orders are issued to lay waste the country; hitherto all property was safe," was the General's reply. "See that the Seigneur Duvarney's suit is granted," he added to his officer, "and say that it is by Captain Moray's intervention.—There is another matter of this kind to be arranged this noon," he continued: "an exchange of prisoners, among whom are some ladies of birth and breeding, captured but two days ago. A gentleman comes from General Montcalm directly upon the point. You might be useful herein," he added, "if you will come to my tent in an hour." He turned to go.

"And my ship and permission to enter the town, your Excellency?" I asked.

"What do you call your—ship?" he asked a little grimly.

I told him how the sailors had already christened her. He smiled. "Then let her prove her title to Terror of France," he said, "by being pilot to the rest of our fleet up the river, and you, Captain Moray, be guide to a footing on those heights—" he pointed to the town. "Then, this army and its general, and all England, please God, will thank you. Your craft shall have commission as a rover—but if she gets into trouble—?"

"She will do as her owner has done these six years, your Excellency; she will fight her way out alone."

He gazed long at the town and at the Levis shore. "From above, then, there is a way?"

"For proof, if I come back alive—"

"For proof that you have been—" he answered meaningly, with an amused flash of his eyes, though at the very moment a spasm of pain crossed his face, for he was suffering from an incurable disease, and went about his great task in great misery yet cheerful and inspiring.

[Moray penetrates the city, and, in hiding, sees the Bishop in the Cathedral in the act of annulling Alixe's marriage. The ceremony is interrupted by the shelling of the Cathedral. Alixe, after being immured in a convent, which she leaves to nurse her wounded father, accompanies Seigneur Duvarney to a place of refuge in the Valdoche Hills, where, after the events described below, Moray joins her. Meanwhile, on his way out of the city, Moray is wounded.]

My hurt proved more serious than I had looked for, and the day after my escape I was in a high fever. General Wolfe himself, having heard of my return, sent to enquire after me. He also was ill, and our forces were depressed in consequence; for he had a power to inspire them not given to any other of our accomplished generals. He forbore to question me concerning the state of the town and what I had seen; for which I was glad. My adventure had been of a private nature and such I wished it to remain. The General desired me to come to him as soon as I was able, that I might proceed with him above the town to reconnoitre. But for many a day this was impossible, for my wound gave me much pain and I was confined to my bed.

Yet we on the *Terror of France* served our good General too; for one dark night, when the wind was fair, we piloted the remaining ships of Admiral Holmes's division above the town. This move was made on my constant assertion that there was a way by which Quebec might be taken from above; and when General Wolfe made known my representations to his general

officers, they accepted it as a last resort; for otherwise what hope had they? At Montmorenci our troops had been repulsed; the mud-flats of the Beauport shore and the St. Charles River were as good as an army against us; the Upper Town and Citadel were practically impregnable; and for eight miles west of the town to the cove and river at Cap Rouge there was one long precipice, broken in but one spot; but just there, I was sure, men could come up with stiff climbing; as I had done. Bougainville came to Cap Rouge now with three thousand men, for he thought that this was to be our point of attack. Along the shore from Cap Rouge to Cape Diamond small batteries were posted, such as that of Lancy's at Anse du Foulon; but they were careless, for no conjectures might seem so wild as that of bringing an army up where I had climbed.

"Tut, tut," said General Murray when he came to me on the *Terror of France*, after having, at my suggestion, gone to the south shore opposite Anse du Foulon, and scanned the faint line that marked the narrow cleft on the cliff side—"tut, tut, man," said he, "'tis the dream of a cat or a damned mathematician."

Once, after all was done, he said to me that cats and mathematicians were the only generals.

With a belligerent pride Clark showed the way up the river one evening, the batteries of the town giving us plunging shots as we went, and ours at Point Levis answering gallantly. To me it was a good if most anxious time; good, in that I was having some sort of compensation for my own sufferings in the town; anxious, because no single word came to me of Alixe or her father, and all the time we were pouring death into the place.

But this we knew from deserters, that Vaudreuil was Governor and Bigot Intendant still; by which it would seem that, on the momentous night when Doltaire was wounded by Madame Cournal he gave back the Governorship to Vaudreuil and reinstated Bigot. Presently from an officer who had been captured as he was setting free a fire-raft to run among the boats of our fleet, I heard that Doltaire had been confined in the Intendance, from a wound given by a stupid sentry. Thus the true story had been kept from the public. From him, too, I learned that nothing was known of the Seigneur Duvarney and his daughter; that they had suddenly disappeared from the Intendance, as if the earth had swallowed them; and that even Juste Duvarney knew nothing of them, and was, in consequence, greatly distressed.

This officer also said that now, when it might seem as if both the Seigneur and his daughter were dead, opinion had turned to Alixe's favour, and the feeling had crept about, first among the common folk and afterwards among the people of the garrison, that she had been used harshly. This was due, largely, he thought, to the constant advocacy of the Chevalier de la Darante, whose nephew had married Mademoiselle Georgette Duvarney. This piece of news, in spite of the uncertainty of Alixe's fate, touched me, for the Chevalier had indeed kept his word to me.

At last all of Admiral Holmes's division was got above the town, with very little damage, and I never saw a man so elated, so profoundly elated, as Clark over his share in the business. He was a daredevil, too; for the day that the last of the division was taken up the river, without my permission or the permission of the admiral or anyone else, he took the *Terror of France* almost up to Bougainville's earthworks in the cove at Cap Rouge, and insolently emptied his six swivels into them, and then came out and stood down the river. When I asked what he was doing—for I was now well enough to come on deck—he said he was going to see how monkeys could throw nuts; when I pressed him, he said he had a will to hear the cats in the eaves; and when I became severe, he added that he would bring the *Terror of France* up past the batteries of the town in broad daylight, swearing that they could no more hit him than a woman could a bird on a flagstaff. I did not relish this foolish bravado, and I forbade it; but presently I consented, on condition that he take me to General Wolfe's camp at Montmorenci first; for now I felt strong enough to be again on active service.

Clark took the *Terror of France* up the river in mid-day, running perilously close to the batteries; and though they pounded at him petulantly, foolishly angry at his contemptuous defiance, he ran the gauntlet safely, and coming to the flagship, the *Sutherland,* saluted with his six swivels, to the laughter of the whole fleet and his own profane joy.

"Mr. Moray," said General Wolfe, when I saw him, racked with pain, studying a chart of the river and town which his chief engineer had just brought him, "show me here this passage in the hillside."

I did so, tracing the plains of Maître Abraham, which I assured him would be good ground for a pitched battle. He nodded; then rose, and walked up and down for a time, thinking. Suddenly he stopped and fixed his eyes upon me.

"Mr. Moray," said he, "it would seem that you, angering La Pompadour, brought this war down upon us." He paused, smiling in a dry way, as if the thought amused him, as if, indeed, he doubted it: but for that I cared not, it was an honour I could easily live without.

I bowed to his words and said, "Mine was the last straw, sir."

Again he nodded, and replied, "Well, well, you got us into trouble; you must show us the way out," and he looked again at the passage I had traced upon the chart. "You will remain with me until we meet our enemy on those heights." He pointed to the plains of Maître Abraham. Then he turned away, and began walking up and down again. "It is the last chance!" he said to himself, in a tone despairing and yet heroic. "Please God! Please God!" he added.

"You will speak nothing of these plans," he said to me at last, half mechanically. "We must make feints of landing at Cap Rouge—feints of landing everywhere save at the one possible place; confuse both Bougainville and Montcalm; tire out their armies with watchings and want of sleep; and then, on the auspicious night, make the great trial."

I had remained respectfully standing at a little distance from him. Now he suddenly came to me, and, pressing my hand, said quickly, "You have trouble, Mr. Moray. I am sorry for you. But maybe it is for better things to come!"

I thanked him stumblingly, and for a moment left him, to serve him on the morrow, and so on through many days, till, in divers perils, the camp at Montmorenci was abandoned, the troops were got aboard the ships and the General took up his quarters on the *Sutherland;* from which, one notable day, I sallied forth with him to a point at the south shore opposite the Anse du Foulon, where he saw the thin crack in the cliff side. From that moment instant and final attack was his purpose.

The great night came starlit and serene. The camp fires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wildfowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport an untiring general, who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, booted and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying com-

mander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; of which the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more."

Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to Nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquility. There lay the Light Infantry, Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles's, Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much loved, much blamed, and impetuous Louisbourg Grenadiers. Steady indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward, pain-twisted body and ugly red hair. "Damme, Jack, didst thee ever take hell in tow before?" said a sailor from the *Terror of France* to his fellow once, as the marines grappled with a flotilla of French fire-ships, and dragged them, spitting destruction, clear of the fleet to the shore. "Nay, but I've been in tow of Jimmy Wolfe's red head; that's hell-fire, lad!" was the reply.

From boat to boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships—the *Squirrel*, the *Leostaff*, the *Seashore*, and the rest—and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response the crowded boats began to cast away, and immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night. No moon was shining, but I could see the General plainly; and once, when our boats almost touched, he saw me and said graciously, "If they get up, Mr. Moray, you are free to serve yourself."

My heart was full of love of country then, and I answered, "I hope, sir, to serve you till your flag is hoisted on the citadel."

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

"It is the most lasting passion," he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think of it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards, I heard him recite to the officers about him, in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our distant thirty-two pounders in the air, I heard him say:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside Doltaire's—but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for Montcalm; these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to the shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay

still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and, sweating greatly, came close to the top.

Here Clark and I drew back, for such honour as there might be in gaining the heights first I wished to go to these soldiers who had trusted their lives to my guidance. I let six go by and reach the heights and then I drew myself up. We did not stir till all twenty-four were safe; then we made a dash for the tents of Lancy, which now showed in the first grey light of morning. We were discovered, and shots greeted us; but we were on them instantly, and in a moment I had the pleasure of putting a bullet in Lancy's heel and brought him down. Our cheers told the General the news, and soon hundreds of soldiers were climbing the hard way that we had come.

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the grey dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there; while shots, bombs, shells and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town, deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eyeing us in amazement, the white-coated Battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in "the clear September air," the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight; the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Beárn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, the band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked,

though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left, their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend, with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

It was my hope that Doltaire was with Montcalm, and that we might meet and end our quarrel. I came to know afterwards that it was he who had induced Montcalm to send the Battalion of Guienne to the heights above the Anse du Foulon. The battalion had not been moved until twenty-four hours after the order was given, or we should never have gained those heights; stones rolled from the cliffs could have destroyed an army!

We waited, Clark and I, with the Louisbourg Grenadiers while they formed. We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts and fields of grain there came that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our right flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city, and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped corn-fields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I

believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here; of La Pompadour's spite, which I had roused to action against my country; of the struggle between Doltaire and myself.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world; the private stake was more than worthy of my long sufferings. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched. Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command ran down the line of battle, and, like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

Thus checked, confounded, the French army trembled and fell back. Then I heard the order to charge, and from nearly four thousand throats there came for the first time our exultant British cheer, and high over all rang the slogan of Fraser's Highlanders. To my left I saw the flashing broadswords of the clansmen, ahead of all the rest. Those sickles of death clove through and broke the battalions of La Sarre, and Lascelles scattered the soldiers of Languedoc into flying columns. We on the right, led by Wolfe, charged the desperate and valiant men of Roussillon and Guienne, and the impetuous sharpshooters of the militia. As we came on, I observed the General sway and push forward again, and then I lost sight of him, for I saw what gave the battle a new interest to me;

Doltaire, cool, and deliberate, animating and encouraging the French troops.

I moved in a shaking hedge of bayonets, keeping my eye upon him; and presently there was a hand to hand *mêlée*, out of which I fought to reach him. I was making for him, where he now sought to rally the retreating columns, when I noticed, not far away, Gabord, mounted and attacked by three grenadiers. Looking back now, I see him, with his sabre cutting right and left, as he drove his horse at one grenadier, who slipped and fell on the slippery ground, while the horse rode on him, battering him. Obliquely down swept the sabre, and drove through the cheek and chin of one foe; another sweep, and the bayonet of the other was struck aside; and another, which was turned aside, as Gabord's horse came down, bayonetted by the fallen grenadier. But Gabord was on his feet again, roaring like a bull, with a wild grin on his face, as he partly struck aside the bayonet of the last grenadier. It caught him in the flesh of the right side. He grasped the musket barrel, and swung his sabre with fierce precision. The man's head dropped back like the lid of a pot, and he tumbled into a heap of the faded golden-rod flower which spattered the field.

At this moment I saw Juste Duvarney making towards me, hatred and deadly purpose in his eyes. I had will enough to meet him, and to kill him too, yet I could not help but think of Alixe. Gabord saw him also, and, being nearer, made for me as well. For that act I cherish his memory. The thought was worthy of a gentleman of breeding; he had the true thing in his heart. He would save us—two brothers—from fighting, by fighting me himself.

He reached me first and with an "Au diable!" made a stroke at me. It was a matter of sword and sabre now. Clark met Juste Duvarney's rush; and there we were, at as fine a game of cross-purposes as you can think, Clark hungering for Gabord's life (Gabord had once been his gaoler too) and Juste Duvarney for mine; the battle faring on ahead of us. Soon the two were clean cut off from the French army, and must fight to the death or surrender.

Juste Duvarney spoke only once, and then it was but the word "Renegade!" nor did I speak at all; but Clark was blasphemous, and Gabord, bleeding, fought with a sputtering relish.

"Fair fight and fowl for spitting," he cried. "Go home to heaven, dicky-bird!"

Between phrases of this kind we cut and thrust for life, an odd sort of fighting. I fought with a desperate alertness, and presently my sword passed through his body, drew out, and he shivered—fell—where he stood, collapsing suddenly like a bag. I knelt beside him and lifted up his head. His eyes were glazing fast.

"Gabord! Gabord!" I called, grief stricken, for that work was the worst I ever did in this world.

He started, stared, and fumbled at his waistcoat. I quickly put my hand in and drew out—one of Mathilde's wooden crosses!

"To cheat—the devil—yet—aho!" he whispered, kissed the cross, and so was done with life.

When I turned from him, Clark stood alone beside me. Dazed as I was, I did not at first grasp the significance of that fact. I looked towards the town, and saw the French army hustling into the St. Louis gate; saw the Highlanders charging the bushes at Côte Ste. Genevieve, where the brave Canadians made their last stand; saw, not fifty feet away, the noblest soldier of our time, even General Wolfe, dead in the arms of Mr. Henderson, a volunteer in the Twenty-second; and then, almost at my feet, stretched out as I had seen him lie in the Palace courtyard two years before, I beheld Juste Duvarney.

But now he was beyond all friendship or reconciliation—forever!

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

[After the war between France and England, most of the Indian tribes (who had been on the side of the French) continued their hostilities against the English. Under the leadership of the Ottawa Chief, Pontiac, the Indians succeeded by a ruse in entering Fort Michilimackinac and massacred the garrison. Their subsequent effort to capture Fort Detroit furnishes the theme for John Richardson's novel, *Wacousta*, from which the following extracts are taken.

Major John Richardson (1796-1852) learned the details of the attack upon Detroit from his grandmother, whose husband, Mr. Erskine, had led the detachment which relieved the beleaguered garrison. The fact that Richardson obtained his material by direct oral transmission and the further fact that *Wacousta* (1832) is the first Canadian historical romance, give it an adventitious importance and interest, which its intrinsic qualities hardly sustain. James Fenimore Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826) was then in the heyday of its fame; and *Wacousta*, the Indians in which

talk adulterated Cooperese, both invites and suffers by comparison. Richardson's characterization is wooden, his plot melodramatic; and the romantically poetic atmosphere with which Cooper invests his story has become in *Wacousta*, mere artificial elaboration. But in spite of these defects *Wacousta* has power; and this power lies wholly in the boding mystery of Wacousta himself—a white man (as it ultimately develops) who has turned Indian and who, as the friend and adviser of Pontiac, has only one object in life—to revenge himself upon the governor of Fort Detroit, Sir Charles de Haldimar, for an affront suffered long before, when they were boys together.]

Meanwhile the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bombproof; and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind, if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their war-like equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares, and the Shawanees; each race being distinctly recognizable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualized, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the legging before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deerskin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins, by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day, had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid all encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was provided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved and flattened at the root extremity, like that used at the Irish hurdle; which game, in fact, the manner of ball playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among these warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups and were of all ages; from the hoary-headed, shrivelled up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl of twelve,

whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust and penetrating glance bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the young warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with other in the short but incredibly swift footrace, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping; while their companions, abandoned to the full security that they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females in addition to the machecoti or petticoat, which in one solid square of broadcloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front, and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements, which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled; and it was remarkable, whether it arose from deference to those to whom they were slaves as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to recline themselves upon the sward in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the Governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their meditated sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts; where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups, and simply in their sidearms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians with marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day, it was evident their satisfaction was complete. Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bombproof; and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontiac, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on a former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal

for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sward sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles, and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first, they formed a dense group in the centre of the common; and then diverging into two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain, extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and Shawanees, and on the other the more numerous nations of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups, at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball players.

In his circuit round the walls, Pontiac was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised; and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart, it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was moreover observed when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate by Major Blackwater; and, as with firm but elastic tread, they moved across the square, each threw his eyes rapidly and anxiously around, and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested upon a former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen; and when they cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the block-house, they were found to be tenantless as the air through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians; and the features of Pontiac, in particular, expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party, he now brought up the rear; and, when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for the moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity, and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry,

Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontiac sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another, even more startling, fierce and prolonged than theirs. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the Council Room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick-sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of one of the officers, had been removed; and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the Governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, not more than half of the officers who had been present at the first conference were now in the room. Of these latter, one had, moreover, been sent away by the Governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The Council Room of my father is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Saganaw has promised the redskins a feast," returned the Governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it, he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief, and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red, like the blood of a paleface," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Saganaws has a big heart to make presents to the redskins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make eggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply, the fierce Indian uttered ne of his strong guttural and assentient "ughs," and then ommenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present casion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the

Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers that this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa Chief, is not here," said the Governor, as he glanced his eye along the semi-circle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick that he cannot come? Or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick, and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry; for the tongue of his friend the paleface is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips, when a wild, shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled Council, and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then, nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating upon the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontiac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the Governor with the deadly weapon, when at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside, and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze of the astonished Indians.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm, composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat, amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed—the triumphant, yet dignified, and even severe expression of the Governor's countenance; and above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery, and the danger that awaited him. The necessity of an immediate attempt to join his warriors without was now obvious to the Ottawa; and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment stood on the steps of the

piazza that ran along the front of the building, whence he had issued.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms was to be seen the frowning muzzle of a field-piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillery men, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away anything that should come before them. The guardroom near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured then; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets, rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointing at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard, moreover, held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

Almost magical as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralyzed in their movements by the unlooked for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance, than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already in imagination secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball; but, instead of the harmless hurdle,

each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the Council Room not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket; a tall warrior, on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death; and, as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontiac had been the effect of design; and the yell pealed forth by him, on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These, now following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer to the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object, they had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate, the squaws broke up their several groups, and forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavors to secure it, when the warrior, who formed the solitary exception to the multitude, in his blanket covering, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected struggle was maintained. At his approach the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when, at a single blow of his powerful arm, the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction and was for a moment lost

altogether to the view. When it again met the eye, it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball; and in which he, who had driven it with such resistless force, outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws; and scarcely had the heads of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines, when the women suddenly threw back their blankets, and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these was the work of an instant. Already in imagination was the fort their own; and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior, when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was pealed forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the Council Room. What their disappointment was, when on gaining the interior they found the garrison prepared for their reception, has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the Governor, advancing into the square, and pointing to the black warrior; whose quick eye was now glancing on every side, to discover some assailable point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there any men, even with Governor de Haldimar at their head, who will be bold enough to attempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages—"here I stand singly and defy your whole garrison!"

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the orders of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure; and he made a gesture to his followers, which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the Governor, in a loud, deep voice:—"Keep the barricades fast and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless, unless friends and foes (which was by no means

probable) should alike be sacrificed. The Governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage, the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the Governor. The latter stepped lightly aside, and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza, that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment, a single shot, fired from the guard-house, was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, sent flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel de Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell had subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart, I should have cursed myself and died; as it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life at present. A second bullet may be better directed; and to die, robbed of my revenge, would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge!"

At the hasty command of the Governor a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men; but, before a single eye could glance along the barrel, the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians into a small space that was left unoccupied; when, stooping suddenly to earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his enemies. A slight moving in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway, and extending even beyond the bridge was now discernible; it was like the waving of a field of standing corn, through which some animal rapidly winds its tortuous course, bending aside as the object advances, and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet, far in the rear of the band; and then uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile Pontiac and the other chiefs of the Council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "Waugh" that burst from the lips of all, on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre, had been succeeded the instant afterwards by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collectedness enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors; but the

emphatical pointing of the finger of Colonel de Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the block-houses prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was marked by the officers who also stood on the piazza, close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the Govenor, a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa; and that, when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people, his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the Governor calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right, when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart, and a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces, and long before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian; "my father is a great chief, and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble, like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the stronghold of Detroit must have fallen, and the redskins would have danced their war dance round the scalps of his young men, even in the council room where they came to talk of peace."

"Does the great chief of the Ottawa see the big thunder of the Saganaw?" pursued the Governor: "if not let him open his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips, and swifter than lightning would the palefaces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa, even where they now stand; in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness: "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger upon the redskins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the Governor with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are now leagued with the Ottawas came last to the Council, the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts, and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace, or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners, that their warriors might be without a head, but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the

desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the redskins and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa; but a great chief should judge for himself, and take counsel only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace; the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled; low exclamations passed between him and his companions; and then, pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtingly—

"It was the paleface, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know him better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes counsel from his own heart, and not from the lips of a cowardly dog of a paleface, who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery, even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep, interjectional "ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; "but the paleface is a great warrior and the Ottawa chief is his friend. The Ottawa will go."

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen yet assentient grunt from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and mistrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontiac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then making a movement to the Governor, which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the Governor ascended to the ramparts, to follow their movements; and it was not before their report had been made that the Indians were immerging once more into the heart of the forest, that the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences, and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.

MEETING THE RED MAN ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE

[Sir Alexander Mackenzie's journeys through the wilds of the North were undertaken at the instance of the North West Fur Company for trading with the Indians, but Mackenzie was at heart an explorer. His first exploration was from Fort Chipewyan along the Great Slave Lake and down the river which bears his name to the Arctic Ocean. His second (recorded, with the first, in his *Voyages Through the Continent of North America to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*) was from Fort Chipewyan across the Rockies to the Pacific Coast near Cape Menzies. It is impossible to do justice to the *Voyages* by excerpts. Mackenzie was destitute of artistry. He does not visualize the scenes through which he passes. It is only to the reader who has the patience to follow his matter-of-fact record, step by step, that the realization comes that here is not only matter of abiding interest, but a great human document as well. The "Voyage" to the Pacific Coast, from which the following selection is taken, is a revelation of sheer pluck in the face of almost insuperable difficulties that has few parallels; but it is only here and there and in a casual phrase that the dauntless and passionate ambition of the man burns through his plain prose: "These untoward events seemed to threaten the prosecution of my journey; and I could not reflect on the possibility of such a disappointment but with sensations little short of agony." And when at last he reaches his goal, not a word of gratulation or rejoicing escapes him. Only: "I now mixed up some vermillion in melted grease, and inscribed, in large characters, on the South-East face of the rock on which we had slept last night, this brief memorial—'Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three'."]

We continued our route with a considerable degree of expedition, and as we proceeded the mountains appeared to withdraw from us. The country between them soon opened to our view, which apparently added to their awful elevation. We continued to descend till we came to the brink of a precipice, from whence our guides discovered the river to us, and a village on its banks. The precipice, or rather succession of precipices, is covered with large timber, which consists of the pine, the spruce, the hemlock, the birch, and other trees. Our conductors informed us that it abounded in animals, which, from their description, must be wild goats. In about two hours we arrived at the bottom, where there is a conflux of two rivers, that issue from the mountains. We crossed the one which was to the left. They are both very rapid, and continue so till they unite their currents, forming a stream of about twelve yards in breadth. Here the timber was also very large; but I could not learn from

our conductors why the most considerable hemlock trees were stripped of their bark to the tops of them. I concluded, indeed, at that time that the inhabitants tanned their leather with it. Here were also the largest and loftiest elder and cedar trees that I had ever seen. We were now sensible of an entire change in the climate, and the berries were quite ripe.

The sun was about to set, when our conductors left us to follow them as well as we could. We were prevented, however, from going far astray, for we were hemmed in on both sides and behind by such a barrier as nature never before presented to my view. Our guides had the precaution to mark the road for us, by breaking the branches of trees as they passed. This small river must, at certain seasons, rise to an uncommon height and strength of current most probably on the melting of the snow; as we saw a large quantity of drift wood lying twelve feet above the immediate level of the river. This circumstance impeded our progress, and the protruding rocks frequently forced us to pass through the water. It was now dark, without the least appearance of houses, though it would have been impossible to have seen them, if there had been any, at the distance of twenty yards, from the thickness of the woods. My men were anxious to stop for the night; indeed the fatigue they had suffered justified the proposal, and I left them to their choice; but as the anxiety of my mind impelled me forwards, they continued to follow me, till I found myself at the edge of the woods; and, notwithstanding the remonstrances that were made, I proceeded, feeling rather than seeing my way, till I arrived at a house, and soon discovered several fires, in small huts, with people busily employed in cooking their fish. I walked into one of them without the least ceremony, threw down my burden, and, after shaking hands with some of the people, sat down upon it. They received me without the least appearance of surprise, but soon made signs for me to go into the large house, which was erected, on upright posts, at some distance from the ground. A broad piece of timber with steps cut in it, led to the scaffolding even with the floor, and by this curious kind of ladder I entered the house at one end; and having passed three fires, at equal distances in the middle of the building, I was received by several people, sitting upon a very wide board, at the upper end of it. I shook hands with them, and seated myself beside a man, the dignity of whose countenance induced me to give him that preference. I soon discovered one of my guides seated a little above me, with a neat mat spread

before him, which I supposed to be the place of honour, and appropriated to strangers.

In a short time my people arrived, and placed themselves near me, when the man, by whom I sat, immediately rose, and fetched, from behind a plank of about four feet wide, a quantity of roasted salmon. He then directed a man to be placed before me and Mr. Mackay, who was now sitting by me. When this ceremony was performed, he brought a salmon for each of us, and half a one to each of my men. The same plank also served as a screen for the beds, whither the women and children were already retired; but whether that circumstance took place on our arrival, or was the natural consequence of the late hour of the night, I did not discover. The signs of our protector seemed to denote that we might sleep in the house, but as we did not understand him with a sufficient degree of certainty, I thought it prudent, from the fear of giving offence, to order the men to make a fire without, that we might sleep by it. When he observed our design, he placed boards for us, that we might not take our repose on the bare ground, and ordered a fire to be prepared for us. We had not been long seated round it, when we received a large dish of salmon roes, pounded fine and beat up with water, so as to have the appearance of cream. Nor was it without some kind of seasoning that gave it a bitter taste. Another dish soon followed, the principle article of which was also salmon roes, with a large proportion of gooseberries, and an herb that appeared to be sorrel. Its acidity rendered it more agreeable to my taste than the former preparation. Having been regaled with these delicacies, for such they were considered by that hospitable spirit which provided them, we laid ourselves down to rest, with no other canopy than the sky; but I never enjoyed a more sound and refreshing rest, though I had a board for my bed, and a billet for my pillow.

At five this morning I awoke, and found that the natives had lighted a fire for us, and were sitting by it. My hospitable friend immediately brought me some berries and roasted salmon, and his companions soon followed his example. The former, which consisted among many others, of gooseberries, hurtleberries, and raspberries, were of the finest I ever saw or tasted, of their respective kinds. They also brought the dried roes of fish to eat with the berries.

Salmon is so abundant in this river, that these people have a constant and plentiful supply of that excellent fish. To take them with more facility, they had, with great labour, formed

an embankment or weir across the river, for the purpose of placing their fishing machines, which they disposed both above and below it. I expressed my wish to visit this extraordinary work, but these people are so superstitious, that they would not allow me a nearer examination than I could obtain by viewing it from the bank. The river is about fifty yards in breadth, and by observing a man fish with a dipping net, I judged it to be about ten feet deep at the foot of the fall. The weir is a work of great labour, and contrived with considerable ingenuity. It was near four feet above the level of the water, at the time I saw it, and nearly the height of the bank on which I stood to examine it. The stream is stopped nearly two-thirds by it. It is constructed by fixing small trees in the bed of the river, in a slanting position (which could be practicable only when the water is much lower than when I saw it) with the thick part downwards; over these is laid a bed of gravel, on which is placed a range of lesser trees, and so on alternately till the work is brought to its proper height. Beneath it the machines are placed, into which the salmon fall when they attempt to leap over. On either side there is a large frame of timber work, six feet above the level of the upper water, in which passages are left for the salmon leading directly into the machines, which are taken up at pleasure. At the foot of the fall dipping nets are also successfully employed.

The water of this river is of the colour of asses' milk, which I attributed in part to the limestone that in many places forms the bed of the river, but principally to the rivulets which fall from mountains of the same material.

These people indulge in extreme superstition respecting their fish, as it is apparently their only animal food. Flesh they never taste, and one of their dogs having picked and swallowed part of a bone which we had left, was beaten by his master till he disgorged it. One of my people also having thrown a bone of the deer into the river, a native, who had observed the circumstance, immediately dived and brought it up, and, having consigned it to the fire, instantly proceeded to wash his polluted hands.

As we were still at some distance from the sea, I made application to my friend to procure us a canoe or two, with people to conduct us thither. After he had made various excuses, I at length comprehended that his only objection was to the embarking venison in a canoe on their river, as the fish would instantly smell it and abandon them, so that he, his friends, and relations, must starve. I soon eased his apprehensions on that point, and

desired to know what I must do with the venison that remained, when he told me to give it to one of the strangers whom he pointed out to me, as being of a tribe that eat flesh. I now requested him to furnish me with some fresh salmon in its raw state; but, instead of complying with my wish, he brought me a couple of them roasted, observing at the same time, that the current was very strong, and would bring us to the next village, where our wants would be abundantly supplied. In short, he requested that we would make haste and depart. This was rather unexpected after so much kindness and hospitality, but our ignorance of the language prevented us from being able to discover the cause.

At eight this morning, fifteen men armed, the friends and relations of these people, arrived by land, in consequence of notice sent them in the night, immediately after the appearance of our guides. They are more corpulent and of a better appearance than the inhabitants of the interior. Their language is totally different from any I had heard; the Atnah or Chin tribe, as far as I can judge from the very little I saw of that people, bear the nearest resemblance to them. They appear to be of a quiet and peaceful character, and never make any hostile incursions into the lands of their neighbours.

Their dress consists of a single robe tied over the shoulders, falling down behind, to the heels, and before, a little below the knees, with a deep fringe round the bottom. It is generally made of the bark of the cedar tree, which they prepare as fine as hemp; though some of these garments are interwoven with strips of the sea-otter skin, which give them the appearance of a fur on one side. Others have stripes of red and yellow threads fancifully introduced toward the borders, which have a very agreeable effect. The men have no other covering than that which I have described, and they unceremoniously lay it aside when they find it convenient. In addition to this robe, the women wear a close fringe hanging down before them about two feet in length, and half as wide. When they sit down they draw this between their thighs. They wear their hair so short, that it requires little care or combing. The men have theirs in plaits, and being smeared with oil and red earth, instead of a comb they have a small stick hanging by a string from one of the locks, which they employ to alleviate any itching or irritation in the head. The colour of the eye is grey with a tinge of red. They have all high cheek-bones, but the women are more remarkable for that feature than the men. Their houses, arms and utensils I shall describe hereafter.

I presented my friend with several articles, and also distributed some among others of the natives who had been attentive to us. One of my guides had been very serviceable in procuring canoes for us to proceed on our expedition; he appeared also to be very desirous of giving these people a favourable impression of us; and I was very much concerned that he should leave me as he did, without giving me the least notice of his departure, or receiving the presents which I had prepared for him, and he so well deserved. At noon I had an observation which gave 52. 28. 11. North latitude.

At one in the afternoon we embarked, with our small baggage, in two canoes, accompanied by seven of the natives. The stream was rapid, and ran upwards of six miles an hour. We came to a weir, such as I have already described, where the natives landed us, and shot over it without taking a drop of water. They then received us on board again, and we continued our voyage, passing many canoes on the river, some with people in them, and others empty. We proceeded at a very great rate for about two hours and a half, when we were informed that we must land, as the village was only at a short distance. I had imagined that the Canadians who accompanied me were the most expert canoe men in the world, but they are very inferior to these people, as they themselves acknowledged, in conducting those vessels.

Some of the Indians ran before us, to announce our approach, when we took our bundles and followed. We had walked along a well-beaten path, through a kind of coppice, when we were informed of the arrival of our couriers at the houses, by the loud and confused talking of the inhabitants. As we approached the edge of the wood, and were almost in sight of the houses, the Indians who were before me made signs for me to take the lead, and that they would follow. The noise and confusion of the natives now seemed to increase, and when we came in sight of the village, we saw them running from house to house, some armed with bows and arrows, others with spears, and many with axes, as if in a state of great alarm. This very unpleasant and unexpected circumstance, I attributed to our sudden arrival, and the very short notice of it which had been given them. At all events I had but one line of conduct to pursue, which was to walk resolutely up to them, without manifesting any sign of apprehension at their hostile appearance. This resolution produced the desired effect, for as we approached the houses, the greater part of the people laid down their weapons, and came forward to meet us. I was, however, soon obliged to stop

from the number of them that surrounded me. I shook hands, as usual with such as were nearest me, when an elderly man broke through the crowd, and took me in his arms; another then came, who turned him away without the slightest ceremony, and paid me the same compliment. The latter was followed by a young man, whom I understood to be his son. These embraces, which at first rather surprised me, I soon found to be marks of regard and friendship. The crowd pressed with so much violence and contention to get a view of us, that we could not move in any direction. An opening was at length made to allow a person to approach me, whom the old man made me understand was another of his sons. I instantly stepped forward to meet him, and presented my hand, whereupon he broke the string of a very handsome robe of sea-otter skin, which he had on, and covered me with it. This was as flattering a reception as I could possibly receive, especially as I considered him to be the eldest son of the chief. Indeed it appeared to me that we had been detained here for the purpose of giving him time to bring the robe with which he had presented me.

The chief now made signs for us to follow him, and he conducted us through a narrow coppice, for several hundred yards, till we came to a house built on the ground, which was of larger dimensions, and formed of better materials than any I had hitherto seen; it was his residence. We were no sooner arrived there than he directed mats to be spread before it, on which we were told to take our seats, when the men of the village, who came to indulge their curiosity, were ordered to keep behind us. In our front other mats were placed, where the chief and his counsellors took their seats. In the intervening space, mats, which were very clean, and of much neater workmanship than those on which we sat, were also spread, and a small roasted salmon placed before each of us. When we had satisfied ourselves with the fish, one of the people who came with us from the last village approached, with a kind of ladle in one hand, containing oil, and in the other something that resembled the inner rind of the cocoa-nut, but of a lighter colour; this he dipped in the oil, and, having eat it, indicated by his gestures how palatable he thought it. He then presented me with a small piece of it, which I chose to taste in its dry state, though the oil was free from any unpleasant smell. A square cake of this was next produced, when a man took it to the water near the house, and having thoroughly soaked it, he returned, and, after he had pulled it to pieces like oakum, put it into a well-made trough, about three feet long, nine inches wide, and five

deep; he then plentifully sprinkled it with salmon oil, and manifested by his own example that we were to eat it. I just tasted it, and found the oil perfectly sweet, without which the other ingredient would have been very insipid. The chief partook of it with great avidity, after it had received an additional quantity of oil. This dish is considered by these people as a great delicacy, and on examination, I discovered it to consist of the inner rind of the hemlock tree, taken off early in summer, and put into a frame, which shapes it into cakes of fifteen inches long, ten broad, and half an inch thick; and in this form I should suppose it may be preserved for a great length of time. This discovery satisfied me respecting the many hemlock trees which I had observed stripped of their bark.

In this situation we remained for upwards of three hours, and not one of the curious natives left us during all that time, except a party of ten or twelve of them, whom the chief ordered to go and catch fish, which they did in great abundance, with dipping nets, at the foot of the weir.

At length we were relieved from the gazing crowd, and got a lodge erected, and covered in for our reception during the night. I now presented the young chief with a blanket, in return for the robe with which he had favoured me, and several other articles, that appeared to be very gratifying to him. I also presented some to his father, and amongst them was a pair of scissors, whose use I explained to him, for clipping his beard, which was of great length; and to that purpose he immediately applied them. My distribution of similar articles was also extended to others, who had been attentive to us. The communication, however, between us was awkward and inconvenient, for it was carried on entirely by signs, as there was not a person with me who was qualified for the office of an interpreter.

We were all of us very desirous to get some fresh salmon, that we might dress them in our own way, but could not by any means obtain that gratification, though there were thousands of that fish strung on cords, which were fastened to stakes in the river. They were even averse to our approaching the spot where they clean and prepare them for their own eating. They had, indeed, taken our kettle from us, lest we should employ it in getting water from the river; and they assigned as the reason for this precaution, that the salmon dislike the smell of iron.

At the same time, they supplied us with wooden boxes, which were capable of holding any fluid. Two of the men who went to fish, in a canoe capable of containing ten people, returned with

a full lading of salmon, that weighed from six to forty pounds, though the far greater part of them were under twenty. They immediately strung the whole of them, as I have already mentioned, in the river.

I now made a tour of the village, which consisted of four elevated houses, and seven built on the ground, besides a considerable number of other buildings or sheds, which are used only as kitchens, and places for curing their fish. The former are constructed by fixing a certain number of posts in the earth, on some of which are laid and to others are fastened, the supporters of the floor, at about twelve feet above the surface of the ground; their length is from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet, and they are about forty in breadth. Along the centre are built three, four, or five hearths, for the two-fold purpose of giving warmth, and dressing their fish. The whole length of the building on either side is divided by cedar planks, into partitons or apartments of seven feet square, in front of which there are boards, about three feet wide, over which, though they are not immovably fixed, the inmates of these recesses generally pass, when they go to rest. The greater part of them are intended for that purpose, and such are covered with boards, at the height of the wall of the house, which is about seven or eight feet, and rest upon beams that stretch across the building. On those also are placed the chests which contain their provisions, utensils, and whatever they possess. The intermediate space is sufficient for domestic purposes. On poles that run along the beams, hang roasted fish, and the whole building is well covered with boards and bark, except within a few inches of the ridge pole; where open spaces are left on each side to let in light and emit the smoke. . . .

When we were surrounded by the natives on our arrival, I counted sixty-five men, and several of them may be supposed to have been absent; I cannot, therefore, calculate the inhabitants of this village at less than two hundred souls.

The people who accompanied us hither, from the other village, had given the chief a very particular account of everything they knew concerning us: I was, therefore, requested to produce my astronomical instruments, nor could I have any objection to afford them this satisfaction, as they would necessarily add to our importance in their opinion.

Near the house of the chief I observed several oblong squares, of about twenty feet by eight. They were made of thick cedar boards, which were joined with so much neatness, that I at first thought they were one piece. They were painted with hiero-

glyphics, and figures of different animals, and with a degree of correctness that was not to be expected from such an uncultivated people. I could not learn the use of them, but they appeared to be calculated for occasional acts of devotion or sacrifice, which all these tribes perform at least twice in the year, at the spring and fall. I was confirmed in this opinion by a large building in the middle of the village, which I at first took for the half finished frame of a house. The ground plot of it was fifty feet by forty-five; each end is formed by four stout posts, fixed perpendicularly in the ground. The corner ones are plain, and support a beam of the whole length, having three intermediate props on each side, but of a larger size, and eight or nine feet in height The two centre posts, at each end, are two feet and a half in diameter, and carved into human figures, supporting two ridge poles on their heads, at twelve feet from the ground. The figures at the upper part of this square represent two persons, with their hands upon their knees, as if they supported the weight with pain and difficulty; the others opposite to them stand at their ease, with their hands resting on their hips. In the area of the building there were the remains of several fires. The posts, poles and figures were painted red and black; but the sculpture of these people is superior to their painting.

PIONEERS IN ONTARIO

[Mrs. Susanna Moodie (1803-1885), a sister of Agnes Strickland, the English writer, came with her husband to Canada in 1830. Their grant of land was on Upper Katchawanook Lake (near Peterborough) in Ontario. During the Rebellion of 1837 Capt. Moodie served in the militia on the Niagara Frontier. In *Roughing it in the Bush*, from which the selections here are taken, Mrs. Moodie describes with vividness and spirit her pioneer experience.]

I. A JOURNEY TO THE WOODS

"'Tis well for us poor denizens of earth
That God conceals the future from our gaze;
Or Hope, the blessed watcher on Life's tower,
Would fold her wings, and on the dreary waste
Close the bright eye that through the murky clouds
Of blank Despair still sees the glorious sun."

It was a bright frosty morning when I bade adieu to the farm, the birth-place of my little Agnes, who, nestled beneath my cloak, was sweetly sleeping on my knee, unconscious of the long journey before us into the wilderness. The sun had not as yet risen. Anxious to get to our place of destination before dark, we started as early as we could. Our own fine team had been sold the day before for forty pounds; and one of our neighbours, Mr. D—— was to convey us and our household goods to Douro for the sum of twenty dollars. During the week he had made several journeys with furniture and stores; and all that now remained was to be conveyed to the woods in two large lumber sleighs, one driven by himself, the other by a younger brother.

It was not without regret that I left Melsetter, for so my husband had called the place, after his father's estate in Orkney. It was a beautiful picturesque spot; and in spite of the evil neighbourhood I had learned to love it; indeed, it was much against my wish that it was sold. I had a great dislike to removing, which involves a necessary loss, and is apt to give to the emigrant roving and unsettled habits. But all regrets were now useless; and happily unconscious of the life of toil and anxiety that awaited us in those dreadful woods, I tried my best to be cheerful, and to regard the future with a hopeful eye.

Our driver was a shrewd, clever man for his opportunities. He took charge of the living cargo, which consisted of my husband, our maid servant, the two little children and myself—besides a large hamper, full of poultry—a dog and a cat. The lordly sultan of the imprisoned seraglio thought fit to conduct himself in a very eccentric manner, for at every barnyard we happened to pass, he clapped his wings, and crowed so long and loud that it afforded great amusement to the whole party, and doubtless was very edifying to the poor hens, who lay huddled together as mute as mice.

"That 'ere rooster thinks he's on the top of the heap," said our driver, laughing. "I guess he's not used to travelling in a close conveyance. Listen! How all the crowers in the neighbourhood give him back a note of defiance! But he knows that he's safe enough at the bottom of the basket."

The day was so bright for the time of year (the first week in February), that we suffered no inconvenience from the cold. Little Katy was enchanted with the jingling of the sleighbells, and, nestled among the packages, kept singing or talking to the

horses in her baby lingo. Trifling as these little incidents were, before we had proceeded ten miles on our long journey, they revived my drooping spirits, and I began to feel a lively interest in the scenes through which we were passing.

The first twenty miles of the way was over a hilly and well cleared country; and as in winter the deep snow fills up the inequalities, and makes all roads alike, we glided as swiftly and steadily along as if they had been the best highways in the world. Anon, the clearings began to diminish and tall woods arose on either side of the path; their solemn aspect, and the deep silence that brooded over their vast solitudes, inspiring the mind with a strange awe. Not a breath of wind stirred the leafless branches, whose huge shadows—reflected upon the dazzling white covering of snow—lay so perfectly still, that it seemed as if Nature had suspended her operations, that life and motion had ceased, and that she was sleeping in her winding-sheet, upon the bier of death.

"I guess you will find the woods pretty lonesome," said our driver, whose thoughts had been evidently employed on the same subject as our own. "We were once in the woods, but emigration has stepped ahead of us, and made our'n a cleared part of the country. When I was a boy, all this country, for thirty miles on every side of us, was bush land. As to Peterborough, the place was unknown; not a settler had ever passed through the great swamp, and some of them believed that it was the end of the world."

"What swamp is that?" I asked.

"Oh, the great Cavan swamp. We are just two miles from it; and I tell you that the horses will want a good rest, and ourselves a good dinner, by the time we are through it. Ah! Mrs. Moodie, if ever you travel that way in summer, you will know something about corduroy roads. I was 'most jolted to death last fall; I thought it would have been no bad notion to have insured my teeth before I left C———. I really expected that they would have been shook out of my head before we had done manoeuvring over the big logs."

"How will my crockery stand it in the next sleigh?" quoth I. "If the road is such as you describe, I am afraid that I shall not bring a whole plate to Douro."

"Oh! the snow is a great leveller—it makes all rough places smooth. But with regard to this swamp I have something to tell you. About ten years ago no-one had ever seen the other side of it, and if pigs or cattle strayed away into it, they fell a prey to the wolves and bears, and were seldom recovered.

"An old Scotch emigrant, who had located himself on the side of it, so often lost his beasts that he determined during the summer season to try and explore the place, and see if there were any end to it. So he takes an axe on his shoulder, and a bag of provisions for a week, not forgetting a flask of whiskey, and off he starts all alone, and tells his wife that if he never returned, she and little Jock must try and carry on the farm without him; but he was determined to see the end of the swamp, even if it led to the other world. He fell upon a fresh cattletrack which he followed all that day; and towards night he found himself in the heart of a tangled wilderness of bushes, and himself half eaten up with mosquitoes and black flies. He was more than tempted to give in and return home by the first glimpse of light.

"The Scotch are tough people; they are not easily daunted—a few difficulties only seem to make them more eager to get on; and he felt ashamed the next moment, as he told me, of giving up. So he finds out a large, thick cedar-tree for his bed, climbs up, and coiling himself among the branches like a bear, he was soon fast asleep.

"The next morning, by daylight, he continued his journey, not forgetting to blaze with his axe the trees to the right and left as he went along. The ground was so spongy and wet that at every step he plunged up to his knees in water, but he seemed no nearer the end of the swamp than he had been the day before. He saw several deer, a raccoon, and a ground-hog, during his walk, but was unmolested by bears or wolves. Having passed through several creeks and killed a great many snakes, he felt so weary towards the close of the second day, that he determined to go home the next morning. But just as he began to think his search was fruitless, he observed that the cedars and tamaracks which had obstructed his path became less numerous, and were succeeded by bass and soft maple. The ground, also, became less moist, and he was soon ascending a rising slope, covered with oak and beech, which shaded land of the very best quality. The man was now fully convinced that he had cleared the great swamp, and that, instead of leading to the other world, it had conducted him to a country that would yield the very best returns for cultivation. His favourable report led to the formation of the road that we are about to cross, and to the settlement of Peterborough, which is one of the most promising new settlements in this district, and is surrounded by a splendid back country."

We were descending a very steep hill and encountered an ox sleigh, which was crawling slowly up it in a contrary direction. Three people were seated at the bottom of the vehicle upon straw, which made a cheap substitute for buffalo robes. Perched, as we were, upon the crown of the height, we looked completely down into the sleigh, and during the whole course of my life I never saw three uglier mortals collected into such a narrow space. The man was blear-eyed, with a hare-lip, through which protruded two dreadful yellow teeth that resembled the tusks of a boar. The woman was long-faced, high-cheek-boned, red-haired, and freckled all over like a toad. The boy resembled his hideous mother, but with the addition of a villainous obliquity of vision which rendered him the most disgusting object in this singular trio.

As we passed them, our driver gave a knowing nod to my husband, directing, at the same time, the most quizzical glance towards the strangers, as he exclaimed, "We are in luck, sir! I think that 'ere sleigh may be called 'Beauty's egg-basket!'"

We made ourselves very merry at the poor people's expense, and Mr. D——, with his odd stories, and Yankeefied expressions, amused the tedium of our progress through the great swamp, which in summer presents, for several miles, one uniform bridge of rough and unequal logs, all laid loosely across huge sleepers, so that they jump up and down, when pressed by the wheels, like the keys of a piano. The rough motion and jolting occasioned by this collision is so distressing, that it never fails to entail upon the traveller sore bones and an aching head for the rest of the day. The path is so narrow over these logs that two waggons cannot pass without great difficulty, which is rendered more dangerous by the deep natural ditches on either side of the bridge, formed by broad creeks that flow out of the swamp and often terminate in mud-holes of very ominous dimensions. The snow, however, hid from us all the ugly features of the road, and Mr. D—— steered us through in perfect safety, and landed us at the door of a little log-house, which crowned the steep hill on the other side of the swamp, and which he dignified with the name of a tavern.

It was now two o'clock. We had been on the road since seven and men, women, and children were all ready for the good dinner that Mr. D—— had promised us at this splendid house of entertainment, where we were destined to stay for two hours, to refresh ourselves and rest the horses.

"Well, Mrs. J——, what have you got for our dinner?" said our driver, after he had seen to the accommodation of his teams.

"Pritters* and pork, sir. Nothing else to be had in the woods. Thank God, we have enough of that."

D——shrugged up his shoulders and looked at us.

"We've plenty of the same at home. But hunger's good sauce. Come, be spry, widow, and see about it, for I am very hungry."

I enquired for a private room for myself and the children, but there were no private rooms in the house. The apartment we occupied was like the cobbler's stall in the old song, and I was obliged to attend upon them in public.

"You have much to learn, ma'am, if you are going to the woods," said Mrs. J——.

"To unlearn, you mean," said Mr. D——. "To tell you the truth, Mrs. Moodie, ladies and gentlemen have no business in the woods. Eddication spoils man or woman for that location. So, widow," (turning to our hostess), "you are not tired of living alone yet?"

"No, sir; I have no wish for a second husband. I had enough of the first. I like to have my own way—to lie down mistress, and get up master."

"You don't like to be put out of your *old way*," returned he with a mischievous glance.

She coloured very red; but it might be the heat of the fire over which she was frying the pork for our dinner.

I was very hungry but I felt no appetite for the dish she was preparing for us. It proved salt, hard and unsavoury.

D—— pronounced it very bad, and the whiskey still worse, with which he washed it down.

I asked for a cup of tea and a slice of bread. But they were out of tea, and the hop-rising had failed, and there was no bread in the house. For this disgusting meal we paid at the rate of a quarter of a dollar a-head.

I was glad when, the horses being again put to, we escaped from the rank odour of the fried pork, and were once more in the fresh air.

"Well mister; did you not grudge your money for that bad meat?" said D——, when we were once more seated in the sleigh. "But in these parts, the worse the fare the higher the charge."

"I would not have cared," said I, "if I could have got a cup of tea."

"Tea! it's poor trash. I never could drink tea in my life.

*Vulgar Canadian for potatoes.

But I like coffee, when 'tis boiled till it's quite black. But coffee is not good without plenty of trimmings."

"What do you mean by trimmings?"

He laughed, "Good sugar and sweet cream. Coffee is not worth drinking without trimmings."

Often in after years have I recalled the coffee trimmings, when endeavouring to drink the vile stuff which goes by the name of coffee in the houses of entertainment in the country.

We had now passed through the narrow strip of clearing which surrounded the tavern, and again entered upon the woods. It was near sunset, and we were rapidly descending a steep hill, when one of the traces that held our sleigh suddenly broke. D—— pulled up in order to repair the damage. His brother's team was close behind, and our unexpected standstill brought the horses upon us before J. D—— could stop them. I received so violent a blow from the head of one of them, just in the back of the neck, that for a few minutes I was stunned and insensible. When I recovered, I was supported in the arms of my husband, over whose knees I was leaning, and D—— was rubbing my hands and temples with snow.

"There, Mr. Moodie, she's coming to. I thought she was killed. I have seen a man before now killed by a blow from a horse's head in like manner."

As soon as we could, we resumed our places in the sleigh; but all enjoyment of our journey, had it been otherwise possible, was gone.

When we reached Peterborough, Moodie wanted to remain at the inn all night, as we had still eleven miles of our journey to perform, and that through a blazed forest road, little travelled, and very much impeded by fallen trees and other obstacles; but D—— was anxious to get back as soon as possible to his own home, and he urged us very pathetically to proceed.

The moon arose during our stay at the inn, and gleamed upon the straggling farm-houses which then formed the now populous and thriving town of Peterborough. We crossed the wild, rushing, beautiful Otonabee River by a rude bridge, and soon found ourselves journeying over the plains or level heights beyond the village, which were thinly wooded with picturesque groups of oak and pine, and very much resembled a gentleman's park at home.

Far below, to our right, (for we were upon the Smithtown side) we heard the rushing of the river, whose rapid waters never receive curb from the iron chain of winter. Even while the rocky banks are coated with ice, and the Frost-King sus-

pends from every twig and branch the most beautiful and fantastic crystals, the black waters rush foaming along, a thick steam rising constantly above the rapids, as from a boiling pot. The shores vibrate and tremble beneath the force of the impetuous flood, as it whirls round cedar-clad islands and opposing rocks, and hurries on to pour its tribute into the Rice Lake, to swell the calm, majestic grandeur of the Trent, till its waters are lost in the beautiful Bay of Quinté, and finally merged in the blue ocean of Ontario.

The most renowned of our English rivers dwindle into little muddy rills when compared with the sublimity of the Canadian waters. No language can adequately express the solemn grandeur of her lake and river scenery; the glorious islands that float like visions from fairyland, upon the bosom of these azure mirrors of her cloudless skies. No dreary breadth of marshes, covered with flags, hides from our gaze the expanse of heavy-tinted waters; no foul mudbanks spread the unwholesome exhalations around. The rocky shores are crowned with the cedar, the birch, the alder, and soft maple that dip their long tresses in the pure stream; from every crevice in the limestone the harebell and Canadian rose wave their graceful blossoms.

The fiercest drought of summer may diminish the volume and power of these romantic streams, but it never leaves their rocky channel bare, nor checks the mournful music of their dancing waves.

Through the openings in the forest, we now and then caught the silver gleam of the river tumbling on in moonlight splendour, while the hoarse chiding of the wind in the lofty pines above us gave a fitting response to the melancholy cadence of the waters

The children had fallen asleep. A deep silence pervaded the party. Night was above us with her mysterious stars. The ancient forest stretched around us on every side, and a foreboding sadness sunk upon my heart. Memory was busy with the events of many years. I retraced step by step the pilgrimage of my past life, until, arriving at this passage in the sombre history, I gazed through tears at the singularly savage scene around me, and secretly marvelled, "What brought me here?"

"Providence," was the answer which the soul gave. "Not for your own welfare, perhaps, but for the welfare of your children, the unerring hand of the great Father has led you here. You form a connecting link in the destinies of many. It is impossible for any human creature to live for himself alone. It may be your lot to suffer, but others will reap a benefit from your trials. Look up with confidence to Heaven, and the sun

of hope will yet shed a cheering beam through the forbidding depths of this tangled wilderness."

The road now became so bad that Mr. D—— was compelled to dismount and lead his horses through the more intricate passages. The animals themselves, weary with their long journey and heavy load, proceeded at footfall. The moon, too, had deserted us, and the only light we had to guide us through the dim arches of the forest was from the snow and the stars, which now peered down upon us, through the leafless branches of the trees, with uncommon brilliancy.

"It will be past midnight before we reach your brother's clearing" (where we expected to spend the night), said D——. "I wish, Mr. Moodie, we had followed your advice and stayed at Peterborough. How fares it with you, Mrs. Moodie, and the young ones? It is growing very cold."

We were now in the heart of a dark cedar swamp, and my mind was haunted with visions of wolves and bears; but beyond the long, wild howl of a solitary wolf, no other sound awoke the sepulchral silence of that dismal-looking wood.

"What a gloomy spot!" said I to my husband. "In the old country, superstition would people it with ghosts."

After clearing the low, swampy portion of the woods, with much difficulty, and the frequent application of the axe to cut away the fallen timber that impeded our progress, our ears were assailed by a low, roaring, rushing sound, as of the falling of waters.

"That is Herriott's Falls," said our guide. "We are within two miles of our destination."

Oh, welcome sound! But those two miles appeared more lengthy than the whole journey. Thick clouds, that threatened a snowstorm, had blotted out the stars, and we continued to grope our way through a narrow, rocky path, upon the edge of the river, in almost total darkness. I now felt the chillness of the midnight hour and the fatigue of the long journey, with double force, and envied the servant and children, who had been sleeping ever since we left Peterborough. We now descended the steep bank and prepared to cross the rapids.

Dark as it was, I looked with a feeling of dread upon the foaming waters as they tumbled over their bed of rocks, their white crests, flashing, life-like, amid the darkness of the night.

"This is an ugly bridge over such a dangerous place," said D——, as he stood up in the sleigh and urged his tired team across the miserable, insecure log bridge, where darkness and death raged below, and one false step of his jaded horses would

have plunged us into both. I must confess I drew a freer breath when the bridge was crossed, and D—— congratulated us on our safe arrival at Douro.

We now continued our journey along the left bank of the river, but when in sight of Mr. S——'s clearing, a large pine-tree, which had fallen across the narrow path, brought the teams to a standstill.

The mighty trunk which had lately formed one of the stately pillars in the sylvan temple of Nature, was of too large dimensions to chop in two with axes; and after half an hour's labour, which to me, poor, cold, weary wight! seemed an age, the males of the party abandoned the task in despair. To go round it was impossible; its roots were concealed in an impenetrable wall of cedar jungle on the right hand side of the road, and its huge branches hung over the precipitous bank of the river.

"We must try and make the horses jump over it," said D——, "We may get an upset, but there is no help for it; we must either make the experiment, or stay here all night, and I am too cold and hungry for that—so here goes!" He urged his horses to leap the log; restraining their ardour for a moment, as the sleigh rested on the top of the formidable barrier, but so nicely balanced that the difference of a straw almost would have overturned the heavily-laden vehicle and its helpless inmates. We, however, cleared it in safety. He now stopped and gave directions to his brother to follow the same plan that he had adopted; but whether the young man had less coolness, or the horses in his team were more difficult to manage, I cannot tell: the sleigh, as it hung poised upon the top of the log, was over-turned with a loud crash, and all my household goods and chattels were scattered over the road.

Alas, for my crockery and stone china! scarcely one article remained unbroken.

"Never fret about the china," said Moodie, "thank God, the man and the horses are uninjured."

I should have felt more thankful had the crocks been spared too; for, like most of my sex, I had a tender regard for china, and I knew that no fresh supply could be obtained in this part of the world. Leaving his brother to collect the scattered fragments, D—— proceeded on his journey. We left the road and were winding our way over a steep hill, covered with heaps of brush and fallen timber, and as we reached the top, a light gleamed cheerily from the windows of a log house, and the next moment we were at my brother-in-law's door.

II. BURNING THE FALLOW

The winter and spring of 1834 had passed away. The latter was uncommonly cold and backward; so much so that we had a very heavy fall of snow upon the fourteenth and fifteenth of May, and several gentlemen drove down to Cobourg in a sleigh, the snow lying upon the ground to the depths of several inches.

A late, cold spring in Canada, is generally succeeded by a burning hot summer; and the summer of '34 was the hottest I ever remember. No rain fell upon the earth for many weeks, till nature drooped and withered beneath one bright blaze of sunlight; and the ague and fever in the woods, and the cholera in the large towns and cities, spread death and sickness through the country.

Moodie had made during the winter a large clearing of twenty acres round the house. The progress of the workmen had been watched by me with the keenest interest. Every tree that reached the ground opened a wider gap in the dark wood, giving us a broader ray of light and a clearer glimpse of the blue sky. But when the dark cedar swamp fronting the house fell beneath the strokes of the axe, and we got a first view of the lake, my joy was complete; a new and beautiful object was now constantly before me, which gave me the greatest pleasure. By night or day, in sunshine or in storm, water is always the most sublime feature in a landscape, and no view can be truly grand in which it is wanting. From a child, it always had the most powerful effect upon my mind, from the green ocean rolling in majesty, to the tinkling forest rill, hidden by the flowers and rushes along its banks. Half the solitude of my forest home vanished, when the lake unveiled its bright face to the blue heavens, and I saw sun, and moon, and stars, and waving trees reflected there. I would sit for hours at the window as the shades of evening deepened round me, watching the massy foliage of the forests pictured in the waters, till fancy transported me back to England, and the songs of birds and the lowing of cattle were sounding in my ears. It was long, very long, before I could discipline my mind to learn and practise all the menial employments which are necessary in a good settler's wife.

The total absence of trees about the doors in all new settlements had always puzzled me, in a country where the intense heat of summer seems to demand all the shade that can be procured. My husband had left several beautiful rock-elms, (the most picturesque tree in the country) near our dwelling,

but, alas! the first high gale prostrated all my fine trees, and left our log cottage entirely exposed to the fierce rays of the sun.

The confusion of an uncleared fallow spread around us on every side. Huge trunks of trees and piles of brush gave a littered and uncomfortable appearance to the locality, and as the weather had been very dry for some weeks, I heard my husband daily talking with his choppers as to the expediency of firing the fallow. They still urged him to wait a little longer, until he could get a good breeze to carry the fire well through the brush.

Business called him suddenly to Toronto, but he left a strict charge with old Thomas and his sons, who were engaged in the job, by no means to attempt to burn it off until he returned, as he wished to be upon the premises himself, in case of any danger. He had previously burnt all the heaps immediately about the doors.

While he was absent, old Thomas and his second son fell sick with the ague, and went home to their own township, leaving John, a surly, obstinate young man, in charge of the shanty where they slept and kept their tools and provisions.

Monaghan I had sent to fetch up my three cows, as the children were languishing for milk, and Mary and I remained alone in the house with the little ones.

The day was sultry, and towards noon a strong wind sprang up that roared in the pine-tops like the dashing of distant billows, but without in the least degree abating the heat. The children were lying listlessly upon the floor for coolness, and the girl and I were finishing sun-bonnets, when Mary suddenly exclaimed, "Bless us, mistress, what a smoke!" I ran immediately to the door but was not able to distinguish ten yards before me. The swamp immediately below us was on fire, and the wind was driving a dense black cloud of smoke directly towards us.

"What can this mean?" I cried. "Who can have set fire to the fallow?"

As I ceased speaking, John Thomas stood pale and trembling before me. "John, what is the meaning of this fire?"

"Oh, ma'am, I hope you will forgive me; it was I set fire to it, and I would give all I have in the world not to have done it."

"What is the danger?"

"Oh, I'm terribly afear'd that we shall all be burnt up," said the fellow, beginning to whimper.

"Why did you run such a risk, and your master from home, and no-one on the place to render the least assistance?"

"I did it for the best," blubbered the lad. "What shall we do?"

"Why, we must get out of it as fast as we can, and leave the house to its fate."

"We can't get out," said the man, in a low, hollow tone, which seemed the concentration of fear. "I would have got out of it if I could; but just step to the back-door, ma'am, and see."

I had not felt the least alarm up to this minute; I had never seen a fallow burnt, but I had heard of it as a thing of such common occurrence that I had never connected with it any idea of danger. Judge, then, my surprise, my horror, when, on going to the back-door, I saw that the fellow, to make sure of his work, had fired the field in fifty different places. Behind, before, on every side, we were surrounded by a wall of fire, burning furiously within a hundred yards of us, and cutting off all possibility of retreat; for could we have found an opening through the burning heaps, we could not have seen our way through the dense canopy of smoke; and, buried as we were in the heart of the forest, no-one could discover our situation till we were beyond the reach of help.

I closed the door and went back to the parlor. Fear was knocking loudly at my heart, for our utter helplessness annihilated all hope of our being able to effect our escape—I felt stupefied. The girl sat upon the floor by the children, who, unconscious of the peril that hung over them, had both fallen asleep. She was silently weeping; while the fool who had caused the mischief was crying aloud.

A strange calm succeeded my first alarm; tears and lamentations were useless; a horrible death was impending over us, and yet I could not believe we were to die. I sat down upon the step of the door, and watched the awful scene in silence. The fire was raging in the cedar swamp immediately below the ridge on which the house stood, and it presented a spectacle truly appalling. From out the dense folds of a canopy of black smoke, the blackest I ever saw, leaped up continually red forks of lurid flame as high as the tree-tops, igniting the branches of a group of tall pines that had been left standing for saw-logs.

A deep gloom blotted out the heavens from our sight. The air was filled with fiery particles which floated even to the door-step—while the crackling and roaring of the flames might have been heard at a great distance. Could we have reached

the lake shore, where several canoes were moored at the landing, by launching out into the water we should have been in perfect safety: but to attain this object it was necessary to pass through this mimic hell; and not a bird could have flown over it with unscorched wings. There was no hope in that quarter, for, could we have escaped the flames, we should have been blinded and choked by the thick, black, resinous smoke.

The fierce wind drove the flames at the sides and back of the house up the clearing; and our passage to the road, or to the forest, on the right and left, was entirely obstructed by a sea of flames. Our only ark of safety was the house, so long as it remained untouched by the consuming element. I turned to young Thomas and asked him how long he thought it would be.

"When the fire clears this little ridge in front, ma'am. The Lord have mercy upon us then, or we must all go."

"Cannot *you*, John, try and make your escape, and see what can be done for us and the poor children?"

My eye fell upon the sleeping angels, locked peacefully in each other's arms, and my tears flowed for the first time.

Mary, the servant-girl, looked piteously up in my face. The good, faithful creature had not uttered one word of complaint, but now she faltered forth—

"The dear, precious lambs! Oh, such a death!"

I threw myself down upon the floor beside them, and pressed them alternately to my heart, while inwardly I thanked God that they were asleep, unconscious of danger, and unable by their childish cries to distract our attention from adopting any plan which might offer to effect their escape.

The heat soon became suffocating. We were parched with thirst, and there was not a drop of water in the house, and none to be procured nearer than the lake. I turned once more to the door, hoping that a passage might have been burnt through to the water. I saw nothing but a dense cloud of fire and smoke—could hear nothing but the crackling and roaring of the flames, which were gaining so fast upon us that I felt their scorching breath in my face.

"Ah," thought I—and it was a most bitter thought—"what will my beloved husband say when he returns and finds that his poor Susy and his dear girls have perished in this miserable manner? But God can save us yet."

The thought had scarcely found a voice in my heart before the wind rose to a hurricane, scattering the flames on both sides into a tempest of burning billows. I buried my head in my

apron, for I thought that our time was come, and that all was lost, when a most terrific crash of thunder burst over our heads, and, like the breaking of a water-spout, down came the rushing torrent of rain, which had been pent up for so many weeks.

In a few minutes the chip-yard was all afloat, and the fire effectually checked. The storm which, unnoticed by us, had been gathering all day, and which was the only one of any note we had that summer, continued to rage all night, and before morning had quite subdued the cruel enemy whose approach we had viewed with so much dread.

III. THE BEAR

We had been for some days without meat, when Moodie came running in for his gun. A great she-bear was in the wheat-field at the edge of the wood, very busily employed in helping to harvest the crop. There was but one bullet, and a charge or two of buckshot, in the house; but Moodie started to the wood with the single bullet in his gun, followed by a little terrier dog that had belonged to John E—. Old Jenny was busy at the wash-tub, but the moment she saw her master running up the clearing and knew the cause, she left her work and, snatching up the carving knife, ran after him, that in case the bear should have the best of the fight, she would be there to help "the masther." Finding her shoes incommode her, she flung them off, in order to run faster. A few minutes after came the report of the gun, and I heard Moodie bellow to E——, who was cutting stakes for a fence in the wood. I hardly thought it possible that he could have killed the bear, but I ran to the door to listen. The children were all excitement, which the sight of the black monster, borne down the clearing upon two poles, increased to the wildest demonstrations of joy. Moodie and John were carrying the prize, and old Jenny, brandishing her carving-knife, followed in the rear.

The rest of the evening was spent in skinning, and cutting up, and salting the ugly creature, whose flesh filled a barrel with excellent meat, in flavour resembling beef, while the short grain and juicy nature of the flesh gave to it the tenderness of mutton. This was quite a Godsend, and lasted us until we were able to kill two large fat hogs in the fall.

A few nights after, Moodie and I encountered the mate of Mrs. Bruin, while returning from a visit to Emilia, in the very depth of the wood.

We had been invited to meet our friend's father and mother, who had come up on a short visit to the woods; and the evening passed away so pleasantly that it was near midnight before the little party of friends separated. The moon was down. The wood, through which we had to return, was very dark, the ground being low and swampy, and the trees thick and tall. There was, in particular, one very ugly spot where a small creek crossed the road. This creek could only be passed by foot-passengers scrambling over a fallen tree, which, in a dark night, was not very easy to find.

I begged a torch of Mr.——; but no torch could be found. Emilia laughed at my fears; still, knowing what a coward I was in the bush of a night, she found an inch of candle, which was all that remained from the evening's entertainment. This she put into an old lanthorn.

"It will not last you long, but it will carry you over the creek."

This was something gained, and off we set.

It was so dark in the bush, that our dim candle looked like a solitary red speck in the intense surrounding darkness, and scarcely served to show us the path.

We went chatting along, talking over the events of the evening, Hector running on before us, when I saw a pair of eyes glare upon us from the edge of the swamp, with the green, bright light emitted by the eyes of a cat.

"Did you see those terrible eyes, Moodie?" and I clung, trembling, to his arm.

"What eyes?" said he, feigning ignorance. "It's too dark to see anything. The light is nearly gone, and, if you don't quicken your pace and cross the tree before it goes out, you will, perhaps, get your feet wet by falling into the creek."

"Good heavens! I saw them again; and do just look at the dog."

Hector stopped suddenly, and stretching himself upon the ground, his nose resting between his fore-paws, began to whine and tremble. Presently he ran back to us, and crept under our feet. The cracking of branches and the heavy tread of some large animal sounded close beside us.

Moodie turned the open lanthorn in the direction from whence the sounds came, and shouted as loud as he could, at the same time endeavouring to urge forward the fear-stricken dog, whose cowardice was only equalled by my own.

Just at that critical moment the wick of the candle flickered a moment in the socket, and expired. We were left, in perfect

darkness, alone with the bear—for such we supposed the animal to be.

My heart beat audibly; a cold perspiration was streaming down my face, but I neither shrieked nor attempted to run. I don't know how Moodie got me over the creek. One of my feet slipped into the water, but expecting, as I did every moment, to be devoured by Master Bruin, that was a thing of no consequence. My husband was laughing at my fears, and every now and then he turned towards our companion, who continued following us at no great distance, and gave him an encouraging shout. Glad enough was I when I saw the gleam of the light from our little cabin window shine out among the trees; and, the moment I got within the clearing, I ran, without stopping, until I was safely within the house. John was sitting up for us, nursing Donald. He listened with great interest to our adventure with the bear, and thought that Bruin was very good to let us escape without one affectionate hug.

"Perhaps it would have been otherwise had he known, Moodie, that you had not only killed his good lady but were dining sumptuously off her carcass every day."

The bear was determined to have something in return for the loss of his wife. Several nights after this, our slumbers were disturbed about midnight by an awful yell, and old Jenny shook violently at our chamber door.

"Masther, masther, dear! Get up wid you this moment, or the bear will desthroy the cattle intirely."

Half asleep, Moodie sprang from his bed, seized his gun, and ran out. I threw my large cloak round me, struck a light, and followed him to the door. The moment the latter was unclosed, some calves that we were rearing rushed into the kitchen, closely followed by the larger beasts, who came bellowing down the hill, pursued by the bear.

It was a laughable scene, as shown by that paltry tallow-candle. Moodie, in his night-shirt, taking aim at something in the darkness, surrounded by the terrified animals; old Jenny, with a large knife in her hand, holding on to the white skirts of her master's garment, making outcry enough to frighten away all the wild beasts in the bush—herself almost in a state of nudity.

"Och, Masther, dear! don't timpt the ill-conditioned crathur with charging too near; think of the wife and the childher. Let me come at the rampaging baste an' I'll stick my knife into the heart of him."

Moodie fired. The bear retreated up the clearing with a low growl. Moodie and Jenny pursued him some way, but it was too dark to discern any object at a distance. I, for my part, stood at the open door, laughing until the tears ran down my cheeks, at the glaring eyes of the oxen, their ears erect, and their tails carried gracefully at a level with their backs, as they stared at me and the light in blank astonishment. The noise of the gun had just roused John E—— from his slumbers. He was no less amused than myself, until he saw that a fine yearling heifer, was bleeding, and found, upon examination, that the poor animal, having been in the claws of the bear, was dangerously, if not mortally, hurt.

"I hope," he cried, "that the brute has not touched my foal." I pointed to the black face of the filly peeping over the back of an elderly cow.

"You see, John, that Bruin preferred veal; there's your 'horsey' as Dunbar calls her, safe, and laughing at you."

Moodie and Jenny now returned from the pursuit of the bear. E—— fastened all the cattle into the back yard, close to the house. By daylight he and Moodie started in chase of Bruin, whom they tracked by his blood some way into the bush, but here he entirely escaped their search.

SAM SLICK IN NOVA SCOTIA, 1835.

[Thomas Chandler Haliburton, author of *Sam Slick, the Clockmaker,* was born in 1796 at Windsor, Nova Scotia. From a law-practice in Annapolis Royal, he entered the Legislative Assembly, subsequently becoming Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Resigning in 1856, he went to England, and became a member of the House of Commons. He died in 1865.

Of United Empire Loyalist stock, Haliburton looked with disfavour upon the rebellious spirit and the political unrest which was growing in his native province in the 1830's. Politics, the desire to exchange good old customs for untried expedients; Pride, which scorns honest work; and Slackness, which ignores every opportunity for development and expansion—these seemed to him the bane of the province. He conceived the idea of making a Yankee Pedlar, characteristically self-assertive and shrewd, the mouthpiece of his criticisms. "The Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick the Clockmaker," first appeared in Joseph Howe's *Nova Scotian* in 1835. Since the first issue in Halifax, *Sam Slick* has gone through many editions in the United States, in England, and in Europe. It is now generally recognized that Haliburton was the first to give vogue to that species of broad humour of which Artemus Ward and Mark Twain were later exponents.]

"I raised a four-year-old colt once, half-blood, a perfect pictur' of a horse, and a genuine clipper; could gallop like the wind; a raal daisy; a perfect doll; had an eye like a weasel, and nostril like Commodore Rodger's speakin' trumpet. Well, I took it down to the races to New York, and father he went along with me: for says he: 'Sam, you don't know everything, I guess; you han't cut your wisdom-teeth yet, and you are goin' among them that's had 'em through their gums this while past.' Well, when he gets to the races, father he gets colt, and puts him in an old waggon, with a worn-out Dutch harness and breast-band—he looked like Old Nick; that's a fact—then he fastened a head martingale on, and buckled it to the girths atwixt his fore legs. Say I, 'Father, what on airth are you at? I vow I feel ashamed to be seen with such a catamaran as that, and colt looks like Saytan himself—no soul would know him.' 'I guess I warn't born yesterday,' says he. 'Let me be; I know what I am at. I guess I'll slip it into 'em afore I've done, as slick as a whistle. I guess I can see as far into a mill-stone as the best on 'em'.

"Well, father never entered the horse at all, but stood by and see'd the races; and the winnin' horse was follered about by the matter of two or three thousand people, a-praisin' of him and admirin' him. They seemed as if they'd never see'd a horse afore. The owner of him was all up on eend a-boastin' of him, and a-stumpin' the course to produce a horse to run again' him for four hundred dollars. Father goes up to him, looking as soft as dough, and as meechin' as you please, and says he, 'Friend, it an't everyone that has four hundred dollars; it's a plaguy sight of money, I tell *you*. Would you run for one hundred dollars, and give me a little start? If you would, I'd try my colt out of my old waggon agin' you, I vow.' 'Let's look at your horse,' says he. So away they went, and a proper sight of people arter them, to look at the colt; and when they see'd him, they sot up such a larf I felt e'en a'most ready to cry for spite. Says I to myself, 'What can possess the old man to act arter that fashion? I do believe he has taken leave of his senses.' 'You needn't larf;' says father; 'he's smarter than he looks. Our minister's old horse, Captain Jack, is reckoned as quick a beast of his age as any in our location, and that 'are colt can beat him for a lick of a quarter of a mile quite easy; I see'd it myself.' Well, they larfed again louder than before; and says father, 'If you dispute my word, try me. What odds will you give?' 'Two to one,' says the owner; 'eight hundred to four hundred dollars.' 'Well, that's a great deal of money,

ain't it?' says father. 'If I was to lose it, I'd look pretty foolish, wouldn't I? How folks would pass their jokes at me when I went home again! You wouldn't take that 'are waggon and harness for fifty dollars of it, would you?' says he. 'Well,' says the other, 'sooner than disappoint you, as you seem to have set your mind on losing your money, I don't care if I do.

"As soon as it was settled, father drives off to the stables, and then returns mounted, with a red silk pocket handkerchief tied round his head, and colt a-looking like himself, as proud as a nabob, choke full of spring like the wire eend of a bran'-new pair of trouser gullusses. One said, 'That's a plaguy nice-lookin' colt that old feller has, arter all.' 'That horse will show play for it yet,' says a third. And I heerd one feller say, 'I guess that's a rigular Yankee trick—a complete take-in.' They had a fair start for it, and off they sot. Father took the lead, and kept it, and won the race, tho' it was a pretty tight scratch, for father was too old to ride colt; he was near about the matter of seventy years old.

"Well, when the colt was walked round after the race, there was an amazin' crowd arter him, and several wanted to buy him; but says father, 'How am I to get home without him, and what shall I do with that 'are waggon and harness, so far as I be from Slickville?' So he kept them in talk till he felt their pulses pretty well, and at last he closed with a Southerner for seven hundred dollars; and we returned, havin' made a considerable spec of colt. Says father to me, 'Sam,' says he, 'you see'd the crowd a-follerin' of the winnin' horse when we came here, didn't you?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I did.' 'Well, when colt beat him no one follered him at all, but come a-crowdin' about *him*. That's popularity,' said he; 'soon won, soon lost; cried up sky-high one minute, and desarted the next, or run down. Colt will share the same fate. He'll get beat afore long, and then he's done for. The multitude are always fickle-minded. Our great Washington found that out, and the British officer that beat Buonaparte; the bread they gave him turned sour afore he got half through the loaf; his soap had hardly stiffened afore it ran right back to lye and grease again.'"

The long, rambling dissertation on conceit to which I had just listened from the Clockmaker forcibly reminded me of the celebrated aphorism, *"Gnothi seauton"* ("Know thyself"), which, both from its great antiquity and wisdom, has been by many attributed to an oracle.

With all his shrewdness to discover, and his humours to ridicule, the foibles of others, Mr. Slick was blind to the many defects of his own character; and while prescribing "a cure for conceit," exhibited in all he said and all he did the most overweening conceit himself. He never spoke of his own countrymen without calling them "the most free and enlightened citizens on the face of the airth," or as "takin' the shine off all creation." His country he boasted to be the "best atween the poles," "the greatest glory under heaven." The Yankees he considered (to use his own expression) as "actilly the class-leaders in knowledge among all the Americans," and boasted that they have not only "gone ahead of all others," but had lately arrived at that most enviable *ne plus ultra* point, "goin' ahead of themselves." In short, he entertained no doubt that Slickville was the finest place in the greatest nation in the world, and the Slick family the wisest in it.

I was about to call his attention to this national trait, when I saw him draw his reins under his foot—a mode of driving peculiar to himself when he wished to economise the time that would otherwise be lost by an unnecessary delay—and taking off his hat, which, like a pedlar's pack, contained a general assortment, selected from a number of loose cigars one that appeared likely to "go," as he called it. Having lighted it by a lucifer, and ascertained that it was "true in draft," he resumed his reins, and remarked: "This must be an everlastin' fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothin' to do but ride about and talk politics. In winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a-slayin' over these here marshes with the gals, or playing ball on the ice, or goin' to quiltin' frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a-drivin' home like mad by moonlight. Natur' meant that season on purpose for courtin'. A little, tidy, scrumptious-looking slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck, and a sprig on his back, lookin' for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at gatherin'-time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—is e'en a'most enough to drive one ravin', tarin' distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din there's no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mugs close up to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horse; and then whap you both go, capsized into a snow-drift together—skins, cushions, and all.

And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin' from a pond, a-chatterin' away all the time like a canary bird, and you a-haw-hawin' with pleasure, is fun alive, you may depend. . . .

"Agricultur' is not only neglected, but degraded here. What a number of young folks there seem to be in these parts, a-ridin' about, titivated out raal jam, in their go-to-meetin' clothes, a-doin' of nothin'! It's melancholy to think on it. That's the effect of the last war. The idleness and extravagance of those times took root, and bore fruit abundantly, and now the young people are above their business. They are too high in the instep; that's a fact.

"Old Drivvle, down here to Maccan, said to me one day: 'For gracious sake,' says he, 'Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny? His mother sets great store by him, and thinks he's the makin's of a considerable smart man . He's growin' up fast now, and I am pretty well to do in the world, and reasonable forehanded; but I don't know what the dogs to put him to. The lawyers are like spiders—they've eat up all the flies; and I guess they'll have to eat each other soon, for there's more on 'em than causes now every court. The doctor's trade is a poor one, too; they don't get barely cash enough to pay for their medicines. I never see'd a country practitioner yet that made anythin' worth speakin' of. Then, as for preachin', why, Church and dissenters are pretty much tarred with the same stick; they live in the same pastur' with their flocks, and between 'em it's fed down pretty close, I tell you. What would you advise me to do with him?' 'Well,' says I, 'I'll tell you, if you won't be miffy with me.' 'Miffy with you, indeed,' said he; 'I guess I'll be very much obliged to you. It an't every day one gets a chance to consult with a person of your experience; I count it quite a privilege to have the opinion of such an understandin' man as you be.' 'Well,' says I, 'take a stick and give him a raal good quiltin'; jist tantune him like blazes, and set him to work. What does the critter want? You have a good farm for him; let him go and airn his bread, and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it; and when he has more of both than he wants, let him sell 'em, and lay up his money, and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides. Put him to, eh? Why, put him to the PLOUGH—*The most natural, the most happy, the most innocent, and the most healthy employment in the world.*' 'But,' said the old man, and he did not look over half-pleased, 'markets are so

confounded dull, labour so high, and the banks and great folks a-swallerin' all up so, there don't seem much encouragement for farmers; it's hard rubbin' nowadays to live by the plough. He'll be a hard-workin' poor man all his days.' 'Oh!' says I, 'if he wants to get rich by farmin', he can do that too. Let him sell his wheat, and eat his oatmeal and rye; send his beef, mutton and poultry to market, and eat his pork and potatoes; make his own cloth; weave his own linen, and keep out of shops, and he'll soon grow rich. There are more fortin's got by savin' than by makin', I guess, a plaguy sight. He can't eat his cake and have it too; that's a fact. *No; make a farmer of him, and you will have the satisfaction of seein' him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society—more honest than traders, more independent than professional men, and more respectable than either.*'

"'Ahem!' says Marm Drivvle, and she began to clear her throat for action. She slumped down her knittin', and clawed off her spectacles, and looked right straight at me as to take good aim. I see'd a regular nor'-wester a-brewin'. I knew it would bust somewhere sartan, and make all smoke agin; so I cleared out, and left Old Drivvle to stand the squall. I conceit he must have had a tempestical time of it for she had got her Ebenezer up, and looked like a proper sneezer. Make her Johnny a farmer, eh? I guess that was too much for the like o' her to stomach.

"*Pride, Squire,*" continued the Clockmaker, with such an air of concern that I verily believe the man feels an interest in the welfare of a Province in which he has spent so long a time—"*pride, Squire—and a false pride, too—is the ruin of this country; I hope I may be skinned if it ain't.*" . . .

"The English don't emigrate here much—they go to Canada or the States; and it's strange too, for, Squire, this is the best location in all America, is Nova Scotia, if the British did but know it.

"It will have the greatest trade, the greatest population, the most manufactur's, and the most wealth of any state this side of the water. The resources, natural advantages, and political position of this country beat all. Take it all together, I don't know jist such a country in the univarsal world a'most." "What! Nova Scotia?" said I; "this poor little colony, this Ultima Thule of America; what is ever to make *it* a place of any consequence?" "Everything, Squire," said he, "everything that constitutes greatness. I wish we had it, that's all; and we will

have it, too, some o' these days, if they don't look sharp. In the first place, it has more nor twice as many great men-o'-war harbours in it, capable of holdin' the whole navy in it, stock, lock, and barrel, than we have from Maine to Mexico, besides innumerable small harbours, island lees, and other shelters, and it's jist all but an island itself; and most all the best o' their harbours don't freeze up at no time. It ain't shut up like Canada and our back country all winter, but you can in and out as you please; and it's so intersected with rivers and lakes, most no part of it is twenty miles from navigable water to the sea; and then it is the nearest part of our continent to Europe."

"All that," said I, "is very true; but good harbours, though necessary for trade, are not the only things requisite in commerce." "But it's in the midst of the fisheries, Squire; all sorts of fisheries, too. River fisheries of shad, salmon, gasperaux, and herring, shore fishery of mackerel and cod, bank fishery, and Labrador fishery. Oh dear! it beats all, and they don't do nothin' with 'em, but leave 'em to us. They don't seem to think 'em worth havin' or keepin', for Government don't protect 'em. See what a school for seamen that is, to man the ships to fill the harbours.

"Then look at the beeowells of the airth; only think of the coal; and it's no use a-talkin', that's the only coal to supp'y us that we can rely on. Why, there ain't nothin' like it. It extends all the way from Bay of Fundy right out to Pictou through the province, and then under all the Island of Cape Breton; and some o' them seams are the biggest, the thickest, and deepest ever yet discovered since the world began. Beautiful coal it is too. Then Natur' has given 'em most grand abundant iron-ore, here and there and everywhere, and wood and coal to work it. Only think o' them two things in such abundance, and a country possessed of the first-chop-water-powers everywhere, and then tell me Providence hasn't laid the foundat'on of a manufacturin' nation here. But that ain't all. Jist see the plaster of Paris, what almighty big heaps of it there is here. We use already more nor a hundred and fifty thousand tons of it a year for manure, and we shall want ten times that quantity yet—we can't do without it; it has done more for us than steam; it has made our barren lands fertile, and whole tracts habitable, that never would have been worth a cent an acre without it. It will go to South America and the West Indgies yet—it is the magic wand—it's the philosopher's stone; I hope I may be shot if it ain't; it turns all it touches

into gold. See what a sight of vessels it takes to carry a great bulky article like that—what a sight of men it employs, what a host of folks it feeds, what a batch of sailors it bakes, what hardy tars for the wooden walls of Old England. But Old England is as blind as a bat, and blue-nose is a puppy only nine days old; he can't see yet. If the critter was well trained, had his ears cropped and tongue wormed, he might turn out a decent-lookin' whelp yet, for the old one is a good nurse and feeds well. Well, then, look at the lead, copper, slate (and as for slate, they may stump Wales, I know, to produce the like), granite, grindstone, freestone, lime, manganese, salt, sulphur. Why, they've got everything but enterprise, and that I *do* believe in my soul they expect to find a mine of, and dig up out of the ground as they do coal. But the soil, Squire, where will you find the like o' that? A considerable part of it along the coast is poor, no doubt; but it's the fishin' side of the province, and therefore it's all right; but the bay side is a tearin', rippin' fine country. Them dyke mashes have raised hay and grain year arter year now for a whole centery without manur', and I guess will continue to do so from July to etarnity. Then Natur' has given them that sea-mud, salt-sand, sea-weed, and river-sludge for dressin' their upland, so that it could be made to carry wheat till all's blue again.".....

The next morning the rain poured down in torrents, and it was ten o'clock before we were able to resume our journey. "I am glad," said Mr. Slick, "that cussed critter, that schoolmaster, hasn't yet woke up. I'm 'most afeerd if he had a-turned out afore we started I should have quilted h'm, for that talk of his last night sticks in my crop considerable hard. It ain't overeasy to digest, I tell you; for nothin' a'most raises my dander so much as to hear a benighted, ignorant, and enslaved foreigner belittle our free and enlightened citizens. But see there, Squire," said he, "that's the first Indgian campment we've fell in with on our journey. Happy fellers, them Indgians, bean't they? They have no wants and no cares but food and clothin', and fishin' and huntin' supply them things easy. That tall one you see spearin' fish in that 'are creek there is Peter Paul, a'most a plaguy cute chap. I mind the last time I was to Lunenburg, I see'd him at the magistrate's, John Robar's. He laid down the law to the justice better than 'are a lawyer I have met with in the Province yet; he talked as clever a'most as Mr. Clay. I'll tell you what it was. Peter Paul had made his wigwam one winter near a brook on the farm of James

M'Nutt, and employed his time in cooperin', and used M'Nutt's timber when he wanted any. Well, M'Nutt threatened to send him to jail if he didn't move away, and Paul came to Robar to ax him whether it could be done. Says he, 'Squire, M'Nutt, he came to me, and says he, "Peter, what a-devil you do here, d—n you?" I say, "I make 'em bucket, make 'em tub, maybe basket or axe handle, to buy me some blanket and powder and shot with. You no want some?" Well, he say, "This my land, Peter, and my wood; I bought 'em and pay money for 'em. I won't let you stay here and cut my wood; if you cut anoder stick, I send you to jail." Then I tell him I see what Governor say to that. What you plant, that yours; what you sow, that yours too. But you no plant 'em woods; God—He plant 'em dat; He make 'em river too, for all mens—white man and Indgian man—all same. God, He no give 'em river to one man; He make him run thro' all the woods. When you drink, he run on and I drink; and then when all drink he run on to de sea. He no stand still; you no catch him, you no have him. If I cut down your apple tree, then send me to jail, 'cause you plant 'em; but if I cut down ash tree, oak tree, or pine tree in woods, I say it's mine, if I cut 'em first; for tree in big woods like river—first cut him, first have him. If God give 'em all to you, where is your writin', or bring somebody say he hear Him say so, then I stop. I never kill your hog and say I thought him one bear; nor your hen, and say him one partridge; but you go kill my stock, my carriboo, and my moose. I never frighten away your sheep; but you go chop wood, and make one d—d noise and frighten away bear; so when I go to my trap I no find him there, and I lose him, and de skin, and de meat too. No two laws for you and me, but all same. You know Jeffery? him big man in Halifax; well, very good man that; very kind to poor Indgian—(when that man go to heaven, God will give him plenty of baccy to smoke for that, I know). Well, he say, "Peter Paul, when you want ash-tree, you go cut 'em down on my land when you like; I give you leave." He very good man dat, but God give 'em afore Jeffery was born. And by-and-by I say, "M'Nutt, you have 'em all. Indgian all die soon: no more wood left, no more hunt left; he starve, and then you take all. Till then I take 'em wood that God plant for us, where I find 'em, and no thanks to you."' "It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to answer that, I guess," said Mr. Slick. "That feller cyphered that out of human natur', the best book a man can study arter all, and the only true one; there's no two ways about it, there's never no mistake there. Queer

critter, that Peter; he has an answer for every one; nothin' ever da'nts or poses him; but here we are at the end of our journey; and I must say I am sorry for it too, for tho' it's been a considerable of a long one, it's been a very pleasant one. . . ."

"Havin' finished that 'are little trade, Squire, there is another small matter I want to talk over with you afore I quit, that perhaps it would be as well you and I onderstand each other upon." "What is that?" I said. "Why, the last time, Squire," said he, "I travelled with you, you published our tower in a book, and there were some notions in it gave me a plaguy sight of oneasiness; that's a fact. Some things you coloured so, I didn't know 'em when I see'd 'em again; some things you left out holus-bolus, and there were some small matters I never heerd tell of afore till I see'd them writ down; you must have made them out of whole cloth. When I went home to see about the stock I had in the Slickville Bank, folks scolded a good deal about it. They said it warn't the part of a good citizen for to go to publish anythin' to lessen our great nation in the eyes of foreigners, or to lower the exalted station we had among the nations of the airth. They said the dignity of the American people was at stake, and they were determined some o' these days to go to war with the English if they didn't give up some o' their writers to be punished by our laws; and that if any of our citizens was accessory to such practices, and they cotched him, they'd give him an American jacket, that is, a warp of tar, and a nap wove of feathers. I don't therefore feel altogether easy about your new book. I should like to see it afore we part, to soften down things a little, and to have matters sot to rights afore the slang-whangers get hold of it.

"I think, too, atween you and me, you had ought to let me go sheers in the speck, for I have suffered considerable by it. The clock trade is done now in this province; there's an eend to that, you've put a toggle into that chain; you couldn't give 'em away now a'most. Our folks are not over and above well pleased with me, I do assure you; and the blue-noses say I have dealt considerable hard with them. They are plaguy ryled, you may depend; and the English have come in for their share of the curryin' too. I han't made many friends by it, I know; and if there is anythin' to be made out of the consarn, I think it no more than fair I should have my share of it. One thing, however, I hope you will promise me, and that is to show me the manuscript afore you let it go out of your hands." "Certainly," said I, "Mr. Slick, I shall have great pleasure in

reading it over to you before it goes to the press; and if there is anything in it that will compromise you with your countrymen, or injure your feelings, I will strike out the objectionable passage, or soften it down to meet your wishes." "Well," said he, "that's pretty; now I like that; and if you take a fancy to travel in the States, or to take a tower in Europe, I'm your man. Send me a line to Slickville, and I'll jine you where you like and when you like. I shall be to Halifax in a month from the present time, and will call and see you; p'raps you will have the book ready then"—and presenting me with his rifle, and putting the pistols in his pocket, he took leave of me and drove into the country.

Fortunately, when he arrived, I had the manuscript completed; and when I had finished reading it to him, he deliberately lit his cigar, and throwing himself back in his chair, which he balanced on two legs, he said, "I presume I may ax what is your object in writing that book? You don't like republics, that's sartin, for you have coloured matters so, it's easy to see which way the cat jumps. Do you mean to write a satire on our great nation, and our free and enlightened citizens?—because if you do, jist rub my name out of it, if you please. I'll have neither art nor part in it; I won't have nothin' to do with it on no account. It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest. I'm not a-goin' for to wake up a swarm of hornets about my ears, I tell you; I know a trick worth two o' that, I reckon. Is it to sarve a particular purpose, or is it a mere tradin' speck?" "I will tell you candidly, sir, what my object is," I replied. "In the Canadas there is a party advocating republican institutions, and hostility to everything British. In doing so, they exaggerate all the advantages of such a form of government, and depreciate the blessings of a limited monarchy. In England this party unfortunately finds too many supporters, either from a misapprehension of the true state of the case, or from a participation in their treasonable views. The sketches contained in the present and preceding series of the *Clockmaker*, it is hoped, will throw some light on the topics of the day, as connected with the designs of the anti-English party. The object is purely patriotic. I beg of you to be assured that I have no intention whatever to ridicule your institutions or your countrymen; nothing can be further from my thoughts; and it would give me pain if I could suppose for a moment that any person could put such an interpretation on my conduct. I like your country, and am proud to number many citizens of the United States among those whom I honour

and love. It is content with our own, and not disparagement of your institutions, that I am desirous of impressing upon the minds of my countrymen." "Right," said he; "I see it as plain as a boot-jack; it's no more than your duty. But the book does beat all—that's a fact. . . ."

OLD TIMES IN NOVA SCOTIA.

[Haliburton's *Old Judge: or Life in a Colony* was first published in 1849. It purports to be the jottings of an English visitor to whom the "Old Judge" presents and expounds the life of Halifax and the Nova Scotia country-side. "These sketches," says Haliburton in his preface, "were drawn from nature after a residence of half a century among the people whose habits, manners and social conditions they are intended to delineate".

Nova Scotia was fortunate in her historian. No other phase of Canadian life has been preserved for us with such vividness. Written without the acerbity, and, in the main, without the coarseness which mark the Sam Slick series, these pictures of life in the Colony during the first half of the Nineteenth century, "show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure." The fact that Washington Irving's influence is readily traceable in *The Old Judge* need not diminish our admiration for Haliburton's sympathetic touch and skillful artistry.]

"The seasons in this Colony," said the Judge, "are not only accompanied by the ordinary mutations of weather observed in other countries, but present a constant and rapid succession of incidents and people. From the opening of the ports to the close of navigation, everything and everybody is in motion, or in *transitu*. The whole province is a sort of railroad station, where crowds are perpetually arriving and departing. It receives an emigrant population, and either hurries it onward, or furnishes another of its own in exchange. It is a land of 'comers and goers.' The yeomanry of the rural districts approach nearer to the character of inhabitants than those who dwell in towns or villages, but the love of change is inherent, even among them, and richer lands, warmer climates, and better times, those meteor terms that seduce them higher, still precede them, and light the way to Canada or the far west, to ruin or the grave.

"That portion which may be denominated society, presents the same dissolving views. New groups gradually fill the space vacated by others. The new know not the old, and the old inhabitant feels that he is in a land of strangers. Governors

and their staffs, Admirals and their squadrons, Generals and their regiments come and go, ere their names have become familiar to the ear. Commissariat, ordnance, and dockyard establishments, are landing places in the ascent of life, where the aspiring and fortunate rest for a moment, recruit their strength and recommence their upward journey. At the capital, all is change; it is the abode of the houseless, the wayfarer, and the stranger, but home is emphatically England to the English, Ireland to the Irish and Scotland to the Scotch. To the Nova Scotian, the province is his native place, but North America is his country. The colony may become his home when the provinces become a nation. It will then have a name, the inhabitants will become a people, and the people have a country and a home. Until that period it would seem as if they were merely comers and goers.

"You will soon have an opportunity of witnessing this moving mass of strangers, for the spring is now opening. It arrives later here than elsewhere, has but little time to remain, a vast deal of business to despatch, and being possessed of the power of ubiquity, is at work everywhere. It comes with a clear, unclouded sky, a bright and dazzling sun, and a soft and balmy south west air. It pauses for awhile, as if to survey the extent of its labour, and smiles with satisfaction and delight at the contemplation of its own power, and the speed and ease with which it can dissolve the chains of winter, and vivify and clothe prostrate and inanimate nature. In an hour or two, the snow begins to be soft and moist, the ice to glisten and then grow dim with trickling tears, while the frozen cover of accumulated drifts releases its hold, and slowly moves from the roofs of houses, and falls like an avalanche on the streets, which first assume a yellow, and then a dingy brown colour. The hills, meanwhile, pour forth their streams, which, descending to low places in the vain hope of finding their accustomed vents, form large pools of water that threaten to unite and submerge the town. Everybody is occupied in preventing this calamity, and axes, shovels and bars of iron are in requisition, to force the entrances of the subterranean caverns, and open a passage to the sea.

"At night, time is given, by the cessation of the thaw, for the waters to pass off, and in the morning the work of destruction again commences. Long, bare pieces of muddy street appear; teamsters may be seen urging their weary cattle across these sloughs to the sides of the road where the sun has had less power, and there is still sufficient ice to support the sleds;

little canals are everywhere in process of formation, to conduct the water from the courtyards, to the reservoirs of the streets, and neighbors assist each other with good-natured zeal in this work of mutual defence. In a few days, the snow disappears from the town, save here and there a black and slimy heap, which a covering of ashes or of straw has protected from the searching rays of the sun. Is this a sudden thaw peculiar to this climate, or is it the advent of Spring? It is a question that may well admit of doubt, and experience is in favour of either opinion, until the answer is given from above. Everybody is abroad, and every head is raised to the heavens, and vociferous greetings are given to the various heralds, now proclaiming the termination of winter; immense flocks of wild geese are continually passing from North to South, on their semi-annual migration. The first comers have gone, and, like all other emigrants, lose great numbers on their arrival. Death is busy everywhere. The shop-boy has a holiday, the apprentice makes one, the sportsman is in the field, and every little urchin, in defiance of orders, in contempt of the penalties of domestic law, joins the corps of sharpshooters.

"This sunny weather is always succeeded by a heavy gale from the southward, and floating ice in the river is driven into the basin of Minas, and thence into the Bay of Fundy. Boats are seen floating on its tranquil surface, and knots of strange looking men, with the gait of sailors but the dress of landsmen, wearing long, blue coats, beaver hats, and grey, homespun trousers, and carrying bundles in their hands, are standing in the streets in eager consultation. They are the owners and mariners of the dismantled vessels in the port, who have spent the winter with their families on their farms, and are now preparing to bend their sails, take on board a load of gypsum with which the wharfs are covered, and proceed on their first voyage to the States. The 'O! heave—O!' or the merry cheerful sailor chorus, rises on the breeze, and the docks are full of life and animation. Loud and hearty cheers from the noisy throng on the quay, announce that a vessel with the colonial symbol of Spring—a spruce-bough at her foretop—has just cast anchor, the first comer, and that another has just hauled into the stream, the first goer of the season.

"Apart from this assemblage is a group of women; many kind words and benedictions are heard, many tears shed, and loving embraces exchanged in this sad and sorrowing circle. It is a leave-taking of friends and relations, of some native females who are about to seek their fortune in the great re-

public, where they are to cease to be servants, and become factory ladies, and where they will commence their career by being helps, and hope to terminate it by becoming helpmates. Hope, and novelty, and a new world are with the exiles, but memory, with its happy past, and loneliness and desertion, with its dreary future, is the lot of those they leave behind them. Thus is it ever in life—it is not those who are taken, but those who remain to mourn, that are to be pitied. One man appears to hover round them in great distress, unable to go and unwilling to be separated from them, and wanders to and fro, like one who cannot decide what course to pursue. At last he assumes the courage of desperation, joins the weeping circle, and, after some apparent difficulty, prevails upon one of them to walk apart with him, and indulge him with the melancholy pleasure of exchanging their sad adieus in private. The fair one yields to his intreaties, and after a short but embarrassing interview, abandons her migration, and remains in her own country, to consent to a union which she no doubt thought ought to have been earlier proposed.

"The place of the weeping friends is soon supplied by arrivals from the strange sail. In exchange for the 'factory ladies' exported, American itinerant peddlers, lecturers, and speculators are imported. A tall, thin man, with a pair of shoulders of remarkably narrow dimensions, and a neck of unusual length, dressed in a suit of black, with a satin waistcoat surmounted by several coils of gold chain, and wearing a glazed leather stock, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, mounts guard on the wharf over a large black trunk, covered with yellow copper-looking boltheads, secured by clasps of the same brilliant metal at the corners and edges, and having his name and title on a long brass plate on the top, 'Mr. John Smith, P.P.M., C.C., Mss.'; which enigmatical letters signify Professor of Phrenology and Mesmerism, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

"In a few minutes he is joined by a swarthy, foreign-looking man, with a long beard and bald head, and shabbily dressed, carrying a travelling haversack on his shoulders, and something in a green bag above it, resembling a violin. It is Mr. Nehemiah Myers, singing master to the tribe of Levi, as he calls himself, but the wandering Jew, as he is universally known over the whole United States, every part of which he has travelled on foot, supporting himself on his journey by his musical talents. He visits houses in the rural districts, and relates his travels, beguiling the time with tales of his strange adventures, until it is late at night, when he is offered a bed,

and, having effected a lodgement, remains a day or two, singing and playing on his violin, having a choice collection of psalmody for sedate families, of fashionable songs for those who are fond of such music, and bacchanalian ditties for the bar-rooms of wine. He is sober, amusing and honest, and accepts hospitality or some trifling remuneration for his services. He talks so familiarly of Jewish history, that many people feel persuaded they have seen and conversed with the real wanderer.

"Day by day the exchange of *emi*gration for *immi*gration continues, with this difference, that those who go, seldom return, except to speak of disappointed hopes and broken fortunes, and that those who come, remain only for a season. Retreating winter now rallies, and makes a last and desperate effort to regain its lost ground. It rides on the cold northern blast, or, driving the floating ice-fields of the St. Lawrence and Labrador before it, fills the Straits of Northumberland, blockades the adjacent harbours with its enormous icebergs, and effectually retards all vegetation, when suddenly it emerges from the eastward, and covers the earth with snow. Long, tedious, and fierce conflicts between these two contending seasons ensue, till the succours of advancing Summer terminate the contest. Spring reigns triumphant. The lakes throw off their wintry torpor, the forest yields up its masses of snow, and the evergreens of the deep and shady swamps can no longer conceal or retain the lingering ice. Thousands and tens of thousands of nightingales (for so the *rara clamitans* of this country is humorously designated) simultaneously send forth their nocturnal serenades, and celebrate the victory that has released them from prison. The incessant and uproarious delight of these liberated captives must be heard to be fully comprehended, and the ear accustomed to its music before it can confer the pleasure that it never fails to impart to the natives.

"Spring has now so far advanced that we can hardly believe that Illinoo is the same place we beheld a few weeks ago. The windows and doors of the houses are all open—everything and everybody seems to be in a universal state of transition. The first of May gives new lodgers to new houses, and a simultaneous exchange of tenants takes place, while those who do not remove out of their tenements, appear to abdicate nearly every room in them; for what is called the general 'house-cleaning' has commenced. Paint and whitewash brushes are busy everywhere; floors, ceilings, walls and furniture, defiled by the smoke of a long winter, undergo a general purification, to the infinite fatigue of servants, and the unspeakable annoyance of the

male part of the household, who are expelled by mops, brooms and scrubbing-brushes from their homes. Even the streets scarcely form a safe retreat from the showers of water thrown upon or from windows, subjecting the unwary stranger to the danger of sudden immersion; nor does such a time of disorder and fatigue shelter the operators from the effects of practical jokes, or screen the offenders from immediate punishment. A loud laugh, succeeded by a scream, attests some prank, while a sudden eruption of a footman from the hall-door, followed by the irritated housemaid, mop in hand, exhibits the inconvenience of having sport converted into earnest. While the houses are thus metamorphosed within, the streets present an equal change without. Crates, deal cases, barrels, and boxes, publish the arrival of English spring goods, and the millinery and fancy shops are crowded by ladies, who, having laid aside their tippets, muffs, furs and warm cloaks, look like beings of a different climate and another country.

"Spring, having now clothed the fields with verdure, unfolded the buds, expanded the blossom, and filled the air with fragrance, and the music of birds, departs as suddenly as it arrived, and leaves the seed to be ripened and the fruit matured by the succeeding season. A deep blue sky, a bright and brilliant sun, a breathing of the west wind, so soft and gentle as scarcely to awaken the restless aspen, a tropical day, preceded by a grey mist in the morning, that gradually discloses to view the rich, luxuriant, and mellow landscape, and sheds a golden lustre over the waving meadows, and, above all, the solitary locust, that seeks the loftiest branch of the elm on the lawn, and sings his monotonous song, when the feathery tribe are seeking the cool retreats of the thickets, usher in the summer. The sun has scarcely set behind the dark, wavy outline of the western hills, ere the Aurora Borealis* mimics its setting beams, and revels

*NOTE.—"The first appearance of the Aurora Borealis was very astonishing to our ancestors, both in Europe and America. It was first seen in England in 1716, and in British North America in 1719. A very interesting account of the former was written by the Rev. Thomas Punce, who was then in Europe. A minute description of the latter was published at Boston, by an anonymous author; both of which papers are to be found in the second volume of the Historical Society of Massachusetts. It was first noticed at Boston at eight o'clock in the evening of the 11th December, 1719. The person who describes it concludes his quaint account as follows: —'The dreadfulness as well as strangeness of this meteor made me think of Mr. Watt's description of the Day of Judgment in English Sapphick, and of those lines in Flatman:—

'When from the dungeon of the grave,
The meagre throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their linen chains and gaze
With wonder while the world shall blaze.'

with wild delight in the heavens, which it claims as its own, now ascending with meteor speed to the zenith, then dissolving into a thousand rays of variegated light, that vie with each other which shall first reach the horizon; now flashing bright, brilliant and glowing, as emanations of the sun, then slowly retreating from view pale and silvery white, like wandering moonbeams.

"Its sportive vein is soon over, and, while you watch for its reappearance, hundreds of small volcanoes burst forth, from the depths of the forest, in all directions, sending up long, black, dense masses of smoke, that are suspended in the sky, and then illuminated by columns of flame beneath, like sheets of burnished gold. The woods seem as if they were in a blaze everywhere, and would soon be wrapped in one general conflagration. How bright and beautiful in this nocturnal fire! now rising with impetuous rage above the tallest trees, then subsiding into a smouldering heap, and again encircling, like a wreath of light, some tall pine, and waving from its top its banner of flame, in token of victory. The giant tree, unable to resist the devouring element, falls heavily under its foe with a crash that shakes the very hills, and sends up sparkling showers of fire, far away into the heavens. The foresters have invoked the aid of this dreadful element to disencumber the ground of its timber, and thereby enable them to bring their land into cultivation. Alas! They sometimes fall victims themselves to their dangerous and rapacious ally. The summer is a period of comparative repose, and the assizes are held and the judges and lawyers 'come and go,' and the races are opened, and followed by balls and regattas.

"But what is this procession and whence all this music? A remarkably light, open, but capacious carriage, the most beautiful thing of the kind ever seen, as the hand bills say, drawn by eight white horses, which are managed with greater apparent ease and security, without the aid of a postillion, and directed rather by certain cabalistic Yankee words, perfectly unintelligible to all but the prancing steeds, than by whips or reins, conveys the celebrated brass band of New England, 'the most distinguished in the whole world.' Immediately behind this wonderful equipage, are some ten or twelve horses, gaudily (richly is a more appropriate term) caparisoned. These 'real Arabians,' foals of the sun, are remarkable for their fire and docility, their delicacy of limb and great endurance. Next come cream-colored ones of the same royal stock as those in the stables of the Queen of England, with magnificent side-saddles

and housings, covered with golden stars, and decorated with deep fringe of the same valuable material, and then jet black ponies, with long tails and flowing manes, so wild and intractable that nobody but Senor Caldero, 'Felix Bibb,' the great South American horse-tamer, can manage, and in his hands they are as gentle as lambs.

"A long train of carriages bring up the rear, the last of which, drawn by six Pennsylvania heavy dray-horses, is most conspicuous. Whatever it contains is carefully concealed from view by enormous folds of snow-white canvas, and is doubtless very heavy, as it requires a team of such uncommon strength to transport it. From the centre of this mass of canvas rises a staff which supports a British flag, a delicate compliment to the sensitively loyal nerves of colonists, who are always thrown into epileptic and sometimes into convulsion fits at the very sight of the rebel and Republican flag of stars and stripes. It is the great American Mammoth Circus, which means, of course, in common parlance, exactly the reverse—namely, that the company which usually exhibits during the winter at Boston or New York, separates in the summer; the better portion of the performers, and most valuable horses being reserved for a home tour, and the most inferior or least expensive part sent into the colonies. The handbills of the united company answer just as well for the detachment, for the fame of the corps is common property, and accompanies each division wherever it goes.

"This splendid pageant perambulates every street of the town, amazing all the children, amusing all the idlers, and delighting all nursery-maids and their lovers at the prospect of an evening's entertainment, where they can see and be seen, and of a walk afterwards, in which they can neither be heard nor seen. If the exterior of this exhibition be so attractive, what must be the performances of such wonderful horses and celebrated men? In a few minutes the whole country is informed, both by rumour and, what is still more to be depended on, printed notices, containing full-length portraits of horses and riders, that the opportunity which may never again occur will be lost to-morrow if not seized upon at once. As soon as this gratuitous show (and it is very kind to disclose so much for nothing), is over, the procession halts in a field previously selected. The carriages take their appointed places, and, in an indescribably short space of time, an enormous tent is erected, capable of accommodating two thousand people, and also a subsidiary one for the performers and ring-horses. The

British flag is again displayed (for nothing American is heard but the accent and nasal twang); the music, God Save the Queen! which is very polite and considerate, strikes up, and in two hours from their first appearance in the town, they are prepared to astonish and delight their good friends in Illinoo.

"Almost everybody has seen the Circus, for this company visits us annually, but every year it has some new attraction with all the other parts of the entertainment. This season it is an india-rubber man, who puts his legs over his neck, and appears to be without joints, or, if he has any, to enjoy some of a peculiar construction. Last year, a man defied the efforts of four horses to draw him from his position on a wooden frame, and played with iron shots of thirty pounds weight with as much ease as common balls. Therefore, all must go and all must see—grumblers there will always be; what community was ever united? Some people are determined not to be pleased, perversely saying that it conduces to idleness, its tendency is immoral, and it withdraws large sums from the country, which it can ill afford, and falls especially heavy on the poor and the improvident. But servants will be indulged, and children must be amused, and mammas and mistresses are kind intercessors; and what do they care if the horses are foundered, spavined, or painted, or the actors depraved? It is worth seeing, and must be seen, and there is an end of the matter.

"Is it an apparition or a dream? It is passed and gone, and nothing is left to remind us that it has been here, but the chorus of a negro song caught up by boys in the street, and shouted forth at every corner at night; or a rumor that a child has broken his leg, or injured his spine in attempting somersaults, after the manner of little Master Young, the *great* Phenomenon. Scarcely has the last cheer of applause rewarded the last rehearsal of the last joke of the clown, ere the pegs are drawn, the cords loosened, and the tents struck, packed and reloaded; the handsome men, in yellow tights with scarfs and gold-lace jackets, are converted into teamsters, grooms, or musicians, in rusty black clothes, and the procession is again in motion to the next village. It is a tale that is told—they are forgotten among the 'comers and goers.' . . . .

"But here is something of importance—a great reform meeting is to be held, at which the grievances of the country are to be manfully declared, and suitable remedies proposed. There is something touching in the wrongs of a whole people, and anyone with a spark of generous patriotism in his heart must

sympathize with the sufferings and privations of the oppressed. Perhaps they are overtaxed and borne down with the weight of exactions. Not at all; there are no taxes, and, what is better, they are exempt from any portion of British burdens. Perhaps the little fund raised by import duties is either expended without their consent, or misapplied. By no means: they impose these charges themselves, vote away funds, and audit the accounts. As this pauper emigration is a just subject of complaint, perhaps they intend, and very properly too, to remonstrate against it to the Colonial office as a serious grievance. No; that is dangerous ground; it might awaken a national feeling at the next election. It is not to be thought of. Then it is no tragedy at last? Certainly not; it is a farce, and nothing more. The Governor, in the exercise of his prerogative, has appointed the Honourable Enoch Eels instead of Squire Solomon Sharp, to be his secretary, and Mr. Thompson, instead of Mr. Jackson, to be auditor of road-accounts. It is observed, too, by applying a jaundiced eye to a microscope, that an Act passed last year for dividing parishes has something very like No. 1 faintly inscribed on it, from which it is fair to infer that there is a No. 2 in reserve for the introduction of tithes; a resolution, therefore, condemnatory of such men and measures is unanimously carried amid great acclamation and ardent protestations of their determination to lay down their lives when needed, and their fortunes when acquired, for the honour of the Queen and the benefit of the province.

"A counter Conservative meeting is now convened, at which the persons present, like those at the former assembly, are reported in the papers at only twice their real number,—a remarkable instance of political veracity and integrity. The speakers on this occasion deprecate any interference with the prerogative, and maintain that the Governor has undoubted right to select his officers from whatever party he pleases, provided he acts constitutionally by claiming them from their side, and that it matters very little to the country whether Eels or Sharp, Thompson or Jackson, is appointed, as nobody feels particularly interested in either of them. As for the imposition of tithes, they assert that nothing can show the folly of such a supposition more plainly than the fact that few people in this poor country have ten calves, ten pigs, ten haystacks, or ten sheep; children being the only production that ever reach that ominous and taxable number. They very logically conclude, therefore, that where there is no tenth there can be no tithe. A vote of confidence in the present ministry is carried,

as a matter of course *nem. con.*, with three cheers for the Queen, three for the Province, and three for Conservatives. Happy country, where you cannot find a grievance! and happy people, where your contest is for men, and not for measures—for places, and not for theories of government!

"But there is something to be seen this evening infinitely more amusing than political jugglery, in which all sides can join good-humoredly in approving; for, here is practical jugglery, and Signor Blitz will take less money out of your pockets, and give you more satisfaction in return. He again is followed by a troop of rope dancers, ventriloquists, German and Swiss ballad-singers, giants, dwarfs, and precocious children, all of whom say they have exhibited or performed before the Queen of England, the King of France, and the Emperor of Russia. Daguerreotype men succeed, who take young ladies' likenesses; fortune tellers, who provide them husbands for sixpence; travelling jewellers, to furnish the wedding ring; tin reflector men, to bake the cake; strolling preachers to marry them; and bell ringers ready to perform at the ceremony; while picture vendors succeed, to amuse, and singing and dancing masters to teach the children. These fellows seem to have an intuitive knowledge of the wants of a new country, and to understand the rapid growth of its population, and therefore very wisely provide themselves with a stock of what may be denominated the common necessaries of life. But, in addition to those who purvey for the wants of others, there are many who require you to provide for their own. There are rebel Poles, who, when abroad, complain of tyranny at home; Italians, ruined by avalanches, who never saw the Alps; shipwrecked mariners, who have only been half-seas over; women, going to the States to join husbands they have never yet found; people burnt out, who never owned a house; and miser emigrants with more gold concealed in their rags, than would purchase the farm of the poor settler whose charity they receive and deride. . . .

"Autumn has now commenced; the days are very perceptibly shorter, and the evenings are beginning to grow too cool to sit out late in the open air. There is more of a breeze from the westward within the last fortnight, and it is more bracing and invigorating than when heated by the summer's sun. The harvest is gathered, and a few days are devoted in the country to Temperance meetings, at which the virtues of pure cold water are extolled, and aptly illustrated by copious libations of strong decoctions of hot tea and coffee. Picnics follow,

where the comparative value of generous liquors is tested and at which the fair sex, who provide and prepare the viands, are kindly permitted to attend, and listen to luminous speeches on modern philosophy, which teaches us to abandon the past, and despise the present, in the sure and certain hope that free-trade and new and untried theories of government will make us all 'healthy, wealthy and wise.' But, though the principles and politics of our forefathers are condemned 'without benefit of clergy' some of their practices are still retained. Men must assemble—when they assemble, they must talk—when they talk, they must drink (quietly, though, which means privately in unlicensed houses, for there are many things that may be done in secret, that are not expedient or proper to be done in public, in which decent catalogue drinking is now included)—and when men drink, they will run horses, they will bet. Reforms are only applicable to public officers, but not to reformers, for those who liberate others must themselves be free. Scrub races, then, (as country races of untrained or broken down, and not broken in, horses are called) must still be retained, it seems. That noisy and inebriated crowd that occupies the space where those two highways meet, and covers the fences, and throngs the doorway of that decent-looking temperance inn, to the well-feigned annoyance of its inmates and the horror of all true lovers of sobriety, is employed in arranging the details and betting on the result of a race between two farm horses. When that is ended, it will be followed by others equally interesting. In a little back room of the temperance inn, the winnings are spent in the purchase of numerous 'yards of stone wall'—a name for brandy, omitted in the License Law, which is thus evaded or defied.

"Turning in disgust from men who, while clamouring for political, neglect the more needful and valuable social reforms, we observe that there has been a slight frost near the brook that brawls down the mountain side, for there is a variegated, waving, scarflike strip of foliage extending each side of it, and marking all its devious courses with its bright colours of a thousand tints, while the leaves of the trees on the dry land have escaped this first stage of decay. In a few days, the whole scene becomes changed, and all is enveloped in a blaze of beauty. The larch rises like a cone of gold; the maple is clothed with a crimson robing, fading in the distance into changeable shades of brown; the beech presents its bright yellow leaves, gradually yielding to a strong green near the trunk, where the frost has not yet penetrated; and the birch, with its

white stem and gaudy coloring, is relieved by a pale grey tint, produced by the numerous branches of trees that have already shed their leaves, and by the rich, glowing clusters of the fruit of the ash; while the tremulous aspen grieves in alarm at the universal change around it, and timidly exposes its reversed leaf to the sun, in the vain hope of protecting it from its baleful influence. The dark and melancholy looking pines and firs defy the effects of alternate heat and cold, and, as they tower above the work of destruction, break with their pointed tops, the smooth, uniform, round outlines of the hardwood trees. It is a rich and gaudy but transitory season, for the rude southern blasts will soon tear the fluttering leaves from their stems, and the forest will again exhibit the same cold, cheerless, naked aspect, as when lately breathed upon by the first genial air of spring.

"Simultaneously with the fall of the leaf, is the departure of the Admiral and the squadron from Halifax for Bermuda. He has been there for three summers only, and he now departs to return no more. These cards for a ball on the *Centurion* are designed to conceal, under festivity, the pain of separation from friends who are doomed to part for ever—friends found too late, and lost too soon, known just long enough to be loved and lamented, and severed as soon as acquaintance has ripened into affection. The thunder of artillery from the citadel, and the responsive peal from the 'flag-ship,' like the funeral honours over the dead, close the scene between the departed and their sorrowing friends. His brief sojourn is ended—his place will soon be occupied by another, to rule, resign and pass away, like his predecessor. It is life's shortest span. It is also the season for relieving regiments. The officers, from being constantly on shore, have more opportunities of mingling intimately with the inhabitants, and consequently weave stronger ties of affection, the sudden disruption of which is attended with more pain, because more hurtful to the feelings. The Governor's term of five years has also expired, and all his civil, military and personal relations in the place are abruptly terminated, his staff dissolved, his family removed, and the palace deserted and gloomy. It is really a country of 'comers and goers.' . . .

"If the spring is short in this country, Nature has compensated us for the deficiency, by giving us a second edition of it at this season, called the 'Indian summer.' The last fortnight is restored with sunny skies, bland south-west winds and delicious weather, which has the warmth of spring without its showers, the summer sky without its heat, and autumn nights

without their frost. It is Nature's holiday—the repose of the seasons, the lingering beauty of maturity, ere the snows of age deface it forever. The savages seek their winter quarters, by ascending the lakes and rivers to the hunting ground; the sportsmen are in the fields or the woods, the farmer is busy with his plough, and the mariner hastens homeward to dismantle his vessel, and moor her securely before the approach of snow-storms. The migratory birds, too, avail themselves of this lull of the winds, and proceed on their southern journey, to avoid the wintry blasts, while every animal of the forest selects his cavern, or his den, and makes all those preparations that unerring instinct suggests for his safety or support.

"A heavy storm of rain, succeeded by a sudden shift of wind to the north-west brings winter upon us in an instant; the lakes are covered with ice, the swamps congealed into a solid mass, and the ground frozen as hard as adamant. When the wind relaxes, snow succeeds, until the whole earth is covered with it to a great depth. Everybody is abroad and in motion; the means of transport, which were suddenly suspended by the frost, are now furnished by the snow. The 'New Comers' are delighted with the novelty, and anxiously exchange runners for wheels, and leather for furs, to essay an upset, (by no means a difficult feat) and to try the speed of horses which have lost their activity with their youth, and who have already trained several generations of 'New Comers' before them. The roads are now covered with sleds, the streets with sleighs, and merry voices and merry bells proclaim that the season has arrived when nearly all the ports are closed until spring, and there can no longer be arrivals or departures—Comers or Goers."

A BUFFALO HUNT.

[Alexander Ross (1783-1856), a Scotchman by birth, settled at Red River in 1825, and served as a member of the Council and as Sheriff of Assiniboine. His *Red River Settlement*, from which the following extract is taken, is an account of the Red River Colony from its inception in 1811 to the year 1855. His description of the vicissitudes of the Colony, the disastrous industrial experiments in which the colonists engaged, and his clear, if somewhat pedestrian, pen pictures of the life of the little community, fill a book of more than four hundred pages.]

The camp occupied as much ground as a modern city, and was formed in a circle; all the carts were placed side by side, the trams outward. These are trifles, yet they are important to our subject. Within this line of circumvallation, the tents were placed in double, treble rows at one end; the animals at the other, in front of the tents. This is the order in all dangerous places; but where no danger is apprehended, the animals are kept on the outside. Thus, the carts formed a strong barrier, not only for securing the people and their animals within, but as a place of shelter and defence against an attack of the enemies without.

In 1820 the number of carts assembled here for the first trip was 540

In 1825 the number of carts assembled here for the first trip was 680.

In 1830 the number of carts assembled here for the first trip was 820.

In 1835 the number of carts assembled here for the first trip was 970.

In 1840 the number of carts assembled here for the first trip was 1210.

From this statement it is evident that the plain hunters are rapidly increasing. There is, however, another appendage belonging to the expedition, and to every expedition of the kind, which we might notice *en passant;* for the reader may be assured they are not always the least noisy. We allude to the dogs or camp followers. On the present occasion they numbered no fewer than 542; sufficient of themselves to consume no small number of animals per day, for, like their masters, they dearly relish a bit of buffalo meat. These animals are kept in summer, as they are, about the establishment of the fur traders, for their services in the winter. In deep snows, when horses cannot conveniently be used, dogs are very serviceable animals to the hunters in these parts. The half-breed, dressed in his wolf costume, tackles two or three sturdy curs into a flat sled, throws himself on it at full length, and gets among the buffalo unperceived. Here the bow and arrow play their part, to prevent noise; and here the skilful hunter kills as many as he pleases, and returns to camp without disturbing the band.

Many a curious and amusing incident occurs at buffalo hunting, one of which may be noticed by way of example. A friend of the writer's, about this time, went to enjoy a few weeks sport in the plains, and often repeated, with a comic and serious air, a scene which took place in his own presence. Some of the

hunters who were accompanying him were conveying their families across a large plain, intersected here and there with clumps of wood. When in the act of rounding one of these woody islands, a herd of buffalo suddenly burst into view, causing two dogs who were drawing a sled, on which a child and some luggage were being conveyed, to set off at full speed in pursuit, leaving the father and mother in a state of despair for the safety of their only child. The dogs soon reached the heels of the buffalo, and all were mixed pell mell together; the dogs running, the sled swinging to and fro, and the buffalo kicking. At length a bull gored one of the dogs, and his head getting entangled in the harness, went off at a gallop, carrying the dog on his horns, the other suspended by the traces, and the sled and child whirling behind him. The enraged animal ran a good half mile before he shook himself clear of the encumbrance, although pursued by a large party, by whom many shots were fired at him without effect. The state of the parents' feelings may be imagined; yet to their utter astonishment, although both dogs were killed, the child escaped unhurt.

But now to our camp again—the largest of the kind, perhaps, in the world. The first step was to hold a council for the nomination of chiefs or officers, for conducting the expedition. Ten captains were named, the senior on the occasion being Jean Baptiste Wilkie, an English half-breed, brought up among the French; a man of good sound sense and long experience, and withal a fine, bold looking and discreet fellow; a second Nimrod in his way. Besides being captain in common with the others, he was styled the great war chief or head of the camp; and on all public occasions he occupied the place of president. All articles of property found, without an owner, were carried to him, and he disposed of them by a crier, who went round the camp every evening, were it only an awl. Each captain had ten soldiers under his orders; in much the same way that policemen are subject to the magistrate. Ten guides were likewise appointed; and here we may remark that people in a rude state of society, unable either to read or write, are generally partial to the number ten. Their duties were to guide the camp, each in his turn—that is day about—during the expedition. The camp flag belongs to the guide of the day; he is, therefore, standard bearer in virtue of his office.

The hoisting of the flag every morning is the signal for raising camp. Half an hour is the full time allowed to prepare for the march; but if anyone is sick, or their animals have strayed, notice is sent to the guide, who halts till all is made

ready. From the time the flag is hoisted, however, till the hour of camping arrives, it is never taken down. The flag taken down is the signal for encamping. While it is up, the guide is chief of the expedition. Captains are subject to him, and the soldiers of the day are his messengers; he commands all. The moment the flag is lowered his functions cease, and the captains' and soldiers' duties commence. They point out the order of the camp, and every cart, as it arrives, moves to its appointed place. This business usually occupies about the same time as raising camp in the morning; for everything moves with the regularity of clockwork.

All being ready to leave Pembina, the captains and other chief men hold another council, and lay down the rules to be observed during the expedition. Those made on the present occasion were:—

1. No buffalo to be run on the Sabbath day.
2. No party to fork off, lag behind or go before without permission.
3. No person or party to run buffalo before the general order.
4. Every captain with his men, in turn, to patrol the camp and keep guard.
5. For the first trespass against these laws, the offender to have his saddle and bridle cut up.
6. For the second offence, the coat to be taken off the offender's back and cut up.
7. For the third offence, the offender to be flogged.
8. Any person convicted of theft, even to the value of a sinew, to be brought to the middle of the camp and the crier to call out his or her name three times, adding the word "thief" at each time.

Having mentioned their honesty, we might state an instance in point: Before leaving Pembina, a gentleman on his way to the States forgot, in his camping place, a tin box containing 580 sovereigns in gold, and in silver and bills the amount of £450 more. The following night, however, a half-breed named Saint Matte happened to encamp on the same spot, picked up the box, followed the gentleman a day's journey, and delivered box and contents into his hands, to the uttermost farthing, well knowing it was money.

Considering their poverty, we might well speak of Matte's conduct in the highest strains of praise. And this act might be taken as an index to the integrity of the whole body, generally speaking. This virtue is fostered among them by the

mildest means; for what have such a people to fear from a breach of the penal code. Punishments here are scarcely more than nominal; and may well suggest the question to a civilized community, whether it is always the severest punishments that have the best effect in reclaiming offenders.

On the 21st, after the priest had performed mass, (for we should have mentioned that a Roman Catholic priest generally accompanies these expeditions) the flag was unfurled, it being now six or seven o'clock in the morning. The picturesque line of march soon stretched to the length of some five or six miles, in the direction of south-west, towards Côte à Pique. At 2 p.m. the flag was struck, as a signal for resting the animals. After a short interval, it was hoisted again; and in a few minutes the whole line was in motion, and continued the route till five or six o'clock in the evening, when the flag was hauled down as a signal to encamp for the night. Distance travelled twenty miles.

As a people whose policy it is to speak and act kindly towards each other, the writer was not a little surprised to see the captains and soldiers act with so much independence and decision, not to say roughness, in the performance of their camp duties. Did any person appear slow in placing his cart, or dissatisfied with the order of the camp, he was shoved on one side *sans ceremonie*, and his cart pushed forward or backward into line in the twinkling of an eye, without a murmur being heard. But mark: the disaffected persons are not coerced into order, and made to place their carts in line themselves—the soldiers do it for them, and thus betray their lack of authority; or rather it is their policy so to do, for it would be impossible, in such cases, to proceed to extremes, as in civilized life. The moment the flag was struck it was interesting to see the rear carts hasten to close up, the lagging owners being well aware that the last to arrive must take the ground as it happens, however inconvenient. In less than twenty minutes all was in order.

The camp being formed, all the leading men, officials and others, assembled, as the general custom is, on some little rising ground or eminence outside the ring, and there squatted themselves down, tailor-like, on the grass in a sort of council, each having his gun, his smoking bag in his hand, and his pipe in his mouth. In this situation the occurrences of the day were discussed, and the line of march for the morrow agreed upon. This little meeting was full of interest; and the fact struck me very forcibly, that there is happiness and pleasure in the

society of the most illiterate men, sympathetically if not intellectually, as well as among the learned: and I must say, I found less selfishness and more liberality among those ordinary men than I had been accustomed to find in higher circles. Their conversation was free, practical and interesting; and the time passed on more agreeably than could be expected among such people, till we touched on politics.

Like the American peasantry, these people are all politicians, but of a peculiar creed, favouring a barbarous state of society and self will; for they cordially detest all the laws and restraints of civilized life, believing all men were born to be free. In their own estimation they are all great men, and wonderfully wise; and so long as they wander about on these wild and lawless expeditions, they will never become a thoroughly civilized people, nor orderly subjects in a civilized community. Feeling their own strength, from being constantly armed, and free from control, they despise all others; but above all, they are marvellously tenacious of their own original habits. They cherish freedom as they cherish life. The writer in vain rebuked them for this state of things, and endeavored to turn the current of their thoughts into a civilized channel. They are all republicans in principal, and a licentious freedom is their besetting sin.

Here for a moment I cannot avoid continuing my narrative in a personal form. Having left my friends in council, I took a stroll through the camp; and was not long there among the tents and children, before I discovered that there was a dark side to the picture. Provisions were scarce; scarcely a child I met but was crying with hunger, scarcely a family but complained they had no food. How deceiving outward appearances are! Had I judged of things by the lively conversation and cheerful countenances I saw on the little council bluff, I had been greatly deceived indeed. The state of the families in the camp revealed to me the true state of things; the one half of them were literally starving. Some I did see with a little tea, and cups and saucers, too—rather fragile ware for such a state of life—but with a few exceptions of this kind, the rest disclosed nothing but scenes of misery and want: some had a few pounds of flour; others, less fortunate, a little wheat or barley, which they singed and were glad to eat in that state. Others again had no earthly thing but what chance put in their way—a pheasant, crow, or a squirrel; and when they failed they had to go to bed supperless, or satisfy the pangs of hunger with a few wild roots, which I saw the children devour in a raw state!

A plain hunter's life is truly a dog's life—a feast or a famine. To judge of these people's circumstances, it is necessary to look a little below the surface—to see the inside of their dwellings, their wives and their children. Mixing with the men only, the false side of things is always uppermost. Their improvidence and want of forethought have become a proverb. They live by the chase, and at times wallow in abundance; but, like Indians, never provide against a bad day. Every year, every trip, sad experience teaches them this useful lesson, "In times of plenty, provide against scarcity"; but yet every year, every trip, finds them at this season in the same dilemma. Every summer they starve themselves over again going to the plains. Reason is thrown away on them. All that can be said on the subject is, that it is "their way," and it would be as easy to change their nature.

Early on the morning of the 22nd the flag was hoisted, but reports from various parts of the camp brought delay. Horses had wandered; oxen could not be found: a hundred horsemen were out in search of the missing animals; some of them during the night had returned to Pembina, and before they got back, and all the strayed animals found, many were so exhausted with fatigue that it was judged proper not to resume the march that day. So the flag was hauled down and strict orders issued for the next morning. In the then starving condition of the camp a day's delay was a serious consideration; but it was unavoidable. When animals are allowed to stray the turmoil and hallooing about the camp is deafening; and the pursuit in search of them, as well as the harassing work bringing them back again, is far more destructive to the animals on expeditions of this kind, than the regular march itself. Hence the necessity of guarding them well at night, apart from the risk they run of being stolen by the enemy when out of sight of the camp.

Of late years the field of chase has been far distant from Pembina; and the hunters do not so much as know in what direction they may find the buffalo, as these animals frequently shift their ground. It is a mere leap in the dark, whether at their outset the expedition takes the right or the wrong road, and their luck in the chase, of course, depends materially on the choice they may make. The year of our narrative they travelled a south-west or middle course; being the one generally preferred, since it leads past most of the rivers near their sources, where they are easily crossed. The

only inconvenience attending this choice is the scarcity of wood, which in a warm season is but a secondary consideration.

Not to dwell on the ordinary routine of each day's journey, it was the ninth day from Pembina before we reached the Chienne river, distant only about one hundred and fifty miles; and as yet we had not seen a single band of buffalo. On the third of July, our nineteenth day from the settlement, and at a distance of a little more than two hundred and fifty miles, we came in sight of our destined hunting ground; and on the day following, as if to celebrate the anniversary of American independence, we had our first buffalo race. Our array in the field must have been a grand and imposing one to those who had never seen the like before. No less than four hundred huntsmen, all mounted, and anxiously waiting for the word "Start!" took up their position in a line at one end of the camp, while Captain Wilkie, with his spy-glass at his eye, surveyed the buffalo, examined the ground, and issued his orders. At eight o'clock the whole cavalcade broke ground, and made for the buffalo; first at a slow trot, then at a gallop, and lastly at full speed. Their advance was over a dead level, a plain having no hollow nor shelter of any kind, to conceal their approach. We need not answer any queries as to the feeling of excitement of the camp on such an occasion. When the horsemen started the cattle might have been a mile and a half ahead; but they had approached to within four or five hundred yards before the bulls curved their tails or pawed the ground. In a moment more the herd took flight, and horse and rider are presently seen bursting in among them; shots are heard, and all is smoke, dust, and hurry. The fattest are first singled out for slaughter; and in less time than we have occupied with the description, a thousand carcasses strew the plain.

Those who have seen a squadron of horse dash into battle may imagine the scene which we have no skill to depict. The earth seemed to tremble when the horses started; but when the animals fled it was like the shock of an earthquake. The air was darkened; the rapid firing at first, soon became more and more faint, and at last died away in the distance. Two hours, and all was over; but several hours more elapsed before the result was known, or the hunters reassembled; and who is he so devoid of feeling and curiosity, that could not listen with interest to a detail of the perilous adventure.

The moment the animals took to flight the best runners darted forward in advance. At this moment a good horse is invaluable to his owner; for out of four hundred on this occa-

sion not above fifty got the first chance of the fat cows. A good horse and experienced rider will select and kill from ten to twelve animals at one heat, while inferior horses are contented with two or three; but much depends on the nature of the ground. On this occasion, the surface was rocky and full of badger holes. Twenty-three horses and riders were at one moment all sprawling upon the ground; one horse, gored by a bull, was killed on the spot, two more disabled by the fall. One rider broke his shoulder blade; another burst his gun, and lost three of his fingers by the accident; and a third was struck on the knee by an exhausted bullet. These accidents will not be thought over numerous, considering the result; for in the evening no less than 1,375 tongues were brought into camp.

The rider of a good horse seldom fires till within three or four yards of his object, and never misses; and, what is admirable in point of training, the moment the shot is fired, his steed springs to one side to avoid stumbling over the animal; whereas an awkward and shy horse will not approach within ten or fifteen yards, consequently the rider has often to fire at random, and not infrequently misses; many of them, however, will fire at double that distance, and make sure of every shot. The mouth is always full of balls; they load and fire at the gallop; and but seldom drop a mark, although some do, to designate the animal.

When the runners leave the camp, the carts prepare to follow to bring in the meat. The carters have a bewildering task to perform; they have to make their way through a forest of carcasses, till each finds out his own. The pursuit is no sooner over than the hunter, with coat off and shirt sleeves tucked up, commences skinning and cutting up the meat, with the knife in one hand, the bridle hanging in the other, and the loaded gun close by, he from time to time casts a wistful look around, to see that no lurking enemy is at hand watching for the opportunity to take a scalp. The hunter's work is now retrograde; the last animal killed is the first skinned, and night not infrequently surprises him at his work; what then remains is lost, and falls to the wolves; hundreds of animals are sometimes abandoned, for even a thunder storm in one hour will render the meat useless. The day of a race is as fatiguing for the hunter as the horse; but the meat once in camp he enjoys the very luxury of idleness. Then the task of the women begins, who do all the rest; and what with skins and meat and fat, their duty is a most laborious one.

We have stated that when skinning the animals late, or at a distance, the hunters often run great risks. Many narrow escapes are reported on such occasions. It was while occupied on this duty, in an unfortunate moment, that Louison Vallé, as already noticed, lost his life by some lurking Sioux, who had concealed themselves among the long grass. Vallé had his son, a young boy, with him, who at the time happened to be upon his father's horse, keeping a look-out. At the critical moment, he had shifted his ground a few yards, and the enemy rushing in upon him suddenly, he had just time to call out to the boy, "Make for the camp, make for the camp!" and instantly fell under a shower of arrows. But the deed was not long unrevenged. The boy got to the camp, the alarm was given, and ten half-breeds, mounting their horses, overtook the murderers in less than an hour. The Sioux were twelve in number; four got into the bushes, but the other eight were overtaken and shot down like beasts of prey. One of the half-breeds had a narrow escape, an arrow passing between his shirt and skin; the others got off scot free, and all returned to the camp in safety.

Buffalo hunting is called a sport, but the most miraculous of hairbreadth escapes sometimes occur, while at others no escape is possible: the hunter getting alongside an enraged animal, it makes a sudden thrust sideways, goring the horse, and occasionally kills the rider. It is with buffalo as with rabbits, whether from the situation of the eyes or some other cause, they see better sideways than straight forward. The writer was one of a party once, running buffalo, and while making our way through a herd, looking here and there, as the custom is, for the fattest animal before firing, a bull, hard pressed, turned suddenly round on one of my companions, who happened to be near me at the time. To avoid the thrust in this dilemma, the horse made also a sudden start to one side, when the saddle girth gave way, and the rider, saddle and all, were left between the bull's horns, which so surprised the sturdy brute, that with one toss of his head he threw the man high up in the air. Strange to relate, he fell on another bull passing a few yards off, and yet escaped with the fright alone, having received no other injury.

This class, in the whole tenor of their lives, resemble the chamois hunters of the Alps—those, at least, of former days. "It is the chase itself which attracts these people, more than the value of the prey; it is the attraction of hope and fear—the continual excitement—the very dangers themselves which

render the chamois hunters indifferent to all other pleasures. The very few individuals who grow old in this trade, bear on their countenances the traces of the life which they have led. They have a wild and somewhat haggard and desperate air, by which they may be recognized in the middle of a crowd." It is so with the buffalo hunter; he encounters many dangers, so that his physical powers are often put to the severest trials; but it has been said, and with truth, "that there are few things beyond the reach of human energy."

A chamois hunter, vaunting of his love for the chase, said one day to Saussure, the naturalist: "My grandfather was killed in the chase of the chamois; my father was killed also; and I am so certain that I shall be killed myself, that I call this bag, which I always carry hunting, my winding sheet. I am sure that I shall have no other; and yet if you were to offer to make my fortune upon the condition that I should renounce the chase of the chamois, I should refuse your kindness." This too, is precisely the case with the hunters of the buffalo. There is no earthly consideration would make them relinquish the pursuit. They see the steady and industrious farmer indulge in every necessary and luxury of life, without risk, happy and contented; they may even envy his lot and acknowledge their own poverty; and yet, so strong is their love for the uncertain pursuit of buffalo hunting, that when the season arrives, they sacrifice every other consideration in order to indulge in this savage habit. Wedded to it from their infancy, they find no pleasure in anything else. Of all the operations which mark the hunter's life, and are essential to his ultimate success, the most perplexing, perhaps, is that of finding out and identifying the animals he kills in a race. Imagine four hundred horsemen entering at full speed a herd of some thousands of buffalo, all in rapid motion. Riders in clouds of dust and volumes of smoke, which darken the air, crossing and recrossing each other in every direction; shots on the right, on the left, behind, before, here, there, two, three, a dozen at a time; everywhere in close succession at the same moment. Horses stumbling, riders falling, dead and wounded animals tumbled here and there, one over the other; and this zig-zag and bewildering mêlée continued over an hour or more together in wild confusion; and yet, from practice, so keen is the eye, so correct the judgment of the hunter, and so discriminating his memory, that after getting to the end of the race, he can not only tell the number of animals he had shot down, but the position in which each lies—on the right or on the left side—the

spot where the shot hit and the direction of the ball; and also retrace his way step by step, through the whole race, and recognize any animal he had the fortune to kill, without the least hesitation or difficulty. To define how this is accomplished bewilders the imagination. To unriddle the Chinese puzzles, to square the circle, or even to find out the perpetual motion, seems scarcely more puzzling to the stranger, than that of a hunter finding out his own animals in a buffalo race.

The writer asked one of the hunters how it was possible that each could know his own animal in such a mélange? He answered by putting a question remarkable for its appropriate ingenuity. "Suppose," said he, "that four hundred learned persons all wrote words here and there upon the same sheet of paper, would not the fact be that each scholar would point out his own writing?" It is true that practice makes perfect: but with all the perfection experience can give, much praise is due to the discriminating knowledge of these people; quarrels being rare indeed among them on such occasions.

When the buffalo are very numerous, as was the case this year, they run several times in succession, and then a day or two is set apart for drying and manufacturing the provisions, which is done on low stages by the heat of the sun. All provisions, however, keep the better if made a little crispy with the heat of the fire. In the early part of the season the bulls are fat and the cows lean; but in the autumn the case is the reverse, the bulls are lean and the cows fat. A bull in good condition will yield forty-five pounds of clean rendered tallow; cows, when in good order, will produce, on an average, thirty-five pounds. The flesh and bones, however, boiled down and consumed, will yield fully double that quantity.

A word of advice will not be deemed out of place here, perhaps. On every expedition of this kind, we would recommend a race given gratis, for the benefit of the poor and helpless, for they are often many. The half-breeds need only be told this duty, and they will cheerfully do it, for they are in general a kind and generous people. During a summer expedition an average number of general races—that is, the whole hunters to run at once—may be about ten or twelve; but there are many small or sectional races. When the buffalo are in small bands, only a few horses run in turn; these should be left for the poorer party, who have but indifferent horse; but this is not the case. Although the half-breeds are generous, yet their vanity is greater than their generosity; were only ten to run, those ten would be the best horses. Their regulations do not

always guard against injustice. A feeling for the poor of their own people is often overlooked; hence they not infrequently turn back as empty as they went.

Every movement, according to the existing system, is exceedingly well regulated; but the system is altogether a bad one and far from producing that profitable result which a well regulated business under proper management might do. How many of these people had a kettle to melt their fat in? For want of this simple and cheap article much of it was lost. They had even to borrow axes, knives and awls from each other, for the duties of the camp, and after the first week many of them had scarcely a ball to put in their guns, except what might be required for self-defence. There is a manifest conflict of want and waste in all their arrangements. As a proof of the most profligate waste of animals, after all their starving we might mention, that during the first and second races it was calculated that not less than 2,500 animals had been killed, and out of that number only 375 bags of pemmican and 240 bales of dried meat were made! Now, making all due allowance for waste, 750 animals would have been ample for such a result. What, then, we may ask, became of the remaining 1,750? Surely the 1,630 mouths, starving as they had been for the month before (not forgetting a due allowance for the dogs) never consumed that quantity of beef in the short space of four or five days! The food, in short, was wasted; and this is only a fair example of the manner in which the plain business is carried on under the present system. Scarcely one-third of the animals killed is turned to account.

DEEP SEA FISHING

[Frederick William Wallace, who was born in Scotland in 1886, came to Canada with his parents in 1904. He is known as Secretary of the Canadian Fisheries Association and as a writer on matters pertaining to the deep sea fisheries. His intimate knowledge of the life of the fisherman at sea and on shore makes his novel *Blue Water* a convincing document.

The characters of *Blue Water* says the author, "are drawn from life and are by no means extraordinary of their class", and the incidents are "common to the lot of the deep sea fisherman of the Atlantic Coast". It is Mr. Wallace's close observation, his use of ordinary men and incidents that give *Blue Water* its air of reality. While separate incidents have the racy spirit and rapid movement of

the old-time sea yarn, the novel as a whole is the leisurely and fully-told story of a young Nova Scotian, Shorty Westhaver, who serves his apprenticeship on the Bay of Fundy, and later joins a crew of Nova Scotian fishermen sailing from Gloucester in Massachusetts. Shorty becomes successively skipper, owner of a vessel, and partner in the Long Cove Fish Company in his native town.]

1. SHORTY PILOTS A BARQUE INTO ANCHORVILLE HARBOUR

It was getting along towards Christmas when, on a cold, dull December morning when the frost mist was obscuring the Bay, Shorty spied from his bedroom window an occasional vista of a large ballast-laden barque beating up and down the Bay. It was blowing a fresh breeze, hazy, and with the prospect of wind and rain or snow before nightfall, and the boy speculated upon the vessel's probable destination and the reason for her standing off and on. After breakfast he met Lem and both strolled down to the wharf to see Long Dick or Jud Morrell, but as both had made an early set they were at home in bed. It was beginning to snow a little by now, and Shorty caught sight of the windjammer standing very close inshore.

"Lem," he said suddenly, "I cal'late that craft's tryin' t' git inter Anchorville Bay, and she's a-waitin' for a pilot."

"What about it?" queried the other, sensing something.

"Waal, I was thinkin'. What's t' hinder you an' me takin' her in? I know the channel, an' I reckon ef we jest take Long Dick's dory we'll be aboard of her in twenty minutes."

Lem shook his head. "Kinder rough lookin', Shorty," he demurred. "How're we a-goin' t' git back?"

Shortly was pushing the dory off. "We kin git back all right. Come round in th' packet and tow th' dory. There's twenty dollars in this bit o' work. Come on, tumble in."

Reluctantly Lem helped get the boat off the beach, and, shipping the oars, the boys pulled out from the lee of the wharf and swashed over the cresting combers in the direction of the vessel.

It was very cold, but the boys soon began to perspire with their exertions at the oars, and as they pulled the dory over the miniature hill and dale of sea, Lem was panting and gasping for breath.

"Keep it up, Lem," cried Shorty cheerfully. "She's stoppin' for us. Ten minutes more an' we'll git aboard."

Under the impression that a pilot boat was coming out the barque had backed her maintopsail and a mile off shore was rolling her rust-streaked hull in the short Fundy seas. Under her stern went the boys, and the swart-visaged officer on the vessel's poop made a gesture of annoyance when he saw that the supposed pilot-boat contained but two curious boys.

"She's a Dago," surmised Shorty, as they read the name on her counter. "*Stellora Carmello* of Genova—that's what it reads." Then hailing the officer on the poop above him—"Hey! want—a—pilot—for—Anchorville?"

The officer nodded. "*Si! Piloto*—Anchorville. Yaas, Pilot."

Lem hove up the dory painter and a seaman grasped it, while another lowered a Jacob's ladder over the vessel's rusty iron sides.

"Up you go, Lem," cried Shorty, and jumping out of the dory, they soon threw their legs over the barque's top-gallant rail and landed on her grimy decks. Up to the poop strode Shorty, and the officer who had first hailed them shouted in rapid Italian to someone below deck. In a moment, a stout, black-bearded man appeared, and by his self-conscious air, Shorty deduced that he was the captain.

"*Per la vita mia!*" he cried on beholding the boys. "*Il piloto di Anchorville? Caramba! Ella scherza, signor!*"

The officer turned to Shorty. "You able *pilota* dis—a ship—a Anchorville?"

"Sure thing," replied Shorty confidently.

The captain shrugged his shoulders. "*Ne dubito*," he said, but young Westhaver started to take charge.

"Get her a-goin' agen," he said to the officer, who appeared to understand English, and the man bawled a gabble of orders to the shivering mob of Latins cowering under the shelter of the weather rail. The maintopsail was swung and the barque gathered way.

The man at the wheel was a stupid-looking Italian, hardly able to understand his own language, and the amateur pilot motioned for the English-speaking officer to take it himself. This was done; the helmsman shambled forward, while Lem and Shorty hovered around the wheel swinging their arms to keep warm.

"Cal'late you've taken on a job," muttered Lem dismally. "See'n don't pile her up, or that skipper'll hang us to the gaft, sure!"

"Leave it t' me," growled his chum. "I c'd sail a schooner in,

an' I cal'late steerin's th' same in all kinds o' craft. Gee! Aint this a big vessel. I wish Uncle Jerry c'd see me now!"

"Snow's comin' away harder," croaked Lem. "Looks as ef we were a-goin' t' git a blow. Where'll ye take this feller?"

"To th' ballast ground, I cal'late. He'll be for loadin' lumber at Anchorville Mills, but they gen'ly hev to heave out their ballast afore they go alongside th' dock. Geehosophat! It cert'nly is snowin', but thar's Nub Head yonder. We'll put her square afore it an' run for th' Sound in a spell."

It was snowing very hard by now, and the rocky coast to leeward was almost blotted out. The barque was under double topsails, lower staysails and spanker, and the wind was coming in puffs which heeled her well over.

"Cal'late she's abreast o' th' Upper Head naow," cried Shorty confidently, then to the officer at the wheel he cried, "Up helm, sir. Let her run in." The officer, who later proved to be the mate, nodded in comprehension, and before spoking the wheel over, he sung out to the captain, who was pacing excitedly back and forth across the poop,

"*Come commanda!*" the latter ejaculated, with another hopeless gesture, and striding to the rail, he spat out a volley of orders. The yards were squared, and bowing and curtseying as she swung off before the wind, the barque forged ahead for the narrow entrance to Anchorville Bay.

"*E un tempo orribile.*" remarked the captain to Shorty with a shudder.

"I'll take your word for it," replied Westhaver with a grin. "What's he a-sayin', sir?"

The mate elucidated. "The ol' fool saya disa bad weather. He ver' frighten. Dam' fool."

Shorty laughed. Such remarks about a superior in his presence seemed particularly humorous.

"There's the fairway buoy, Shorty," cried Lem suddenly, as out of the snow-mist came the dismal tolling of a bell. In a minute they spied it on the port bow.

"Steady," commanded Westhaver.

"Steady, *signore!*" repeated the mate.

The buoy seemed to come rapidly towards them, and when it rolled into the mist astern, Shorty spoke again.

"Starboard your helm!"

"Sta-boarda it ees, *Signore!*" And the mate hauled the spokes over and chattered orders at the same time.

"Steady!"

"Steady, *signore!*"

At this point they had to stand in very close to the shore by the Upper Anchorville Head, and Shorty began to realize the responsibility of his position. The tide was running in very strong, but off the Head there was a rip which could always be depended upon to knock a vessel off, especially with a flood tide. On the wings of the breeze they drove in for the land—Shorty gauging his distance by the mournful hoot of the Upper Head fog alarm—and then the thickness lifted to reveal the surf-washed rocks of the Head rising a scant half mile in front of them.

The Italian skipper gave a howl, and rushed to the wheel. Shorty saw him, and guessing the reason for his fright, yelled to the mate: "Keep him away, sir. It's all right—plenty of water here. Keep her steady, for Heaven's sake, or we'll go on the Man-of-War."

With a contemptuous push, the officer kept his superior away and snarled: "*Tacete!*"—(Be quiet).

Waving his arms dramatically and sputtering "*Misericordias!*" and "*Sono perdutos!*" between the rapid fire of Italian he was launching at the phlegmatic mate, the fat skipper danced all around his quarter deck firmly convinced that Shorty was running his vessel on the rocks. Lem enjoyed the sight immensely, and sat upon the broad poop rail laughing derisively at the shipmaster's antics.

The rocks were coming close aboard by now, and Shorty raised his hand.

"Hard a port!" he yelled, and at the same moment the vessel's way was perceptibly checked as the tide-rip deflected from the rocks, caught her on the port bow. Round came the lumbering vessel and the yards were braced just off the backstays for a stretch on the port tack. The rocks vanished again, the hoot of the fog whistle died away, and the little skipper mopped the perspiration off his swarthy forehead.

"*Che fortuna*—(What luck)!" he exclaimed, while the mate regarded him with a look of ill-concealed contempt.

"Stand by to let go your anchor!" cried Westhaver, and the mate translated the order. The sea was comparatively smooth now, and though the snow veiled everything from sight, yet the boys knew they had fetched well inside the Bay.

"See the can buoy on th' ballast ground?"

Lem was half way up the mizzen rigging looking for it.

"Yep! thar' she is!" he cried, and catching sight of it well to port, the pseudo-pilot passed the word to the officer.

"All right, sir. Round her up right here an' let go yer hook! You're all right now!"

The tatterdemalian shellbacks congregated on the foc'sle head, the cock-billed anchor was dropped from the cathead and swung free from the hawse, and as the jibs and foretopmast staysails were hauled down the vessel shot up into the wind; and when she began to make sternway with the wind in the backed topsails and the push of the flood tide, the anchor dived for the bottom with a thundering roar of rusty chain.

II. SHORTY LEARNS HIS TRADE

The Captain remained in Long Cove until August and Shorty went with Long Dick in the dory. Though he had been out often before, yet this time it was different. He was through school now, and working for his living, and things began to appear in a different light. There is a mighty difference between hauling a trawl for fun and hauling it day after day in all kinds of weather for a living.

He had to turn out at all hours, according to the state of the tide, and with Long Dick he cut herring bait, and baited up his tub of three hundred fathom trawl with its seven hundred gangins and hooks. Then they launched their dory, and, sailing or pulling, they made their sets from two to three miles offshore. Long Dick generally did the rowing while Shorty hove the baited trawl into the water in whirling coils after the end line had been anchored to the bottom. When the set of two or three tubs had been made they hung on to their dory anchor and Shorty reverently produced *Omoo* or *Two years before the Mast*, from the pocket of his coat and read aloud to Long Dick, lazily smoking and listening in the bow of the boat.

After a spell of twenty to forty minutes, Long Dick would regretfully buckle on his broad leather belt, and, slipping the woollen nippers over his hands, proceed to get the anchor up and haul in the lengthy trawl. Shorty, as a rule, coiled down the line as Dick hove it in, and in silence, broken only by the schloop and flop of the hake and pollock whirled into the dory bottom and the vicious slats on the dory gunwale when the fishermen knocked the dogfish and sculpins off the hooks, they hauled and coiled and collected the harvest of the sea. When the gear had been hauled they made for the shore, and, pitching out their fish on the wharf, wheeled it to the shed where they dressed and cleaned them.

Some of their fares were bought by Jud Morrell or Zeke Ring, who salted and dried them, and afterwards sold them to a big fish company in Anchorville; and sometimes, when the wind was fair and prices right, they ran the dory right to Anchorville and sold their fish fresh and direct to the company.

Thus the summer passed. Mornings when Shorty saw the sun rising over the pine-clad hills to the eastward while he was toiling with Long Dick out on the waters of the Bay. Days of oily calm when Fundy's waters stretched like a mirror of glass along the western horizon and the blazing sun was reflected in them and scorched the faces of the fishermen to an Indian bronze; when the lumber and gypsum ships from the Basin of Minas and Chebucto Bay lay rolling in the swells with chafing sails and creaking yards, and the trawlers sweated as they hauled the squirming fish over the roller. And the evenings! Were there ever such as those on the Bay shore? When the whole western sky radiated flame, when the sun dropped like a blood-red ball beneath the silent sea, and the lisping waters stretched before the Cove like a vast sheet of molten metal. And behind, the gaunt spruces reared their greenery tinged to a sanguinary gold in the westering sun, the shadows deepened in the thickets or stretched inky black across the sward, and the window-panes of the houses glowed in lambent fire from the reflection of the sunset. Gradually the light faded, and the soft azure of the night replaced the yellow and purple of the short twilight, and the stars twinkled overhead in myriads and danced in the reflecting pool of the quiet sea. Occasionally a porpoise would break water, and the noise would come rolling in like the splashings of mermaids in a hidden rock-pool, while ever and anon on those wind-free nights the sonorous clang of some big ship's bell marking off the hours could be heard vibrating on the drowsy air.

There were other days too, and every bit as grand, when under a strong breeze, sunshine, and fleecy clouds the Fundy combers would race in foam-laced battalions and burst in acres of white water upon the rock-girt shore. These were the days when the big ships whirled down the Bay in all their pride of billowy canvas; when, with topgallantsails and royals drawing, they careened to the breeze and displayed their lumber-laden decks with lee water sluicing over the high to'gallant rail. Many a time Shorty watched them as they passed him in the dory, and as they stormed along he sighed for the romance of blue water and the storied lands to which they were bound.

The fall fitting-out season came in due time. The haying was over once more, and the men began to get ready to join their vessels. Shorty had put in a good summer with Long Dick, and though he was hardly big enough or strong enough to do his full share in a dory, yet he "was worth his salt," as Long Dick expressed it. He could rig the trawl gear, hitch gangins, and hook up as nimbly as the most expert, as well as bait and overhaul the lines after a set. For his size and weight he handled a dory as good as the best, and could take his stand at the dress tables, and "dress down" either as a throater, gutter, or splitter.

"Now, son," said Dick, "you can go a-bankin' naow as good as any o' them. I've larned ye all I know 'cept sailin' a vessel an' findin' fish. Ye kin splice and knot; ye kin rig trawl gear an' make tubs outer flour bar'ls; ye kin rig a buoy kag in proper Bank fashion an' heave a trawl 'thout snarlin' it all up. Ye kin hook and bait up, overhaul and comb, throat, gut an' split like any ol' shacker, an' all ye've got to learn now in th' fishin' line is to stand in the bow an' haul a four-tub set on a hard bottom, snarled up an' tide settin' agin ye; git adrift for a week in a dory with nawthin' to eat; swear in three langwidges—Portygee, Judique, and T Dock Irish; an' pick up a skipper what is a high-liner. When ye kin do that, ye're a blooded Banker an' ready to become a second Clayton Morrissey. You git along with yer uncle for a spell an' I'll guarantee ye'll be runnin' a vessel o' yer own afore ye're a man's age."

At supper that night his uncle spoke the long-hoped-for words. "Frank, git yer duds ready. Ye'll ship as spare hand with me this fall." And Shorty felt that he had at last crossed the Rubicon of his dearest desire.

WITH THE LUMBERMEN (QUEBEC)

[Edward William Thomson, born in Ontario in 1849, has had a varied career as journalist and author. His best known volume, *Old Man Savarin and Other Stories* (1895), is notable for the firm construction of its tales. In the well-knit narrative entitled "Dour Davie's Drive", the author has given an effective picture of the stern endurance with which a young Scotch teamster faces a cruel accident in a remote lumber camp. The central figure is clearly focused by the swift and orderly movement of the story.]

DOUR DAVIE'S DRIVE

Pinnager was on snow-shoes, making a bee-line towards his field of saw-logs dark on the ice of Wolverine River. He crossed shanty roads, trod heaps of brush, forced his way through the tops of felled pines, jumped from little crags into seven feet of snow—Pinnager's men called him " a terror on snow-shoes." They never knew the direction from which he might come—an ignorance which kept them all busy with axe, saw, cant-hook and horses over the two square miles of forest comprising his "cut."

It was "make or break" with Pinnager. He had contracted to put on the ice all the logs he might make; for every one left in the woods he must pay stumpage and forfeit. Now his axemen had done such wonders that Pinnager's difficulty was to get his logs hauled out.

Teams were scarce that winter. The shanty was eighty miles from any settlement; ordinary teamsters were not eager to work for a small speculative jobber, who might or might not be able to pay in the spring. But Pinnager had some extraordinary teamsters, sons of farmers who neighboured him at home, and who were sure he would pay them, though he should have to mortgage his land.

The time was late February; seven feet of snow, crusted, on the level; a thaw might turn the whole forest floor to slush; but if the weather should "hold hard" for six weeks longer, Pinnager might make and not break. Yet the chances were heavily against him.

Any jobber so situated would feel vexed on hearing that one of his best teams had suddenly been taken out of his service. Pinnager, crossing a shanty road with the stride of a moose, was hailed by Jamie Stewart with the news:

"Hey, boss, hold on! Davie McAndrews' leg's broke. His load slewed at the side hill,—log catched him against a tree."

"Where is he?" shouted Pinnager furiously.

"Carried him to shanty."

"Where are his horses?"

"Stable."

"Tell Aleck Dunbar to go get them out. He must take Davie's place—confound the lad's carelessness!"

"Davie says no; won't let any other man drive his horses."

"He won't? I'll show him!" and Pinnager made a bee-line for his shanty. He was choking with rage, all the more so because he knew that nothing short of breaking Davie Mc-

Andrews' neck would break Davie McAndrews' stubborness, a reflection that cooled Pinnager before he reached the shanty.

The cook was busy about the caboose fire, getting supper for fifty-three devourers, when Pinnager entered the low door and made straight for one of the double tier of dingy bunks. There lay a youth of eighteen, with an unusual pallor on his weather-beaten face, and more than the usual sternness about his formidable jaw.

"What's all this, Davie? You sure the leg's broke? I'd 'a thought you old enough to take care."

"You would?" said Davie grimly. "And yourself not old enough to have yon piece of road mended—you that was so often told about it!"

"When you knew it was bad, the more you should take care."

"And that's true, Pinnager. But no use you an' me choppin' words. I'm needing a doctor's hands on me. Can you set a bone?"

"No, I'll not meddle with it. Maybe Jock Scott can; but I'll send you out home. A fine loss I'll be at! Confound it—and me like to break for want of teams."

"I've thocht o' yer case, Pinnager," said Davie, with a curious judicial air. "It's sore hard for ye; I ken that well. There's me and me feyther's horses gawn off, and you countin' on us. I feel for ye, so I do. But I'll not put you to any loss in sendin' me out."

"Was you thinking to tough it through here, Davie? No, you'll not chance it. Anyway, the loss would be the same—more, too. Why, if I send out for the doctor, there's a team off for full five days, and the expense of the doctor! Then he mightn't come. Wow, no! it's out you must go."

"What else?" said Davie, coolly. "Would I lie here till spring and my leg mendin' into the Lord kens what-like shape? Would I be lettin' ony ither drive the horses my feyther entrusted to my lone? Would I be dependin' on Mr. Pinnager for keep, and me idle? Man, I'd eat the horses' head off that way; at home they'd be profit to my feyther. So it's me and them that starts at gray the morn's morn."

"Alone!" exclaimed Pinnager.

"Just that, man. What for no?"

"You're light-headed, Davie. A lad with his leg broke can't drive three days."

"Maybe yes and maybe no. I'm for it, onyhow."

"It may snow, it may—"

"Aye, or rain, or thaw, or hail; the Lord's no in the habit o'

makin' weather suit ony but himsel'. But I'm gawn; the cost of a man wi' me would eat the wages ye're owing my feyther."

"I'll lose his team anyhow," said Pinnager, "and me needing it bad. A driver with you could bring back the horses."

"Nay, my feyther will trust his beasts to nane but himsel' or his sons. But I'll have yer case in mind, Pinnager; it's a sore needcessity you're in. I'll ask my feyther to send back the team, and another to the tail of it; it's like that Tam and Neil will be home by now. And I'll spread word how you're needin' teams, Pinnager; it's like yer neighbours will send ye in sax or eight spans."

"Man, that's a grand notion, Davie! But you can't go alone; it's clean impossible."

"I'm gawn, Pinnager."

"You can't turn out in seven feet of snow when you meet loading. You can't water or feed your horses. There's forty miles the second day, and never a stopping-place; your horses can't stand it."

"I'm wae for the beasts, Pinnager; but they'll have no force but to travel dry and hungry if that's set for them."

"You're bound to go?"

"Div' you tak' me for an idjit to be talkin' and no meanin' it? Off wi' ye, man! The leg's no exactly a comfort when I'm talkin'."

"Why, Davie, it must be hurting you terrible!" Pinnager had almost forgotten the broken leg, such was Davie's composure.

"It's no exactly a comfort, I said. Get you gone, Pinnager; your men may be idlin'. Get you gone and send in Jock Scott, if he's man enough to handle my leg. I'm wearyin' just now for my ain company."

As Davie had made his programme, so it stood. His will was inflexible to protests. Next morning at dawn they set him on a hay-bed in his low, unboxed sleigh. A bag of oats supported his back; his unhurt leg was braced against a piece of plank spiked down. Jock Scott had pulled the broken bones into what he thought their place, and tied that leg up in splints of cedar.

The sleigh was enclosed by stakes, four on each side, all tied together by stout rope. The stake at Davie's right hand was shortened that he might hang his reins there. His water-bucket was tied to another stake, and his bag of provisions to a third. He was warm in a coonskin coat, and four pairs of blankets under or over him.

At the last moment Pinnager protested: "I must send a man to drive. It shan't cost you a cent, Davie."

"Thank you kindly, Pinnager," said Davie gravely. "I'll tell that to your credit at the settlement. But ye're needin' all your help, and I'd take shame to worsen your chances. My feyther's horses need no drivin' but my word."

Indeed, they would "gee," "haw," or "whoa" like oxen, and loved his voice. Round barrelled, deep-breathed, hardy, sure-footed, active, gentle, enduring, brave, and used to the exigencies of "bush roads" they would take him through safely, if horses' wit could.

Davie had uttered never a groan after those involuntary ones forced from him when the log, driving his leg against a tree, had made him almost unconscious. But the pain-sweat stood beaded on his face during the torture of carrying him to the sleigh. Not a sound from his lips, though! They could guess his sufferings from naught but his hard breathing through the nose, that horrible sweat, and the iron set of his jaw. After they had placed him, the duller agony that had kept him awake all night returned; he smiled grimly, and said: "That's a comfort."

He had eaten and drunk heartily; he seemed strong still; but what if his sleigh should turn over at some sidling place of the rude, lonely, and hilly forest road?

As Davie chirruped to his horses and was off, the men gave him a cheer; then Pinnager and all went away to labour fit for mighty men, and the swinging of axes and the crushing of huge pines and the tumbling of logs from rollways left them fancy-free to wonder how Davie could ever brace himself to save his broken leg at the *cahots*.

The terrible *cahots*—plunges in snow roads! But for them Davie would have suffered little more than in a shanty bunk. The track was mostly two smooth ruts separated by a ridge so high and hard that the sleigh bottom often slid on it. Horses less sure-footed would have staggered much, and bitten crossly at one another while trotting in those deep, narrow ruts, but Davie's horses kept their "jog" amiably, tossing their heads with glee to be travelling toward home.

The clink of trace-chains, the clack of harness, the glide of runners on the hard, dry snow, the snorting of the frosty-nosed team, the long whirring of startled grouse—Davie heard only these sounds, and heard them dreamily in the long, smooth flights between *cahots*.

Overhead the pine tops were a dark canopy with little fields of clear blue seen through the rifts of green; on the forest floor small firs bent under rounding weights of snow which often slid off as if moved by the stir of partridge wings; the fine tracery of hemlocks stood clean; and birches snuggled in snow that mingled with their curling rags. Sometimes a breeze eddied downward in the aisles, and then all the undergrowth was a silent commotion of snow, shaken and falling. Davie's eyes noted all things unconsciously; in spite of his pain he felt the enchantment of the winter woods until—another *cahot!* he called his team to walk.

Never was one *cahot* without many in succession; he gripped his stake hard at each, braced his sound leg and held on, feeling like to die with the horrible thrust of the broken one forward and then back; yet always his will ordered his desperate senses.

Eleven o'clock! Davie drew up before the half-breed Peter Whiteduck's mid-wood stopping-place, and briefly explained his situation.

"Give my horses a feed," he went on. "There's oats in this bag. I'll no be moved mysel'. Maybe you'll fetch me a tin of tea; I've got my own provisions." So he ate and drank in the zero weather.

"You'll took lil' drink of whiskey," said Peter, with commiseration, as Davie was starting away.

"I don't use it."

"You'll got need for some before you'll see de Widow Green place. Dass twenty-three mile."

"I will need it then," said Davie, and was away.

Evening had closed in when the bunch of teamsters awaiting supper at Widow Green's rude inn heard sleigh-bells, and soon a shout outside:

"Come out, someone!"

That was an insolence in the teamsters' code. Come out, indeed! The Widow Green, bustling about with fried pork, felt outraged. To be called out!—of her own house!—like a dog!—not she!

"Come out here, somebody!" Davie shouted again.

"G'out and break his head one of you," said fighting Moses Frost. "To be shoutin' like a lord!" Moses was too great a personage to go out and wreak vengeance on an unknown.

Narcisse Larocque went—to thrash anybody would be glory for Narcisse, and he felt sure that Moses would not, in these circumstances, let anybody thrash him.

"What for you shout lak' dat. Call mans hout, hey?" said Narcisse. "I'll got good mind for broke your head, me"

"Hi, there, men!" Davie ignored Narcisse, as he saw figures through the open door. "Some white man come out. My leg's broke."

Oh, then the up-jumping of big men! Moses, striding forth, ruthlessly shoved Narcisse, who lay and cowered with legs up as a dog trying to placate an angry master. Then Moses carried Davie in as gently as if the young stalwart had been a girl baby, and laid him on the widow's one spare bed.

That night Davie slept soundly for four hours, and woke to consciousness that his leg was greatly swollen. He made no moan, but lay in the darkness listening to the heavy breathing of the teamsters on the floor. They could do nothing for him; why should he awaken them? As for pitying himself, Davie could do nothing so fruitless. He fell to plans for getting teams in to Pinnager, for this young Scott's practical mind was horrified at the thought that the man should fail financially when ten horses might give him a fine profit for his winter's work.

Davie was away at dawn, every slight jolt giving his swollen leg pain almost unendurable, as if edges of living bone were grinding together and also tearing cavities in the living flesh; but he must endure it, and well, too, for the teamsters had warned him he must meet "strings o' loading'" this day.

The rule of the long, one-tracked road into the wilderness is, of course, that empty outgoing sleighs shall turn out for incoming laden ones. Turn out into seven feet of snow! Davie trusted that incoming teamsters would handle his floundering horses, and he set his mind to plan how they might save him from tumbling about on his turned out-sleigh.

About nine o'clock, on a winding road, he called "Whoa!" and his bays stood. A sleigh piled with baled hay confronted him thirty yards distant. Four others followed closely; the load drawn by the sixth team was hidden by the woodland curve. No teamsters were visible; they must be walking behind the procession; and Davie wasted no strength in shouting. On came the laden teams, till the steam of the leaders mingled with the clouds blown by his bays. At that halt, angry teamsters, yelling, ran forward and sprang one by one, up on their loads, the last to grasp reins being the leading driver.

"Turn out, you fool!" he shouted. Then to his comrades behind, "There's a blamed idyit don't know enough to turn out for loading!"

Davie said nothing. It was not until one angry man was at his horses' heads and two more about to tumble his sleigh aside that he spoke.

"My leg is broke!"

"Gah! G'way! A man driving with his leg broke! You're lying! Come, get out and tramp down snow for your horses! It's your back ought to be broke—stopping loadin'!"

"My leg is broke," Davie calmly insisted.

"You mean it?"

Davie threw off his blankets.

"Begor, it is broke!" "And him drivin' himself!" "It's a terror!" "Great spunk entirely!" Then the teamsters began planning to clear the way.

That was soon settled by Davie's directions: "Tramp down the crust for my horses; onhitch them; lift my sleigh out on the crust; pass on; then set me back on the road."

Half an hour was consumed by the operation—thrice repeated before twelve o'clock. Fortunately Davie came on the last "string" of teams halted for lunch by the edge of a lake. The teamsters fed and watered his horses, gave him hot tea, and with great admiration saw him start for an afternoon drive of twenty-two miles.

"You'll not likely meet any teams," they said. "The last of the 'loading' that's like to come in soon is with ourselves."

How Davie got down the hills, up the hills, across the rivers and over the lakes of that terrible afternoon he could never rightly tell.

"I'm thinkin' I was light-heided," he said afterward. "The notion was in me somehow that the Lord was lookin' to me to save Pinnager's bits of children. I'd waken out of it at the *cahots*—there was mair than enough. On the smooth my head would be strange-like, and I mind but the hinder end of my horses till the moon was high and me stoppit by McGraw's."

During the night at McGraw's his head was cleared by some hours of sound sleep, and next morning he insisted on travelling, though snow was falling heavily.

My feyther's place is no more than a bittock ayont twenty-eight miles," he said. "I'll make it by three of the clock, if the Lord's willin', and get the doctor's hands on me. It's my leg I'm thinkin' of savin'. And mind ye, McGraw, you've promised me to send in your team to Pinnager."

Perhaps people who have never risen out of bitter poverty will not understand Davie's keen anxiety about Pinnager and Pinnager's children; but the McAndrews and Pinnagers and all their

neighbours of "the Scotch settlement," had won up by the tenacious labour and thrift of many years. Davie remembered well how, in his early boyhood, he had often craved more food and covering. Pinnager and his family should not be thrown back into the gulf of poverty if Davie McAndrews' will could save them.

This day his road lay through a country thinly settled, but he could see few cabins through the driving storm. The flagging horses trotted steadily, as if aware that the road would become worse the longer they were on it, but about ten o'clock they inclined to stop where Davie could dimly see a long house and a shed with a team and sleigh standing in it. Drunken yells told him this must be Black Donald Donaldson's notorious tavern; so he chirruped his horses onward.

Ten minutes later yells and sleigh-bells were following him at a furious pace. Davie turned head and shouted; still the drunken men shrieked and came on. He looked for a place to turn out—none! He dared not stop his horses lest the gallopers, now close behind him, should be over him and his low sleigh. Now his team broke into a run at the noises, but the fresh horses behind sped faster. The men were hidden from Davie by their crazed horses. He could not rise to appeal; he could not turn to daunt the horses with his whip; their front hoops, rising high, were soon within twenty feet of him. Did his horses slacken, the others would be on top of him, kicking and tumbling.

The *cahots* were numerous; his yells for a halt became so much like screams of agony that he took shame of them, shut his mouth firmly, and knew not what to do. Then suddenly his horses swerved into the cross-road to the Scotch settlement, while the drunkards galloped away on the main road, still lashing and yelling. Davie does not know to this day who the men were.

Five hours later David McAndrews, the elder, kept at home by the snowstorm, heard bells in his lane, and looked curiously out of the sitting-room window.

"Losh, Janet!" he said most deliberately. "I wasna' expeckin' Davie; here he's back with the bays."

He did not hurry out to meet his fourth son, for he is a man who hates the appearance of haste; but his wife did, and came rushing back through the kitchen.

"It's Davie himsel'! He's back wi' his leg broke! He's come a' the way by his lone!"

"Hoot-toot, woman! Ye're daft!"

"I'm no daft; come and see yoursel'. Wae's me, my Davie's like to die! Me daft, indeed! Ye'll need to send Neil straight awa' to the village for Doctor Aberdeen."

And so dour Davie's long drive was past. When his brother carried him in, his will was occupied with the torture, but he had scarcely been laid on his bed when he said, very respectfully—but faintly—to his father:

"You'll be sendin' Neil oot for the doctor, sir? Aye; then I'd be thankfu' if you'd give Aleck leave to tak' the greys and warn the settlement that Pinnager's needin' teams sorely. He's like to make or break; if he gets sax or eight spans in time he's a made man."

That was enough for the men of the Scotch settlement. Pinnager got all the men he needed; and yet he is far from as rich to-day as Davie McAndrews, the great Brazeau River lumberman, who walks a little lame of his left leg.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN AT HOME

[Louis Hémon was born in France in 1880, and died in Canada in 1913. The last year and a half of his life were spent in the Province of Quebec, among the people and on the farms of the Lake St. John region. This experience however brief if measured by count of actual days, furnished the material for *Maria Chapdelaine*—a picture of a French-Canadian family, their life of steadfast labour on a half-cleared farm, their simple joys, their quietly-accepted sorrows, their love for the country which generations of their own people have made essentially theirs.

The story is told with tenderness unmarred by sentimentality. Its sincerity and simplicity of style and the intimate revelation of character give it a beauty which is unique in the literature of Canada. *Maria Chapdelaine* was written in French. The selections in this book are from the translation made by W. H. Blake.]

I. THE FRENCH CANADIAN MAKES LAND

After a few chilly days, June suddenly brought veritable spring weather. A blazing sun warmed field and forest, the lingering patches of snow vanished even in the deep shade of the woods; the Peribonka rose and rose between its rocky banks until the alders and the roots of the nearer spruces were drowned; in the roads the mud was incredibly deep. The Canadian soil rid itself of the last traces of winter with a semblance of mad haste, as though in dread of another winter already on the way.

Esdras and Da'Bé returned from the shanties where they had worked all the winter. Esdras was the eldest of the family, a tall fellow with a huge frame, his face bronzed, his hair black; the low forehead and prominent chin gave him a Neronian profile, domineering, not without a suggestion of brutality; but he spoke softly, measuring his words, and was endlessly patient. In face alone had he anything of the tyrant; it was as though the long rigours of the climate and the fine sense and good humour of the race had refined his heart to a simplicity and kindliness that his formidable aspect seemed to deny.

Da'Bé, also tall, was less heavily built, and more lively and merry. He was like his father.

The married couple had given their first children, Esdras and Maria, fine, high-sounding, sonorous names; but they had apparently wearied of these solemnities, for the next two children never heard their real names pronounced: always had they been called by the affectionate diminutives of childhood, Da'Bé and Tit'Bé. With the last pair, however, there had been a return to the earlier ceremonious manner:—Telesphore. . . . . Alma Rose.

"When the boys get back, we are going to make land," the father had promised. And, with the help of Edwige Légaré, their hired man, they set about the task. . . . . .

Edwige Légaré had worked for the Chapdelaines these eleven summers. That is to say, for wages of twenty dollars a month he was in harness each day from four in the morning till nine at night at any and every job that called for doing, bringing to it a sort of frenzied and inexhaustible enthusiasm; for he was one of those men incapable by his nature of working save at the full pitch of strength and energy, in a series of berserk rages. Short and broad, his eyes were the brightest blue—a thing rare in Quebec—at once piercing and guileless, set in a visage the color of clay that always showed cruel traces of the razor, topped by hair of nearly the same shade. With a pride in his appearance that was hard to justify he shaved himself two or three times a week, always in the evening, before the bit of looking-glass that hung over the pump, and by the feeble light of the little lamp—driving the steel through his stiff beard with groans that showed what it cost him in labour and anguish. Clad in shirt and trousers of brownish homespun, wearing huge dusty boots, he was from head to heel of a piece with the soil, nor was there aught in his face to redeem the impression of rustic uncouthness.

Chapdelaine, his three sons and man, proceeded then to "make land." The forest still pressed hard upon the buildings they had put up a few years earlier: the little square house, the barn of planks that gaped apart, the stable built of blackened logs and chinked with rags and earth. Between the scanty fields of their clearing and the darkly encircling woods, lay a broad stretch which the axe had but half-heartedly attacked. A few living trees had been cut for timber, and the dead ones, sawn and split, fed the great stove for a whole winter; but the place was a rough tangle of stumps and interlacing roots, of fallen trees too far rotted to burn, of others dead but still erect amid the alder scrub.

Thither the five men made their way one morning and set to work at once, without a word, for every man's task had been settled beforehand.

The father and Da'Bé took their stand face to face on either side of a tree, and their axes, helved with birch, began to swing in rhythm. At first each hewed a deep notch, chopping steadily at the same spot for some seconds, then the axe rose swiftly and fell obliquely in the trunk a foot higher up; at every stroke a great chip flew, thick as the hand, splitting away with the grain. When the cuts were nearly meeting, one stopped and the other slowed down, leaving his axe in the wood for a moment at every blow; the mere strip, by some miracle, still holding the tree erect, yielded at last; it began to lean and the two axemen stepped back a pace and watched it fall, shouting at the same instant a warning of the danger.

It was then the turn of Edwige Légaré and Esdras; when the tree was not too heavy, each took an end, clasping their strong hands beneath the trunk, and then raised themselves—backs straining, arms cracking under the stress—and carried it to the nearest heap with short unsteady steps, getting over the fallen trees with stumbling effort. When the burden seemed too heavy, Tit'Bé came forward leading Charles Eugene dragging a tug-bar with a strong chain; this was passed round the trunk and fastened, the horse bent his back, and with the muscles of his hind-quarters standing out, hauled away the tree which scraped along the stumps and crushed the young alders to the ground.

At noon Maria came out to the door-step and gave a long call to tell them that dinner was ready. Slowly they straightened up among the stumps, wiping away with the backs of their hands the drops of sweat that ran into their eyes, and made their way to the house.

Already the pea-soup smoked in the plates. The five men set themselves at table without haste, as if sensation were somewhat dulled by the heavy work; but as they caught their breath a great hunger awoke, and soon they began to eat with keen appetite. The two women waited upon them, filling the empty plates, carrying about the great dish of pork and boiled potatoes, pouring out the hot tea. When the meat had vanished, the diners filled their saucers with molasses in which they soaked large pieces of bread; hunger was quickly appeased, because they had eaten fast and without a word, and then plates were pushed back and chairs tilted with sighs of satisfaction, while hands were thrust into pockets for their pipes, and the pigs' bladders bulging with tobacco.

Edwige Légaré, seating himself upon the doorstep, proclaimed two or three times:—"I have dined well. . . I have dined well. . . ." with the air of a judge who renders an impartial decision; after which he leaned against the post, and let the smoke of his pipe and the gaze of his small light-coloured eyes pursue the same purposeless wanderings. The elder Chapdelaine sank deeper and deeper into his chair, and ended by falling asleep; the others smoked and chatted about their work.

"If there is anything," said the mother, "which could reconcile me to living so far away in the woods, it is seeing my men-folk make a nice bit of land—a nice bit of land that was full of trees and stumps and roots, which one beholds in a fortnight as bare as the back of your hand, ready for the plough; surely nothing in the world can be more pleasing or better worth doing." The rest gave assent with nods, and were silent for awhile, admiring the picture. Soon however Chapdelaine awoke, refreshed by his sleep and ready for work; then all arose and went out together.

The place where they had worked in the morning was still full of stumps and overgrown with alders. They set themselves to cutting and uprooting the alders, gathering a sheaf of branches in the hand, and severing them with the axe, or sometimes digging the earth away about the roots and tearing up the whole bush together. The alders disposed of, there remained the stumps.

Légaré and Esdras attacked the smaller ones with no weapons but their axes and stout wooden prizes. They first cut the roots spreading on the surface, then drove a lever well home, and, chests against the bar, threw all their weight upon it. When their efforts could not break the hundred ties binding the tree

to the soil, Légaré continued to bear heavily that he might raise the stump a little, and while he groaned and grunted under the strain, Esdras hewed away furiously, level with the ground, severing one by one the remaining roots.

A little distance away the other three men handled the stumping-machine with the aid of Charles Eugene. The pyramidal scaffolding was put in place above a large stump and lowered, the chains which were then attached to the root passed over a pulley, and the horse at the other end started away quickly, flinging himself into the collar and showering earth with his hoofs. A short and desperate charge, a mad leap often arrested after a few feet as by the stroke of a giant fist; then the heavy steel blades would swing up anew, gleaming in the sun, and fall with a dull sound upon the stubborn wood, while the horse took breath for a moment, awaiting with excited eye the word that would launch him forward again. And afterwards there was still the labour of hauling or rolling the big stumps to the pile—at fresh effort of back, of soil-stained hands with swollen veins, and stiffened arms that seemed grotesquely striving with the heavy trunk and the huge twisted roots.

The sun dipped toward the horizon, disappeared; the sky took on softer hues above the forest's dark edge, and the hour of supper brought to the house five men of the colour of the soil.

While waiting upon them Madame Chapdelaine asked a hundred questions about the day's work, and when the vision arose before her of this patch of land they had cleared, superbly bare, lying ready for the plough, her spirit was possessed with something of a mystic's rapture.

With hands upon her hips, refusing to seat herself at table, she extolled the beauty of the world as it existed for her: not the beauty wherein human beings have no hand, which the townsman makes such an ado about with his unreal ecstacies—mountains lofty and bare, wild seas—but the quiet, unaffected loveliness of the level champaign, finding its charm in the regularity of the long furrow, and the sweetly flowing stream—the naked champaign courting with willing abandon the fervent embraces of the sun.

She sang the great deeds of the four Chapdelaines and Edwige Légaré, their struggle against the savagery of nature, their triumph of the day. She awarded praises and displayed her own proper pride, albeit the five men smoked their wooden or clay pipes in silence, motionless as images after their long task; images of earthy hue, hollow-eyed with fatigue.

"The stumps are hard to get out," at length said the elder Chapdelaine, "the roots have not rotted in the earth so much as I should have imagined. I calculate that we shall not be through for three weeks." He glanced questioningly at Légaré who gravely confirmed him.

"Three weeks. . . . . Yes, confound it! That is what I think too."

They fell silent again, patient and determined, like men who face a long war.

The Canadian spring had but known a few weeks of life when, by calendar, the summer was already come; it seemed as if the local weather god had incontinently pushed the season forward with august finger to bring it again into accord with more favoured lands to the south. For torrid heat fell suddenly upon them, heat well-nigh as unmeasured as was the winter's cold. The tops of the spruces and cypresses, forgotten by the wind, were utterly still, and above the frowning outline stretched a sky bare of cloud which likewise seemed fixed and motionless. From dawn till nightfall a merciless sun calcined the ground.

The five men worked on unceasingly, while from day to day the clearing extended its borders by a little; deep wounds in the uncovered soil showed the richness of it.

Maria went forth one morning to carry them water. The father and Tit'Bé were cutting alders, Da'Bé and Esdras piling the cut trees. Edwige Légaré was attacking a stump by himself; a hand against the trunk, he had grasped a root with the other, as one seizes the leg of some gigantic adversary in a struggle, and he was fighting the combined forces of wood and earth like a man furious at the resistance of an enemy. Suddenly the stump yielded and lay upon the ground; he passed a hand over his forehead and sat down upon a root, running with sweat, overcome by the exertion. When Maria came near him with her pail half full of water, the others having drunk, he was still seated, breathing deeply and saying in a bewildered way:—"I am done for. . . . Ah, I am done for." But he pulled himself together on seeing her, and roared out:—"Cold water! Perdition! Give me cold water."

Seizing the bucket he drank half its contents and poured the rest over his head and neck; still dripping, he threw himself afresh upon the vanquished stump and began to roll it towards a pile as one carries off a prize.

Maria stayed for a few moments looking at the work of the men and the progress they had made, each day more evident, then hied her back to the house swinging the empty bucket,

happy to feel herself alive and well under the bright sun, dreaming of all the joys that were to be hers, nor could be long delayed if only she were earnest and patient enough in her prayers.

Even at a distance the voices of the men came to her across the ground baked by the heat; Esdras, his hands beneath a young jack pine, was saying in his quiet tones:—"Gently . . . . together now!"

Légaré was wrestling with some new inert foe, and swearing in his half-stifled way:—"Perdition! I'll make you stir, so I will." His gasps were nearly as audible as the words. Taking breath for a second, he rushed once more into the fray, arms straining, wrenching with his great back. And yet again his voice was raised in oaths and lamentations:—"I tell you that I'll have you. . . . Oh, you rascal! Isn't it hot? . . . I'm pretty nearly finished. . . ." His complaints ripened into one mighty cry:—"Boss! We are going to kill ourselves making land."

Old Chapdelaine's voice was husky but still cheerful as he answered: "Tough! Edwige, tough! The pea soup will soon be ready."

And in truth it was not long before Maria, once more on the doorstep, shaping her hands to carry the sound, sent forth the ringing call to dinner.

Toward evening a breeze arose and a delicious coolness fell upon the earth like a pardon. But the sky remained cloudless.

"If the fine weather lasts," said Mother Chapdelaine, "the blueberries will be ripe for the feast of Ste. Anne."

II. MARIA WORKS AND DREAMS.

In July the hay was maturing, and by the middle of August it was only a question of awaiting a few dry days to cut and store it. But after many weeks of fine weather, the frequent shifts of wind which are usual in Quebec once more ruled the skies.

Every morning the men scanned the heavens and took counsel together. "The wind is backing to the sou' east. Bad luck! Beyond question it will rain again," said Edwige Légaré with a gloomy face. Or it was old Chapdelaine who followed the movement of the white clouds that rose above the tree tops, sailed

in glad procession across the clearing, and disappeared behind the dark spires on the other side.

"If the nor'west holds till to-morrow we shall begin," he announces. But next day the wind had backed afresh, and the cheerful clouds of yesterday, now torn and shapeless, straggling in disorderly rout, seemed to be fleeing like the wreckage of a broken army.

Madame Chapdelaine foretold inevitable misfortune. "Mark my words, we shall not have good haymaking weather. They say that down by the end of the lake some people of the same parish have gone to law with one another. Of a certainty the good God does not like that sort of thing!"

Yet the Power at length was pleased to show indulgence, and the north-west wind blew for three days on end, steady and strong, promising a rainless week. The scythes were long since sharpened and ready, and the five men set to work on the morning of the third day. Légaré, Esdras and the father cut; Da'Bé and Tit'Bé followed close on their heels, raking the hay together. Toward evening all five took their forks in hand and made it into cocks, high and carefully built, lest a change of wind should bring rain. But the sunshine lasted. For five days they carried on, swinging the scythe steadily from right to left with that broad free movement that seems so easy to the practised hand, and is in truth the hardest to learn and the most fatiguing of all the labour known to husbandry.

Flies and mosquitos rose in swarms from the cut hay, stinging and tormenting the workers; a blazing sun scorched their necks, and smarting sweat ran into their eyes; when evening came, such was the ache of backs continually bent, they could not straighten themselves without making wry faces. Yet they toiled from dawn to nightfall without loss of a second, hurrying their meals, feeling nothing but gratitude and happiness that the weather stood fair.

Three or four times a day Maria or Telesphore brought them a bucket of water which they stood in a shady spot to keep it cool; and when throats became unbearably dry with heat, exertion, and the dust of the hay, they went by turns to swallow great draughts and deluge wrists or head.

In five days all the hay was cut, and, the drought persisting, on the morning of the sixth day they began to break and scatter the cocks they intended lodging in the barn before night. The scythes had done their work and the forks came into play. They threw down the cocks, spread the hay in the sun, and toward the end of the afternoon, when dry, heaped it anew

in piles of such a size that a man could just lift one with a single motion to the level of a well-filled hay cart.

Charles Eugene pulled gallantly between the shafts; the cart was swallowed up in the barn, stopped beside the mow, and once again the forks were plunged into the hard packed hay, raised a thick mat of it with strain of wrist and back, and unloaded it to one side. By the end of the week the hay, well-dried and of excellent colour, was all under cover; the men stretched themselves and took long breaths, knowing the fight was over and won.

"It may rain now if it likes," said Chapdelaine. "It will be all the same to us." But it appeared that the sunshine had not been timed with exact relation to their peculiar needs, for the wind held in the north-west and fine days followed one upon the other in unbroken succession.

The women in the Chapdelaine household had no part in the work of the fields. The father and his three tall sons, all strong and skilled in farm labour, could have managed everything by themselves; if they continued to employ Légaré and to pay him wages it was because he had entered their service seven years before, when the children were young, and they kept him now, partly through habit, partly because they were loth to lose the help of so tremendous a worker. During the haymaking then, Maria and her mother had only their usual tasks; housework, cooking, washing and mending, the milking of three cows and the care of the hens, and once a week the baking which often lasted well into the night.

On the eve of a baking Telesphore was sent to hunt up the bread pans which habitually found their way into all corners of the house and shed—being in daily use to measure oats for the horse or Indian corn for the fowls, not to mention twenty other casual purposes they were continually serving. By the time all were routed out and scrubbed the dough was rising, and the women hastened to finish other work that their evening watch might be shortened.

Telesphore made a blazing fire below the oven with branches of gummy cypress that smelled of resin, then fed it with tamarack logs, giving a steady and continuous heat. When the oven was hot enough, Maria slipped in the pans of dough; after which nothing remained but to tend the fire and change the position as the baking required.

Too small an oven had been built five years before, and ever since then the family did not escape a weekly discussion about the new oven it was imperative to construct, which unquestion-

ably should have been put in hand without delay; but on each trip to the village, by one piece of bad luck and another, someone forgot the necessary cement; and so it happened that the oven had to be filled two or even three times to make weekly provision for the nine mouths of the household.

Maria invariably took charge of the first baking; invariably, too, when the oven was ready for the second batch of bread and the evening well advanced, her mother would say considerately: "You can go to bed, Maria, I will look after the second baking." And Maria would reply never a word, knowing full well that the mother would presently stretch herself on the bed for a little nap and not awake till morning. She then would revive the smudge that smouldered every evening in the damaged tin pail, install the second batch of bread, and seat herself upon the doorstep, her chin resting in her hands, upheld through the long hours of the night by her inexhaustible patience.

Twenty paces from the house the clay oven with its sheltering roof of boards loomed dark, but the door of the fireplace fitted badly and one red gleam escaped through the chink; the dusky border of the forest stole a little closer in the night. Maria sat very still, delighting in the quiet and the coolness, while a thousand vague dreams circled about her like a flock of wheeling birds.

There was a time when this night-watch passed in drowsiness, as she resignedly awaited the moment when the finished task would bring her sleep; but since the coming of François Paradis the long weekly vigil was very sweet to her, for she could think of him and of herself with nothing to distract her dear imaginings. Simple they were, these thoughts of hers, and never did they travel far afield. In the springtime he will come back; his return, there was, the joy of seeing him again, the words he will say when they find themselves once more alone, the first touch of hands and lips. Not easy was it for Maria to make a picture for herself of how these things might happen.

Yet she essayed. First she repeated his full name two or three times, formally, as others spoke it: François Paradis from St. Michel de Mistassini. . . . François Paradis. . . . . Then suddenly, with sweet intimacy,—François!

The evocation fails not. He stands before her tall and strong, bold of eye, his face bronzed with sun and snow-glare. He is by her side, rejoicing at the sight of her, rejoicing that he has kept his faith, has lived the whole year discreetly, without

drinking or swearing. There are no blueberries yet to gather —it is only springtime—yet some good reason they find for rambling off to the woods; he walks beside her without word or joining of hands, through the massed laurel flaming into blossom, and naught beyond does either need to flush the cheek, to quicken the beating of the heart.

Now they are seated upon a fallen tree, and thus he speaks: "Were you lonely without me, Maria?" Most surely it is the first question he will put to her; but she is able to carry the dream no further, for grief lays a sudden hand upon her. Ah! dear God! how long will she have been lonely for him before that moment comes! A summer to be lived through, an autumn, and all the endless winter! She sighs, but the steadfast patience of the race sustains her, and her thoughts turn upon herself and what the future may be holding.

When she was at St. Prime, one of her cousins who was about to be wedded, spoke often to her of marriage. A young man from the village and another from Normandin had both courted her; for long months spending the Sunday evenings together at the house.

"I was fond of them both,"—thus she declared to Maria. "And I really think I liked Zotique best; but he went off to the drive on the St. Maurice, and he wasn't to be back till summer; then Romeo asked me, and I said 'Yes.' I like him very well too."

Maria made no answer, but even then her heart told her that all marriages are not like that; now she is very sure. The love of François Paradis for her, her love for him, is a thing apart—a thing holy and inevitable—for she was unable to imagine that between them it should have befallen otherwise; so must this love give warmth and unfading colour to every day of the dullest life. Always had she dim consciousness of such a presence—moving the spirit like the solemn joy of chanted masses, the intoxication of a sunny, windy day, the happiness that some unlooked for good fortune brings, the certain promise of abundant harvest. . . .

In the stillness of the night the roar of the fall sounds loud and near; the north-west wind sways the tops of spruce and fir with a sweet cool sighing; again and again, further away and yet further, an owl is hooting; the chill that ushers in the dawn is still remote. And Maria, in perfect contentment, rests upon the step, watching the ruddy beam from her fire—flickering, disappearing, quickened again to birth.

She seems to remember someone long since whispering in her ear that the world and life were cheerless and grey. The

daily round, brightened only by a few unsatisfying, fleeting pleasures; the slow passage of unchanging years; the encounter with some young man, like other young men, whose patient and hopeful courting ends by winning affection; a marriage then, and afterwards a vista of days under another roof, but scarce different from those that went before. So does one live, the voice had told her. Naught very dreadful in the prospect, and, even were it so, what possible but submission; yet all level, dreary and chill as an autumn field.

It is not true! Alone there in the darkness Maria shakes her head, a smile upon her lips, and knows how far from true it is. When she thinks of François Paradis, his look, his bearing, of what they are and will be to one another, he and she, something within her bosom has strange power to burn with the touch of fire, and yet to make her shiver. All the strong youth of her, the long-suffering of her sooth-fast heart find place in it; in the upspringing of hope and of longing, this vision of her approaching miracle of happiness.

Below the oven the red gleam quivers and fails.

"The bread must be ready!" she murmurs to herself. But she cannot bring herself at once to rise, loth as she is to end the fair dream that seems only beginning.

III. "NAUGHT SHALL DIE AND NAUGHT SHALL SUFFER CHANGE."

Ephrem Surprenant pushed open the door and stood upon the threshold.

"I have come. . . ." He found no other words, and waited there motionless for a few seconds, tongue-tied, while his eyes travelled from Chapdelaine to Maria, from Maria to the children who sat very still and quiet by the table; then he plucked off his cap hastily, as if in amends for his forgetfulness, shut the door behind him and moved across to the bed where the dead woman lay.

They had altered its place, turning the head to the wall and the foot towards the centre of the house, so that it might be approached on both sides. Close to the wall two lighted candles stood on chairs; one of them set in a large candlestick of white metal which the visitors to the Chapdelaine home had never seen before, while for holding the other Maria had found nothing better than a glass bowl used in the summer time for blueberries and wild raspberries, on days of ceremony.

The candlestick shone, the bowl sparkled in the flames which lighted but feebly the face of the dead. The days of suffering through which she had passed, or death's final chill had given to it a strange pallor and delicacy, the refinement of a woman bred in the city. Father and children were at first amazed, and then perceived in this the tremendous consequence of her translation beyond and far above them.

Ephrem Surprenant bent his eyes upon the face for a little, and then kneeled. The prayers he began to murmur were inaudible, but when Maria and Tit'Bé came and knelt beside him he drew from his pocket his string of large beads, and began to tell them in a low voice. The chaplet ended, he sat himself in silence by the table, shaking his head sadly from time to time, as is seemly in the house of mourning, and because his own grief was deep and sincere.

At last he discovered speech. "It is a heavy loss. You were fortunate in your wife, Samuel; no one may question that. Truly you were fortunate in your wife."

This said, he could go no further; he sought in vain for some words of sympathy, and at the end stumbled into other talk. "The weather is quite mild this evening; we soon shall have rain. Everyone is saying that it is to be an early spring."

To the countryman, all things touching the soil which gives him bread, and the alternate seasons which lull the earth to sleep and awaken it to life, are of such moment that one may speak of them even in the presence of death with no disrespect. Their eyes turned quite naturally to the square of the little window, but the night was black and they could discern nothing.

Ephrem Surprenant began anew to praise her who was departed. "In all the parish there was not a braver-spirited woman than she, nor a cleverer housewife. How friendly, too, and what a kind welcome she always gave a visitor! In the old parishes—yes! and even in the towns on the railway, not many would be found to match her. It is only the truth to say that you were rarely suited in your wife. . . ." Soon afterwards he rose, and leaving the house, his face was dark with sorrow.

A long silence followed, in which Samuel Chapdelaine's head nodded slowly towards his breast and it seemed as though he were falling asleep. Maria spoke quickly to him, in fear of his offending:—"Father! Do not sleep!"

"No! No!" He sat up straight on his chair and squared his shoulders, but since his eyes were closing in spite of him, he stood up hastily, saying:—"Let us recite another chaplet."

Kneeling together beside the bed, they told the chaplet bead by bead. Rising from their knees they heard the rain patter against the window and on the shingles. It was the first spring rain and proclaimed their freedom; the winter ended, the soil soon to reappear, rivers once more running their joyous course, the earth again transformed like some lovely girl released at last from an evil spell by touch of magic wand. But they did not allow themselves to be glad in this house of death, nor indeed did they feel the happiness of it in the midst of their hearts' deep affliction.

Opening the window they moved back to it and hearkened to the tapping of the great drops upon the roof. Maria saw that her father's head had fallen, and that he was very still; she thought his evening drowsiness was mastering him again, but when about to waken him with a word, he it was who sighed and began to speak.

"Ephrem Surprenant said no more than the truth. Your mother was a good woman, Maria; you will not find her like."

Maria's head answered him "Yes," but her lips were pressed close.

"Full of courage and good counsel, that she has been throughout her life; but it was chiefly in the early days after we were married, and then again when Esdras and yourself were little, that she showed herself the woman she was. The wife of a small farmer looks for no easy life, but women who take to their work as well and as cheerfully as she did in those days, Maria, are hard to find."

Maria faltered:—"I know, father; I know it well;" and she dried her eyes for her heart was melting into tears.

"When we took up our first land at Normandin, we had two cows and very little pasture for them, as nearly all our lot was in standing timber and hard to win for the plough. As for me, I picked up my axe, and I said to her:—'Laura, I am going to clear land for you. And from morning till night it was chop, chop, chop, without ever coming back to the house except for dinner; and all that time she did the work of the house and the cooking, she looked after the cattle, mended the fences, cleaned the cow-shed, never rested from her toiling; and then half a dozen times a day she would come outside the door and stand for a minute looking at me, over there by the fringe of the woods, where I was putting my back into felling the birches and the spruce to make a patch of soil for her.

"Then in the month of July our well must needs dry up; the cows had not a drop of water to slake their thirst, and they

almost stopped giving milk. So when I was hard at it in the woods the mother went off to the river with a pail in either hand and climbed the steep bluff eight or ten times together with these brimming, and her feet that slipped back in the running sand, till she had filled a barrel; and when the barrel was full she got it on a wheelbarrow, and wheeled it off herself to empty it into the big tub in the cow pasture more than three hundred yards from the house, just below the rocks. It was not a woman's work, and I told her often enough to leave it to me, but she always spoke up briskly:—'Don't you think about that—don't think about anything—clear a farm for me.' And she would laugh to cheer me up, but I saw well enough this was too much for her, and that she was all dark under the eyes with the labour of it.

"Well, I caught up my axe and was off to the woods; and I laid into the birches so lustily that chips flew as thick as your wrist, all the time saying to myself that the wife I had was like no other, and that if the good God only kept me in health I would make her the best farm in the countryside."

The rain was ever sounding on the roof; now and then a gust drove against the window great drops which ran down the pane like slow-falling tears. Yet a few hours of rain and the soil would be bare, streams would dance down every slope; a few more days and they would hear the thundering of the falls.

"When we took up other land above Mistassini," Samuel Chapdelaine continued, "it was the same thing over again; heavy work and hardship for both of us alike; but she was always full of courage and in good heart. . . . We were in the midst of the forest, but as there were some open spaces of rich grass among the rocks we took to raising sheep. One evening. . . ." He was silent for a little and when he began speaking again his eyes were fixed intently upon Maria, as though he wished to make very clear to her what he was about to say.

"It was in September; the time when all the great creatures of the wood become dangerous. A man from Mistassini who was coming down the river in a canoe landed near our place and spoke to us this wise:—'Look after your sheep; the bears came and killed a heifer last week quite close to the houses.' So your mother and I went off that evening to the pasture to drive the sheep into the pen for the night so that the bears would not devour them.

"I took one side and she the other as the sheep used to scatter among the alders. It was growing dark and suddenly

I heard Laura cry out: "Oh, the scoundrels!" Some animals were moving in the bushes, and it was plain to see they were not sheep, because in the woods towards evening sheep are white patches. So, axe in hand, I started off running as hard as I could. Later on, when we were on the way back to the house, your mother told me all about it. She had come across a sheep lying dead and two bears that were just going to eat it. Now it takes a pretty good man, one not easily frightened and with a gun in his hand, to face a bear in September; as for a woman empty-handed, the best thing she can do is to run for it and not a soul will blame her. But your mother snatched a stick from the ground and made straight for the bears, screaming at them:—"Our beautiful fat sheep! Be off with you, you ugly thieves, or I will do for you!" I got there at my best speed, leaping over the stumps but by that time the bears had cleared off into the woods without showing fight, scared as could be, because she had put the fear of death into them."

Maria listened breathlessly; asking herself if it was really her mother who had done this thing—the mother whom she had always known so gentle and tender-hearted; who had never given Telesphore a little rap on the head without afterwards taking him on her knees to comfort him, adding her own tears to his, and declaring that to slap a child was something to break one's heart.

The brief spring shower was already spent; through the clouds the moon was showing her face—eager to discover what was left of the winter's snow after this earliest rain. As yet the ground was everywhere white; the night's deep silence told them that many days must pass before they would hear again the dull roaring of the cataract; but the tempered breeze whispered of consolation and promise.

Samuel Chapdelaine lapsed into silence for a while, his head bowed, his hands resting upon his knees, dreaming of the past with its toilsome years that were yet so full of brave hopes. When he took up his tale it was in a voice that halted, melancholy with self-reproach.

"At Normandin, at Mistassini and the other places we have lived I always worked hard; no one can say nay to that. Many an acre of forest have I cleared and I have built houses and barns, always saying to myself that one day we should have a comfortable farm where your mother would live as do the women in the old parishes, with fine smooth fields all about the house as far as the eye could see, a kitchen garden, handsome well-fed cattle in the farmyard. . . . And, after all,

here is she dead in this half-savage spot, leagues from other houses and churches, and so near the bush that some nights one can hear the foxes bark. And it is my fault that she has died so. . . . My fault. . . . My fault." Remorse seized him; he shook his head at the pity of it, his eyes upon the floor.

"Many times it happened, after we had spent five or six years in one place and all had gone well, that we were beginning to get together a nice property—good pasturage, broad fields ready for sowing, a house lined inside with pictures from the papers. . . . Then people came and settled about us; we had but to wait a little, working on quietly, and soon we should have been in the midst of a well-to-do settlement where Laura could have passed the rest of her days in happiness. . . And then all of a sudden I lost heart; I got sick and tired of my work and of the countryside; I began to hate the very faces of those who had taken up land near-by and used to come to see us, thinking that we should be pleased to have a visitor after being so long out of the way of them. I heard people saying that farther off towards the head of the Lake there was good land in the forest; that some folk from St. Gedeon spoke of settling over on that side; and forthwith I began to hunger and thirst for this spot they were talking about, that I had never seen in my life and where not a soul lived, as for the place of my birth. . . .

"Well, in those days when the work was done, instead of smoking beside the stove I would go out to the door-step and sit there without moving, like a man home-sick and lonely; and everything I saw in front of me—the place I had made with these two hands after so much of labour and sweat—the fields, the fences—across to the rocky hill that shut us in—I detested them all till I seemed ready to go out of my mind at the very sight of them.

"And then your mother would come quietly up behind me. She also would look out across our place, and I knew that she was pleased with it to the bottom of her heart because it was beginning to look like the old parish where she had grown up, and where she would so gladly have spent her life. But instead of telling me that I was no better than a silly old fool for wishing to leave—as most women would have done—and finding hard things to say about my folly, she only sighed a little as she thought of the drudgery that was to begin all over again somewhere back in the woods, and kindly and softly she would say to me: —'Well, Samuel, are we soon to be on the move once more?' When she said that I could not answer,

for I was speechless with very shame at thinking of the wretched life I had given her: but I knew well enough that it would end in our moving again and pushing on to the north, deeper into the woods, and that she would be with me and take her share in this hard business of beginning anew—as cheerful and capable and good-humoured as ever, without one single word of reproach or spitefulness."

He was silent after that, and seemed to ponder long his sorrow and the things which might have been. Maria, sighing, passed a hand across her face as though she would brush away a disquieting vision: but in very truth there was nothing she wished to forget. What she heard had moved her deeply, and she felt in a dim and troubled way that this story of a hard life so bravely lived, had for her a deep and timely significance and held some lesson if only she might understand it.

"How little do we know people!" was the thought that filled her mind. Since her mother had crossed the threshold of death she seemed to wear a new aspect, not of this world; and now all the homely and familiar traits endearing her to them were being overshadowed by other virtues well nigh heroic in their quality.

To pass her days in these lonely places where she would have dearly loved the society of other human beings and the unbroken peace of village life; to strive from dawn till nightfall, spending all her strength in a thousand heavy tasks, and yet from dawn till nightfall never losing patience nor her happy tranquillity; continually to see about her only the wilderness, the great pitiless forest, and to hold in the midst of it all an ordered way of life, the gentleness and the joyousness which are the fruits of many a century sheltered from such rudeness —was it not surely a hard thing and a worthy? And the recompense? After death, a little word of praise.

Was it worth the cost? The question scarcely framed itself with such clearness in her mind, but so her thoughts were tending. Thus to live, as hardly, as courageously, and to be so sorely missed when she departed, few women were fit for this. As for herself. . . .

The sky, flooded with moonlight was of a wonderful lambency and depth; across the whole arch of heaven a band of cloud, fashioned strangely into carven shapes, defiled in solemn march. The white ground no longer spoke of chill and desolateness, for the air was soft; and by some magic of the approaching spring the snow appeared to be only a mask covering the

earth's face, in nowise terrifying—a mask one knew must soon be lifted.

Maria seated by the little window, fixed her unconscious eyes upon the sky and the fields stretching away whitely to the environing woods, and of a sudden it swept over her that the question she was asking herself had just received its answer. To dwell in this land as her mother had dwelt, and dying thus to leave behind her a sorrowing husband and a record of the virtues of her race, she knew in her heart she was fit for that. In reckoning with herself there was no trace of vanity; rather did the response seem from without. Yes, she was able; and she wondered in her own heart, as though surprised at the shining of some new unlooked-for light.

Thus she too could live; but. . . . it was not as yet in her heart so to do. . . . In a little while, this season of mourning at an end, Lorenzo Surprenant would come back from the States for the third time and would bear her away to the unknown delights of the city—away from the great forest she hated—away from that cruel land where men who go astray perish helplessly, where women endure endless torment the while ineffectual aid is sought for them over the long roads buried in snow. Why should she stay here to toil and suffer when she might escape to the lands of the south and a happier life?

The soft breeze telling of spring came against the window, bringing a confusion of gentle sounds; the swish and sigh of branches swaying and touching one another; the distant hooting of an owl. Then the great silence reigned once more. Samuel Chapdelaine was sleeping; but in this repose beside the dead was nothing unseemly or wanting in respect; chin fallen on his breast, hands lying open upon his knees, he seemed to be plunged into the very depths of sorrow, or striving to relinquish life that he might follow the departed a little way into the shades.

Again Maria asked herself:—"Why stay here, to toil and suffer thus? Why? . . . " And when she found no answer, it befell at lenth that out of the silence and the night voices arose.

No miraculous voices were these; each of us hears them when he goes apart and withdraws himself far enough to escape from the petty turmoil of his daily life. But they speak more loudly and with plainer accents to the simple hearted, to those who dwell among the great Northern woods, and in the empty places of the earth. While yet Maria was dreaming of

the city's distant wonders the first voice brought murmuringly to her memory a hundred forgotten charms of the land she wished to flee.

The marvel of the reappearing earth in the springtime, after the long months of winter. . . . The dreaded snow stealing away in prankish rivulets down every slope; the tree roots first resurgent, then the mosses drenched with wet, soon the ground freed from its burden whereon one treads with delighted glances and sighs of happiness like the sick man who feels glad life returning to his veins. . . . Later yet, the birches, alders, aspens, swelling into bud; the laurel clothing itself in rosy bloom. . . . The rough battle with the soil, a seeming holiday to men no longer condemned to idleness; to draw the hard breath of toil from morn till eve a gracious favour. . . . —The cattle at last set free from their shed, gallop to the pasture and glut themselves with the fresh grass. All the new-born creatures—the calves, the fowls, the lambs, gambol in the sun and add daily to their stature like the hay and the barley. The poorest farmer sometimes halts in yard or field, hands in pockets, and tastes the great happiness of knowing that the sun's heat, the warm rain, the earth's unstinted alchemy—every mighty force of nature—is working as a humble slave for him. . . . for him.

—And then, the summertide; the glory of sunny noons, the heated quivering air that blurs the horizon and the outline of the forest, the flies swarming and circling in the sun's rays, and but three hundred paces from the house the rapids and the fall—white foam against dark water—the mere sight of it filling one with a delicious coolness. In its due time the harvest; the grain that gives life heaped into the barns; then autumn and soon the returning winter. . . . But here was the marvel of it, that the winter seemed no longer abhorrent or terrifying; it brought in its train the sweet intimacies of a house shut fast, and beyond the door, with the stillness and the soundlessness of deep-drifted snow, peace, a great peace. . . . . .

In the cities were the strange and wonderful things whereof Lorenzo Surprenant had told, with others that she pictured to herself confusedly; wide streets suffused with light, gorgeous shops, an easy life of little toil with a round of small pleasures and distractions. Perhaps, though, one would come to tire of this restlessness, and, yearning some evening only for repose and quiet, where would one discover the tranquillity of field and wood, the soft touch of that cooler air that draws from

the north-west after set of sun, the wide spreading peacefulness that settles on the earth sinking to untroubled sleep.

"And yet they must be beautiful!" thought she, still dreaming of those vast American cities. . . . As though in answer, a second voice was raised.

—Over there was it not a stranger land where people of an alien race spoke of unfamiliar things in another tongue, sang other songs? Here. . . . . .

—The very names of this her country, those she listened to every day, those heard but once, came crowding to memory; a thousand names piously bestowed by peasants from France on lakes, on rivers, on the settlements of the new country they were discovering and peopling as they went—lac à l'Eau-Claire —la Famine — Saint-Coeur-de-Marie — Trois-Pistoles — Sainte-Rose-du-Dégel — Pointe-aux-Outards — Saint-André-de-l'Epouvante. . . An uncle of Eutrope Gagnon's lived at Saint-André-de-l'Epouvante; Racicot of Honfleur spoke often of his son who was a stoker on a Gulf coaster, and every time new names were added to the old names of fishing villages and little harbours on the St. Lawrence, scattered here and there along those shores between which the ships of the old days had boldly sailed towards an unknown land—Pointe-Mille-Vaches—les Escoumins —Notre-Dame-du-Portage—les Grandes-Bergeronnes—Gaspé.

—How sweet to hear these names where one was talking of distant acquaintance and kinsfolk, or telling of far journeys! How dear and neighbourly was the sound of them, with a heart-warming friendly ring that made one feel as he spoke them,— "Throughout all this land we are at home. . . . at home. . ."

—Westward, beyond the borders of the Province; southward across the line, were everywhere none but English names. In time one might learn to speak them, even might they at last come familiarly to the ear; but where should one find again the happy music of the French names?

—Words of a foreign speech from every lip, on every street, in every shop. . . . Little girls taking hands to dance a round and singing a song one could not understand. . . Here. . .

Maria turned towards her father who still slept with his chin sunk on his breast, looking like a man stricken down by grief whose meditation is of death; and the look brought her swift memory of the hymns and country songs he was wont to teach his children in the evenings.

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener. . . .

In those cities of the States, even if one taught the children how to sing them, would they not straightway forget!

The clouds a little while ago drifting singly across a moonlit sky were now spread over the heavens in a vast filmy curtain, and the dim light passing through it was caught by the earth's pale coverlet of melting snow; between the two wan expanses the ranks of the forest darkly stretched their long battle front.

Maria shuddered; the emotion which had glowed in her heart was dying; once again she said to herself: "And yet it is a harsh land, this land of ours. . . . Why should I linger here?"

Then it was that a third voice, mightier than the others, lifted itself up in the silence; the voice of Quebec—now the song of a woman, now the exhortation of a priest. It came to her with the sound of a church bell, with the majesty of an organ's tones, like a plaintive love-song, like the long high call of woodsmen in the forest. For verily there was in it all that makes the soul of the Province: the loved solemnities of the ancestral faith; the lilt of that old speech guarded with jealous care; the grandeur and the barbaric strength of this new land where an ancient race has again found its youth.

Thus spake the voice:—"Three hundred years ago we came, and we have remained. . . . They who led us hither might return among us without knowing shame or sorrow, for if it be true that we have little learned, most surely nothing is forgot.

"We bore overseas our prayers and our songs; they are ever the same. We carried in our bosoms the hearts of the men of our fatherland, brave and merry, easily moved to pity as to laughter, of all human hearts the most human; nor have they changed. We traced the boundaries of a new continent, from Gaspé to Montreal, from St. Jean d'Iberville to Ungava, saying as we did it: Within these limits all we brought with us, our faith, our tongue, our virtues, our very weaknesses are henceforth hallowed things which no hand may touch, which shall endure to the end.

"Strangers have surrounded us whom it is our pleasure to call foreigners; they have taken into their hands most of the rule, they have gathered to themselves much of the wealth; but in this land of Quebec nothing has changed. Nor shall anything change, for we are the pledge of it. Concerning ourselves and our destiny, but one duty have we clearly understood; that we should hold fast, should endure. And we have

held fast, so that, it may be, many centuries hence the world will look upon us and say:—These people are of a race that knows not how to perish. . . . We are a testimony.

"For this is it that we must abide in that Province where our fathers dwelt, living as they have lived, so to obey the unwritten command that once shaped itself in their hearts, that passed to ours, which we in turn must hand on to descendants innumerable:—In this land of Quebec naught shall die and naught shall suffer change. . . . "

The veil of grey cloud which hid the whole heavens had become heavier and more louring, and suddenly the rain began afresh bringing yet a little nearer that joyous hour when the earth would lie bare and the rivers be freed. Samuel Chapdelaine slept profoundly, his head sunk upon his breast, an old man yielding at last to the long fatigues of his lifetime of toil. Above the candlestick of metal and the glass bowl the candle flames wavered under gentle breaths from the window, and shadows flitting across the face of the dead woman made her lips seem to be moving in prayer or softly telling secrets.

Maria Chapdelaine awakened from her dream to the thought: —"So I shall stay—shall stay here after all!" For the voice had spoken commandingly and she knew she could not choose but obey. It was only then that the recollection of other duties came, after she had submitted, and a sigh had passed her lips. Alma Rose was still a child; her mother dead, there must be a woman in the house. But in truth it was the voices which had told her the way.

The rain was pattering on the roof, and nature, rejoicing that winter was past, sent soft little wandering airs through the casement as though she were sighing in content. Throughout the hours of the night Maria moved not; with hands folded in her lap, patient of spirit and without bitterness, yet dreaming a little sadly of the far-off wonders her eyes would never behold and of the land wherein she was bidden to live with its store of sorrowful memories; of the living flame at which her heart had warmed itself awhile and lost forever, and the deep snowy woods whence too daring youths may not return.

FOREST STRATEGY

[From C. G. D. Roberts's *Neighbours Unknown*. For biographical note, see page 76.]

What was known as the County Line Road, though in winter a highway of some importance for the sleds and sleighs of the lumbermen, was in summer little more than a broad straight trail, with grass and wildflowers growing undisturbed between

the ruts. Just now, in the late and sodden northern spring, it was a disheartening stretch of hummocks and bog-holes, the bog-holes emphasized by a leg-breaking array of half rotten poles laid crossways. It was beautiful, however, in its lonesome, pallid, wistful fashion, for its hummocks, where dry enough, were already bluing tenderly with the first violets, its fringes were sparsely adorned with the shy blooms of windflower, dog-tooth and hepatica, and scattered through the dark ranks of the fir trees on either side were little colonies of white birch or silver poplar, just filming with the first ineffable green.

To the slim girl who, bundle in hand and with skirts tucked up half-way to the knee, was picking her steps along this exasperating path, the wildness of the scene—its mingled harshness and delicacy—brought a pang which she could but dimly understand. The pale purpling of the violets, the aerial greening of the birch-tops against the misty sky, the solemnity of the dark, massed fir trees—it was all beautiful in her eyes beyond anything words could suggest, but it made her heart ache with something like an intolerable homesickness. This was incomprehensible to her, since she was already, in a sense, at home. This was her native wilderness, this was the kind of chill, ethereal, lonesome spring which thrilled through the memories of her childhood. And she was nearing—she could not now be more than twelve miles from—the actual home of her childhood, that grey cabin on the outskirts of the remote and wind-swept settlement of Stony Brook.

For the past three years—going on four now, indeed—Sissy Bembridge had been away from this wild home, working hard and saving her wages, in the big shoe factory at K——, down by the sea. Called home suddenly by word that her mother was ill, she had come by train to the end of the branch, and tried to get a rig to take her around by the main road to Stony Brook. There was no rig to be had for love or money. Too anxious to wait and confident in her young vigour, she had left her luggage, tied up a few necessaries and eatables into a handy bundle, and set out by the short cut of the Old Line Road. Deaf to all dissuasions, she had counted on making Stony Brook before nightfall. Moreover—though she would never have acknowledged to herself that such a consideration could count for anything when all her thoughts were on her mother's illness—she was aware of the fact that Connor's gang was stream-driving on the Ottanoonsis, and would be by now just about the point where the Line Road touches the river. Mike Farrell would be on the drive, and if she should chance to pass the

time o' day with him, and let him know she was at home—why, there'd be no harm done to anybody.

For hours the girl trudged on, picking her way laboriously from side to side of the trail, and often compelled to stop and mend a bit of the corduroy roadway before she could get across some particularly bad stretch of bog. Her stout shoes and heavy woollen stockings were drenched with the icy water, but she was strong and full of abounding health and she felt neither cold nor fatigue. In spite of her anxiety about her mother, attention was absorbed by the old familiar atmosphere of the wilderness, the haunting colours, the chill, elusive, poignant smells. It was not till fairly well along in the afternoon, therefore, that she awoke to the fact that she had not covered more than half the distance which she had to travel. The heavy going, the abominable state of the road had utterly upset her calculations. The knowledge came to her with such a shock that she stopped short in consternation, almost dropping her bundle. At this rate she would be in the forest all night, for it would be impossible to traverse the bog-holes in the dark. Child of the backwoods though she was, she had never slept out alone with the great trees and the mysterious night stillness. For the first time she cast a look of dread into the vistaed shadows of the fir trees. Forgetting the violets, the greening birches, the delicate spring smells, she hurried on at a reckless pace which soon forced her to stop and recover her breath. The best she could hope was to reach the river shore before dark, and perhaps find the camp of the stream drivers. She felt cold, and tired, and small, and terribly alone.

Yet, as a matter of fact, she was by no means so alone as she imagined. For the past half hour or more she had been strangely companioned.

Keeping parallel with the road, but at a distance, and hidden in the shadows, went an immense and gaunt black bear. For all his bulk, he went as noiselessly as a wildcat, skirting the open spaces, and stopping from time to time to sit up, motionless as a stump, and listen intently, and sniff the air with sensitive nostrils. But his little, red-rimmed, savage eyes never lost sight of the figure of the girl for more than a few seconds at a time.

For bears this was the hungry season, the season of few roots and no fruits, few grubs and little honey. The black bear loves sweets and berries far better than any flesh food, however dainty. And human flesh he either fears or dislikes so heartily that only under special stress can he bring himself to contemplate it as a possible article of diet. But this bear consid. ed

himself under special stress. His lean flanks were fairly clinging together from emptiness. To his eyes, thus prejudiced, the fresh young form of Sissy Bembridge, picking its way down the trail, looked appetizing. Girl was something he had never tried, and it *might* be edible. At the same time this inoffensive and defenceless-looking creature undoubtedly belonged to the species of man, as his nostril well assured him. Therefore, small as she was, she was apt to be very dangerous, even to go off at times with flame and a terrifying noise. He was afraid to show himself to her, but his hunger, coupled with curiosity, led him to track her, perhaps in the hope that she might fall dead in the trail and so make it safe for him to approach and taste.

The girl, meanwhile, under the influence of her uncertainty and fatigue, was growing more and more apprehensive. She assured herself that there was nothing to fear, that none of the wild inhabitants of these New Brunswick woods would dare to interfere with a human being. At the same time she found herself glancing nervously over her shoulder, as the shadows lengthened and deepened, and all the wilderness turned to dusky violet. From the wet pools began the cold and melancholy flutings of the frogs, the voice of solitude, and under the plangency of it she found the tears running down her cheeks. At this she shook herself indignantly, squared her shoulders, stamped her foot, and plunged ahead with a firm resolution that the approach of dark should *not* make her a fool. And away in the shadows of the firs the bear drew a little nearer, encouraged by the fading of daylight.

Just as it was growing so dark that she found it hard to choose her path between the pools and the bog-holes, to her infinite relief she caught sight of a cabin roof crowning a little rise of ground by the roadside. She broke into a run in her eagerness, reached the door and pounced upon it breathlessly. But there was no light in the window. With a sinking heart she realized that it was empty—that it was nothing more than a deserted lumber camp. Then, as if in answer to her vehement knocking, the door swung slowly open, showing the black darkness within. It had been merely closed, not latched. With a startled cry she sprang back, her skin creeping at the emptiness. Her first impulse was to turn and run. But she recovered herself, remembering that, after all, here was shelter and security for the night, infinitely preferable to a wet bivouac beneath some dripping fir tree.

She could not bring herself, however, to grope her way into the thick darkness of the interior. Stepping some paces back

from the threshold, she nervously untied her bundle and got out a box of matches. Lighting one, she shaded it with her hand, crept forward and cautiously peered inside. In the spurt of light, the place looked warm and snug. She returned for her bundle, went in and shut the door. Then she drew a long breath and felt better. The camp was small, but dry and in good repair. It was quite empty, except for the tier of bunks along one wall, a rough hewn log bench, a broken stove before the rude chimney, and several lengths of rust-eaten stove-pipe scattered on the floor. Lighting match after match, she hunted about for something to serve as fuel, for she craved the comfort, as well as the warmth of a fire.

There was nothing, however, but a few handfuls of dry, fine spruce tips left in one of the bunks. This stuff, she knew, would flare up at once and die in a couple of minutes. She made up her mind to go out and grope about in the wet gloom for a supply of dead branches, though she was now conscious of a childish reluctance to face again the outer solitude. Almost furtively she lifted the heavy latch and opened the door half way. Instantly, with a gasp, she slammed it to again and leaned against it with quaking knees. Straight in front of her, not twenty feet away, black and huge against the grey glimmer of the open, she had seen the prowling bear.

Recovering herself after a few seconds, she felt her way stealthily to the bench and sat down upon it, so as to face the two windows. The windows were small—so small that she was sure no monster such as the one which had just confronted her could by any possibility force its way through them. But she waited in a sort of horror, expecting momently that a dreadful shadowy face would darken one or the other of them and glare in upon her. She felt that the eyes of it would be visible by their own light, that she might not scream when it appeared. For the time, however, nothing of the sort took place, and the two little squares continued to glimmer palely.

After what seemed to her an hour of breathless waiting, she heard a sound as of something rubbing slowly along the logs of the back wall. She swung around on her seat to stare with straining eyes at the spot where the sound came from. But, of course, all was blackness there. And she could not keep her eyes for more than a few seconds from the baleful fascination of the window-squares.

The door of the camp was a heavy one and sturdily put together, but along its bottom was a crack some half an inch in width. Presently there came a loud sniffing at this crack, and

then the door creaked, as if a heavy body were leaning against it. She shuddered and gathered herself together for a desperate spring, expecting the latch or the hinges to give way. But the honest, New Brunswick workmanship held, and she took breath again with a sob.

After this respite a thousand fantastic schemes of defence began to chase themselves through her brain. Out of them all she clung to just one, as possibly offering some hope in the last emergency. Noiselessly she gathered those few handfuls of withered spruce twigs and heaped them upon the top of the stove. If the bear should succeed in squeezing through the window or breaking down the door, she would light the dry stuff, and perhaps the sudden blaze and smoke might frighten him away. That it would daunt him for a moment, she felt sure, but she was equally sure that its efficacy would not last very long.

As she was working up the details of this scheme—more for the sake of keeping her terror in check than for any great faith she had in it—the thing she had been expecting happened. One of the glimmering, grey-blue squares grew suddenly dark. She gave a burst of shrill, hysterical laughter and ran at it, as a trapped rat will jump at a hand approaching the wires. As she did so, she scratched a bunch of four or five matches and threw them, spluttering and hissing, in the face of the apparition. She had a glimpse of small, savage eyes and an open, white-fanged mouth. Then the great face withdrew itself.

Somewhat reassured to find that the monster could be disconcerted by the spurt of a match, she groped back to her seat, and fell to counting, by touch, the number of these feeble weapons still left in the box. She had only six more, and she began to repent of having used the others so recklessly. After all, as she told herself, *that* bear could not possibly squeeze himself through the window, so why should he not amuse himself by looking in at her if he wanted to? It might keep him occupied. It occurred to her that she ought to be glad that the bear was such a big one. His face alone had fairly filled the window. She would save the remaining matches.

For a good ten minutes nothing more happened, though from time to time her intent ears caught the sound of cautious sniffing on the other side of the log walls, as if the enemy were reconnoitering to find a weak point in her fortress. She smiled scornfully there in the dark, knowing well the strength of those log walls. Then, all at once, her face stiffened and she sat rigid, clutching the edge of the bench with both hands. The

door had once more begun to creak and groan under the weight of a heavy body surging against it.

There was a sound of scratching, a rattle of iron claws, which told her that the beast was rearing itself upright against the door. The massive paws seemed to fumble inquisitively. Then her blood froze. She heard the heavy latch lift with a click.

The door swung open.

She felt as if she were struggling in a nightmare. With a choked scream she leapt straight at the door. She had a mad impulse to slam it in the monster's face and brace herself, however impotently, against it. As she sprang, however, her foot caught in one of the pieces of stovepipe. She fell headlong, and the pipe flew half across the floor, clattering over its fellows as it went and raising a prodigious noise.

Through a long, long moment of horror she lay flat on her face, expecting a gigantic paw to fall upon her neck as a cat's paw falls upon a mouse. Nothing happened. She ventured to raise her head. The door was wide open and the doorway quite clear. A dozen feet away from it, at the edge of the road, stood the bear, staring irresolutely. He had been rather taken aback by the suddenness with which the door had flown open and had hesitated to enter, fearing a trap. The wild clatter of the stovepipes had still further disturbed him, and he had withdrawn to consider the situation. In one bound the girl was at the door and had shut it with a bang.

The problem was now to fix the latch so that it could not again be lifted from the inside. She lit one more precious match, examined the mechanism, and hunted frantically for a splinter of wood with which to jam it down. There was nothing in sight that would serve. She tried to tear off a strip of her petticoat to bind it down with, but all her underwear was of a most serviceable sturdiness and would not tear. She heard the bear moving again outside. She heard his breathing close to the door. Desperately she thrust a couple of fingers into the space above the latch, so that it would not lift. Then with the other hand she whipped off one shoe and stocking. The stocking was just the thing, and in a minute she had the latch secure.

It was no more than secure, however, before the weight of the bear once more came against the door. From the heavy, scratchy fumblings the girl could perceive that her enemy was trying to repeat his former manœuvre. On this point, at least, she had no anxiety. She knew the door could not now be unlatched from the outside. She could almost afford to laugh in her satisfaction as she groped her way back to her seat.

But her satisfaction was of brief life. The door began to creak more and more violently. It was evident that the bear, having once learned that this was a possible way in, was determined to test it to the utmost. The girl sprang up. She heard the screws of a hinge begin to draw with an ominous grating sound. Now at least the crisis was truly and inevitably upon her. And, to her amazement, she was less terrified than before. The panic horror had all gone. She had small hope of escape, but her brain worked calmly and clearly. She moved over beside the broken stove, and stood, match in hand, ready to set fire to the pile of dry spruce tips.

The door groaned and creaked. Then the upper hinge gave way and the door leaned inward, admitting a wide streak of glimmer. For some moments, thereafter, all sounds ceased, as if the bear had drawn back cautiously to consider the result of his efforts. Then he came on again with more confidence. Under his weight the door came crashing down, but slowly, with the noise of yielding latch and snapping iron. As it fell, the girl scratched the match and set it to the dry stuff.

In the doorway the bear paused, eyeing suspiciously the tiny blue spurt of the struggling match. After a second or two, however, he came forward with a savage rush, furious at having been so long bauked. The girl slipped around the stove. And just as the bear reached the place where she had been standing, the spruce tips sparked sharply and flared up in his face. With a loud woo-oof of indignation and alarm, he recoiled, turned tail, scurried out into the road and disappeared.

In a couple of minutes the cabin was full of sparks and smoky light. The girl ran to the door and peered out. Her heart sank once more. There was the bear, a few paces up the road, calmly sitting on his haunches, waiting. He had seen camp fires before, and he was sitting for this one to die down.

Sissy Bembridge knew that it would die down at once, and then—well, her last card would have been played. She wrung her hands, but in the new self-possession which had come to her, she could not believe that the end had really arrived. It was unbelievable that within some half a dozen minutes she should become a lifeless, hideous, shapeless thing beneath those mangling claws. No, there must be—there was—something to do, if she could only think of it.

And then it came to her.

At first thought the idea was so audacious, so startling, so fantastic, that she shrank from it as absurd. But on second thoughts she convinced herself not only that it was the one

thing to be done, but also that it was practical and would almost certainly prove effective. But there was not a moment to be lost.

Snatching up one of the fragments of stove-pipe, she used the edge as a shovel, and carried a portion of the blazing stuff to the open doorway. Here she deliberately set fire to the dry wood-work, nursing with hand and breath the tiny, uplicking flames. She fed them with a few more scraps of spruce scraped up from another bunk, till she saw that they would surely catch. Then, with her stove-pipe shovel, she started another fire in the further corner of the camp, and yet another in the uppermost bunk. When satisfied that all were fairly going, she retrieved her stocking from the broken latch, reclothed her naked foot and set her bundle safely outside. Then she looked at the bear, still sitting on his haunches a little way up the road, and she laughed at him. At last she had him worsted. She darted in through the doorway—now blazing cheerfully all up one side—and dragged forth the heavy bench, that she might have something dry to sit on while she watched the approaching conflagration.

Her calculation—and she knew it was a sound one—was that the cabin, a solid structure of logs, would burn vigorously the whole night through, and terrify the bear to final flight. If it should, by any chance die down before full daylight, she would be able to build a circle of small fires with the burning remnants. And she felt sure that in daylight her enemy would not dare to renew the attack.

In another ten minutes the roof was ablaze, and soon the flames were shooting up riotously. The woods were lighted redly for hundreds of yards around, the pools in the road were polished copper, and the bear was nowhere to be seen. Sissy dragged her bench and bundle still further away, and sat philosophically warming her wet feet. The reaction from her terror, and her sense of triumph, made her so excited that fatigue and anxiety were all forgotten. She grew warm and comfortable, and finally, opening her bundle, she got out a package of neglected sandwiches and made a contented meal.

As she was shaking the crumbs from her lap, she heard voices and pounding, splashing hoofs from up the trail. She sprang to her feet. Three lumbermen came riding into the circle of light and drew rein before her in astonishment. "Sissy—Bembridge—*you!*" cried the foremost, springing from his saddleless mount.

The girl ran to him. "Oh, Mike," she exclaimed, crying and laughing all at the same time, and clutching him by the arm, "I *had* to do it! The bear nigh got me! Take me to Mother, quick. I'm *that* tired."

BARGAINING WITH THE FACTOR.

[Arthur Heming's *The Drama of the Forests* (1921) from which the following extract is taken, is recognized as an exceptionally authentic account of life in the Canadian wild. Arthur Heming, (born in Ontario, 1870) is by profession both author and artist. His preface explains that while the actual experiences woven into the book cover an experience of thirty-three years in the wild, "the scene is set to represent a certain year in the early nineties, and that fictitious names have been given to the principal characters and to the principal trading-posts."]

In the old days, in certain parts of the country, when the Indians came to the posts to get their "advances" or to barter their winter's catch of fur, the traders had to exercise constant caution to prevent them from looting the establishments. At some of the posts only a few Indians at a time were allowed within the fort, and even then trading was done through a wicket. But that applied only to the Plains Indians and to some of the natives from the Pacific coast; for the Strong Woods people were remarkably honest. Even to-day this holds good, notwithstanding the fact that they are now so much in contact with white men. Nowadays the Indians in any locality rarely cause trouble, and at the trading-posts the business of the Indian shops is conducted in a quiet and orderly way.

The traders do most of their bartering with the Indians in the early summer when the hunters return laden with the spoils of the winter's hunt. In the early autumn, when the Indians are about to leave for their hunting-grounds, much business is done, but little in the way of barter. At that season the Indians procure their outfit for the winter. Being usually insolvent, owing to the leisurely time spent upon the tribal camping grounds, they receive the necessary supplies on credit. The amount of credit, or "advances," given to each Indian seldom exceeds one-third of the value of his annual catch. That is the white man's way of securing, in advance, the bulk of the Indian's prospective hunt; yet, although a few of them are sometimes slow in settling their debts, they are never a match for the civilized white man.

When I entered the trading room I saw it was furnished with a U-shaped counter paralleling three sides of the room, and with a large box stove in the middle of the intervening space. On the shelves and racks upon the walls and from hooks in the rafters rested or hung a conglomeration of goods to be offered in trade to the natives. There were copper pails and calico dresses, pain-killer bottles and Hudson's Bay blankets, sow-belly and chocolate drops, castor oil and gun worms, frying pans and ladies' wire bustles, guns and corsets, axes and ribbons, shirts and hunting-knives, perfumes and bear-traps. In a way, the Indian shop resembled a department store, except that all the departments were jumbled together in a single room. At one post I visited years ago— that of Abitibi—they had a rather progressive addition in the way of a millinery department. It was contained in a large, lidless packing-case against the side of which stood a long steering paddle for the clerk's use in stirring about the varied assortment of white woman's ancient headgear, should a fastidious Indian woman request to see more than the uppermost layer.

Already a number of Indians were being served by the Factor and Delaronde, the clerk, and I had not long to wait before Oo-koo-hoo appeared. I surmised at once who he was, for one could see by the merest glance at his remarkably pleasant, yet thoroughly clever face, that he was all his name implied, a wise, dignified old gentleman who was in the habit of observing much more than he gave tongue to—a rare quality in men—especially white men. Even before I heard him speak, I liked Oo-koo-hoo—The Owl.

But before going any farther, I ought to explain that as I am endeavouring to render a faithful description of forest life, I am going to repeat in the next few paragraphs part of what once appeared in one of my fictitious stories of northern life. I then made use of the matter because it was the truth, and for that very reason I am going to repeat it; also because this transaction as depicted is typical of what usually happens when the Indians try to secure their advances. Furthermore, I give the dialogue in detail, as perchance some reader may feel as Thoreau did, when he said: "It would be some advantage to live a primitive and frontier life, though in the midst of an outward civilization, if only to learn what are the gross necessaries of life and what methods have been taken to obtain them; or even to look over the old daybooks of the merchants, to see what it was that men most commonly bought at the

stores, what they stored, that is, what are the grossest groceries."

But while the following outfit might be considered the Indian's grossest groceries, the articles are not really necessary at all for him; for, to go the extreme, a good woodsman can hunt without even gun, axe, knife or matches, and can live happily absolutely independent of our civilization.

As the Factor was busy with another Indian when the Chief entered—for Oo-koo-hoo was the chief of the Ojibways of that district—he waited patiently, as he would not deign to do business with a clerk. When he saw the trader free, he greeted:

"Quay, quay, hugemow!" (Goodday, Master.)

"Gude day, mon Oo-koo-hoo, what can I do for ye the day?" amicably responded the factor.

"Master, it is this way. I am about to leave for my hunting-grounds; but this time I am going to spend the winter upon a new part of them, where I have not hunted for years, and where game of all kinds will be plentiful. Therefore I want you to give me liberal advances, so that my hunt will not be hindered."

"Fegs, Oo-koo-hoo, yon's an auld, auld farrant. But ye're well kenned for a leal, honest man; and sae, I'se no be unco haird upon ye."

So saying, the Factor made him a present of a couple of pounds of flour, half a pound of pork, half a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of tea, a plug of tobacco, and some matches. The Factor's generosity was prompted largely by his desire to keep the Indian in good humour. After a little friendly chaffing the Factor promised to give the hunter advances to the extent of one hundred "skins."

A "skin," or, as it is often called, a "made beaver," is equivalent to one dollar in the Hudson Bay and the Mackenzie River districts, but only fifty cents in the region of the Athabasca.

Perhaps it should be explained here, that while Oo-koo-hoo could speak broken English, he always preferred to use his own language when addressing the trader, whom he knew to be quite conversant with Ojibway, and so, throughout this book, I have chosen to render the Indian's speech as though it was translated from Ojibway into English, rather than at any time render it in broken English, as the former is not only easier to read, but is more expressive of the natural quality of the Indian's speech. In olden days, some of the chiefs who

could not speak English at all, were, it is claimed, eloquent orators—far outclassing our greatest statesmen.

Oo-koo-hoo having ascertained the amount of his credit, reckoned that he would use about fifty skins in buying traps and ammunition; the rest he would devote to the purchase of necessaries for himself and his party, as his son-in-law had arranged with him to look after his family's wants, in his absence. So the old gentleman now asked for the promised skins. He was handed one hundred marked goose quills representing that number of skins. After checking them over in bunches of ten, he entrusted twenty to his eldest grandson Ne-geek—The Otter—to be held in reserve for ammunition and tobacco, and ten to his eldest granddaughter, Neykia, with which to purchase an outfit for the rest of the party.

For a long time Oo-koo-hoo stood immersed in thought. At last his face brightened. He had reached a decision. For years he had coveted a new muzzle-loading gun, and he felt that the time had now arrived to get it. So he picked out one valued at forty skins and paid for it. Then, taking back the quills his grandson held, he bought twenty skins' worth of powder, caps, shot, and bullets. Then he selected for himself a couple of pairs of trousers, one pair made of moleskin and the other of tweed, costing ten skins; two shirts and a suit of underwear, ten skins; half a dozen assorted traps, ten skins. Finding that he had used up all his quills, he drew on those set aside for his wife and son-in-law's family and bought tobacco, five skins; files, one skin; an axe, two skins; a knife, one skin; matches, one-half skin; and candy for his youngest grandchild, one-half skin. On looking over his acquisitions he discovered that he must have at least ten skins' worth of twine for nets and snares, five skins' worth of tea, one skin worth of soap, one skin worth of needles and thread, as well as a tin pail and a new frying pan. After a good deal of haggling the Factor threw him that number of quills, and Oo-koo-hoo's manifest contentment somewhat relieved the trader's anxiety.

A moment later, however, Oo-koo-hoo was reminded by his wife, Ojistoh, that there was nothing for her, so she determined to interview the Factor herself. She tried to persuade him to give her twenty skins in trade, and promised to pay for them in the spring with rat and ermine skins, or—should those fail her—with her dog, which was worth fully thirty skins. She had been counting on some cotton print for a dress, as well as thread and needles, to say nothing of extra tea, which in all would amount to at least thirty-five or forty skins.

When, however, the Factor allowed her only ten skins, her disappointment was keen, and she ended by getting a shawl. Then she left the trading-room to pay a visit to the Factor's wife, and confide to her the story of her expectation and of her disappointment so movingly that she would get a cup of tea, a word of sympathy, and perhaps even an old petticoat.

In the meantime Oo-koo-hoo was catching it again. He had forgotten his daughter; so after more haggling the trader advanced her ten skins. Her mind had long been made up. She bought a three-point blanket, a small head-shawl, and a piece of cotton print. Then the grandsons crowded round and grumbled because there was nothing for them.

By this time the trader was beginning to feel that he had done pretty well for the family already; but he kept up the appearance of bluff good humor and asked:

"Well, Oo-koo-hoo, what wad ye be wantin' for the laddies?"

"My grandsons are no bunglers, as you know," said the proud old grandsire. "They can each kill at least twenty skins' worth of fur."

"Aye, aye!" rejoined the trader, "I shall e'en gi'e them twenty atween them."

In the goodness of his heart he offered the boys some advice as to what they should buy. "Ye'll be wantin' to buy traps, I'm jalousin', an' sure ye'll turn out to be graun' hunters, Nimrods o' the North, that men'll mak' sangs aboot i' the comin' years." He cautioned them to choose wisely, because from henceforth they would be personally responsible for everything they bought, and must pay, "skin for skin," (the motto of the Hudson's Bay Company.)

The boys listened with gloomy civility, and then purchased an assortment of useless trifles such as ribbons, tobacco, buttons, candy, rings, pomatum, perfume, and Jews' harps.

The Factor's patience was now nearly exhausted. He picked up his account book, and strode to the door, and held it open as a hint to the Indians to leave. But they pretended to take no notice of his action.

The granddaughters, who had been growing more and more anxious lest they should be forgotten, now began to be voluble in complaint. Oo-koo-hoo called the trader aside and explained the trouble. The Factor realized that he was in a corner, and that if he now refused further supplies he would offend the old chief and drive him to sell his best furs to the opposition trader in revenge. He surrendered and the girls received ten skins between them.

At long last everyone was pleased, except the unhappy Factor. Gathering his purchases together, Oo-koo-hoo tied up the powder, shot, tea, and sugar in the legs of the trousers; placed the purchases for his wife, daughter and granddaughters in the shawl, and the rest of the goods in the blanket.

Then he made the discovery that he had neither flour nor grease. He could not start without them. The Factor's blood was now almost at the boiling pitch, but he dared not betray his feelings; for the Indian was ready to take offence at the slightest word, so rich and independent did he feel. Angering him now would simply mean adding to the harvest of the opposition trader. He chewed his lower lip in the effort to smother his disgust, and growled out with an angry grin:

"Hoots, mon, ye ha'e gotten owre mickle already. It's fair redeeklus. I jist cannot gi'e ye onything mair ava!"

"Ah, but, master, you have forgotten that I am a great hunter. And that my son-in-law is a great hunter, too. This is but the outfit for a lazy man! Besides, the Great Company is rich, and I am poor. If you will be stingy, I shall not trouble you more."

Once again the Factor gave way and handed out the flour and grease. All filed out and the Factor turned the key in the door. As he walked towards the house, his spirits began to rise, and he clapped the old Indian on the back good-naturedly. Presently Oo-koo-hoo halted in his tracks. He had forgotten something; he had nothing in case of sickness.

"Master, you know my voyage is long; my work is hard; the winter is severe. I am not very strong now: I may fall ill. My wife—she is not very strong—may fall ill also. My son-in-law is not very strong: he may fall ill, too. My daughter is not . . ."

"De'il ha'e ye!" roared the Factor. "What is't the noo?"

"Never mind, it will do to-morrow," muttered the hunter, with an offended air.

"As I'm a leevin' sinner, it's noo or it's never," insisted the Factor, who had no desire to let the Indian have another day at it. "Come back this verra minnit, an' I'll gi'e ye a wheen poothers an' sic like, that'll keep ye a' hale and hearty, I houp, till ye win hame again."

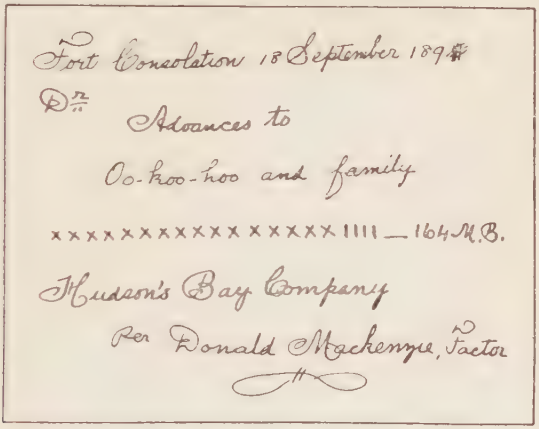
The Factor took him back and gave him some salts, peppermint, pain-killer, and sticking plaster, to offset all the ills that might befall him and his party during the next ten months.

Once more they started for the house. The Factor was ready to put up with anything as long as he could get them away

from the store. Oo-koo-hoo now told the trader not to charge anything against his wife as he would settle her account himself, and that as Amik would be back in the morning, he, too, would want his advances, and if they had forgotten anything, Amik could get it next day.

The Factor scowled again, but it was too late.

While the Indians lounged around the kitchen and talked to the Factor's wife and the half-breed servant girl, the Factor went to his office and made out Oo-koo-hoo's bill, which read:


Fort Consolation 18 September 189#

D^r

Advances to

Oo-koo-hoo and family

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx IIII — 164 M.B.

Hudson's Bay Company

Per Donald Mackenzie, Factor

The Indian now told the trader that he wanted him to send the "Fur Runners" to him with supplies in ten weeks' time and that he must have a "geese-wark," or measure of days, in order to know exactly when the Fur Runners would arrive at his camp. So the Factor made out the calendar on the following page.

The characters to the left are syllabic — a method of writing taught to the Indians by the missionaries. They spell the words September, October and November. The I's represent week-days and the X's Sundays. The calendar begins with the 18th of September, and the crescent marks the 29th of November, the date of the arrival of the Fur Runners. The Indian would keep track of the days by pricking a pin-hole every day above the proper figure.

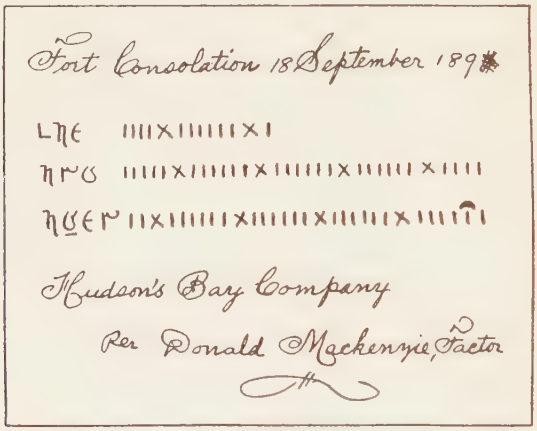
Presently the Factor and I were alone for a few moments, and he growled:

"Whit d'ye think o' the ould de'il?"

"Fine, I'll go with him, if he will take me."

So I had a talk with the old Indian, and when he learned that I had no intention of killing game, but merely wanted to accompany him and his son-in-law on their hunts, he consented and we came to terms. I was to be ready to start early on the morning of the 20th. Then Oo-koo-hoo turned to the trader and said:

"Master, it is getting late, and it will be later when I reach



my lodge. I am hungry now, and I shall be hungrier still when I get home. I am growing . . ."

"Aye, aye, ma birkie," interrupted the Factor. "I un'erstaun fine." He bestowed upon the confident petitioner a further gratuity of flour, tea, sugar, and tallow, a clay pipe, a plug of tobacco, and some matches, so as to save him from having to break in upon his winter supplies before he started on his journey to the hunting-grounds. Oo-koo-hoo solemnly expressed his gratitude.

"Master, my heart is pleased. You are my father. I shall now hunt well, and you shall have all my fur."

To show his appreciation of the compliment, the Factor gave him an old shirt and wished him good luck.

In the meantime, Oo-koo-hoo's wife had succeeded in obtaining from the Factor's wife old clothes for her grandchildren,

needles and thread and some food. Just as they got ready to go, the younger woman, Amik's wife, remembered that the baby had brought a duck as a present for the Factor's children, so they had to give a present in return, worth at least twice as much as the duck.

The Factor and his family were by this time sufficiently weary. Right willingly did they go down to the landing to see the Indians off. No sooner had these taken their places in the canoes and paddled a few strokes away than the grandmother remembered that she had a present for the Factor and his wife. All paddled back again, and the Factor and his wife were each presented with a pair of moccasins. No, she would not take anything in return, at least, not just now. To-morrow, perhaps, when they came to say good-bye.

"Losh me! I thocht they were aff and gane!" exclaimed the Factor, as he turned and strode up the beach.

WITH THE FUR BRIGADE.

[From Arthur Heming's *The Drame of the Forests.* For an account of the author, see page 269.]

The building of a six-fathom, or "North", canoe generally takes place under a shed erected for the purpose, where there is a clear, level space, and plenty of working room. Two principal stakes are driven at a distance apart of thirty-six feet, the length of the craft to be. These are connected by two rows of smaller stakes diverging and converging so as to form the shape of the canoe. The smaller stakes are five feet apart at the centre. Pieces of birchbark are soaked in water for a day and no more, sewn together with *wat-tap*—the roots of cedar or spruce gathered in spring—placed between the stakes with the outer side down, and then made fast. The well-soaked ribs are then put in place and as soon as they are loaded with stones the bark assumes its proper form. The gunwales, into which the ends of the ribs are mortised, are bound into position with *wat-tap*. The thwarts are next adjusted. The stones and stakes are then removed; the seams are covered with a mixture of one part grease to nine parts spruce gum; the craft is tested, and is then held in readiness for its maiden voyage. . . .

Next morning, soon after dawn, the church bells were ringing and everyone was up and astir; and presently all were on

their way to one or another of the little log chapels on the hill; where, a little later, they saw the stalwart men of the Fur Brigade kneeling before the altar as they partook of the holy sacrament before starting upon their voyage to the frontier of civilization.

Strange, isn't it, that the writers of northern novels never depict a scene like that? Probably because they have never been inside a northern church.

Next, breakfasts were hurriedly eaten, then the voyageurs assembled upon the beach, placed those big, beautifully formed six-fathom canoes upon the water, and paddled them to the landing. Then Chief Factor Thompson and Factor Mackenzie joined the throng; and that veteran voyageur, Oo-koo-hoo, who was to command the Fur Brigade, touched his hat and conferred with the officers. A few moments later the old guide waved his swarthy men into line. From them he chose the bowmen, calling each by name, and motioning them to rank beside him; then, in turn, each bowman selected a man for his crew; until for each of the eight canoes, eight men were chosen. Then work began.

Some went off with tump-line in hand to the warehouse, ascended the massive stairs, and entered the fur loft. Tiers of empty shelves circled the room, where the furs were stored during the winter; but upon the floor were stacked packs of valuable pelts—the harvest of the fur trade. The old-fashioned scales, the collapsible mould, and the giant fur press told of the work that had been done. Every pack weighed eighty pounds. Loading up, they rapidly carried the fur to the landing. In the storeroom the voyageurs gathered up the "tripping" kit of paddles, tents, axes, tarpaulins, sponges; and a box for each crew containing frying-pans, tea pails, tin plates and tea-dishes. In the trading-room the crews were supplied with provisions of flour, pork and tea, at the rate of three pounds a day for each man. They were also given tobacco. Most of the voyageurs received "advances" from the clerk, in the way of clothing, knives, pipes and things deemed essential for the voyage. Birch bark, spruce roots and gum were supplied for repairing the canoes.

All was now in readiness. The loading of freight began, and when each canoe had received its allotted cargo the voyageurs indulged in much handshaking with their friends, a little quiet talking and affectionate kissing with their families and sweethearts. Then, paddle in hand, they boarded the canoes and took their places.

In manning a six-fathom canoe, the bowman is always the most important; the steersman comes next in rank, while the others are called "midmen."

Factor Mackenzie and his senior officer, sitting in the guide's or chief voyageur's canoe, which, of course, was Oo-koo-hoo's, gave the word; and all together the paddle blades dipped, the water swirled, and on the gunwales the paddle handles thudded as the canoes heaved away.

The going and coming of the Fur Brigade was the one great event of the year to those nomadic people who stood watching and waving to the fast-vanishing flotilla. Were they not bidding farewell to fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, or lovers, chosen as the best men from their village? Had they not lent a hand in the winning of the treasure that was floating away? If only the pelts in those packs could speak, what tales they would unfold!

As I looked back the animated picture of the little settlement wherein we figured but a moment before gradually faded into distance. The wild-looking assembly was blotted from the shore. But still above the rapidly dwindling buildings waved the flag of the oldest chartered trading association in the world—the Hudson's Bay Company.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the brigade went ashore for a "snack." The canoes were snubbed to overhanging trees, and upon a rocky flat the fires burned. Hurriedly drinking the hot tea, the men seized pieces of frying pork and, placing them upon their broken bannock, ravenously devoured both as they returned to the canoes. No time was lost. Away we went again. Then the brigade would paddle incessantly for about two hours; then they would "spell" and paddles were laid aside "one smoke." As the way slackened, the steersmen bunched the canoes. The soft, rich voices of the crews blended as they quietly chatted and joked and laughed together.

Later, a stern wind came along. Nearing an island, some of the men went ashore and cut a mast and sprit-sail boom for each canoe. They lashed the masts to the thwarts with tumplines, and rigged the tarpaulins, used to cover the packs, into sails. Again the paddles were shipped, save those of the steersmen; and the crews lounged about, either smoking or drowsing. The men were weary. Last night they had danced both hard and long, with dusky maids—as all true voyageurs do on the eve of their departure. To voyageurs stern winds are blessings. Mile after mile the wild flotilla swept along. Sunshine danced upon the rippling waves that gurgled and lapped

as the bows over-reached them. Rugged islands of moss-covered rock and evergreen trees rose on every side. The wind favoured us for about five miles, then shifted. Reluctantly the sails were let down, the masts and booms tossed overboard. At four o'clock the brigade landed on a pretty island, and a hurried afternoon tea was taken; after which we again paddled on, and at sundown halted to pitch camp for the night. . . .

At three o'clock next morning the camp was astir. In the half light of early day, and while breakfast was being prepared, the men "gummed" afresh the big canoes. Whittling handles to dry pine sticks, they split the butts half way down, and placed that end on the fire. After a little burning, the stick opened like a fork; and placing it over the broken seam, the voyageur blew upon the crotch, thus melting the hardened "gum"; then, spitting upon his palm, he rounded it off and smoothed it down. By the time breakfast was ready the tents were again stowed away in the canoes along with the valuable cargoes of furs.

Paddling up the mist-enshrouded river the canoes rounded a bend. There the eddying of muddy water told that a moose had just left the water-lily bed. The leaves of the forest hid his fleeing form; but on the soft bank the water slowly trickled into his deep hoof-prints, so late was his departure. The tracks of bear and deer continuously marked the shores, for the woods were full of game. How varied was the scenery. Island-dotted lakes, timber-covered mountains, winding streams and marshy places; bold rocky gorges and mighty cataracts; dense forests of spruce, tamarack, poplar, birch and pine—a region well worthy to be the home of either Nimrod or Diana.

Later in the day, when all the canoes were ranged side by side, their gracefully curved bows came in line; dip, swirl, thud; dip, swirl, thud, sounded all the paddles together. The time was faultless. Then it was that the picturesque brigade appeared in wild perfection. Nearing a portage, spontaneously a race began for the best landing-place. Like contending chargers, forward they bounded at every stroke. Vigorously the voyageurs plied their paddles. Stiffening their arms and curving their backs, they bent the blades. Every muscle was strained. The sharp bows cleaved the lumpy water, sending it gurgling to the paddles that slashed it, and whirled it aside. On they went. Now Oo-koo-hoo's canoe was gaining. As that brightly-painted craft forged ahead, its swiftly running wake

crept steadily along the sides of the other canoes. Presently the wavelets were sounding "whiff, whiff, whiff," as the white bows crushed them down. Then at last his canoe broke free and lunged away, leaving all the brigade to follow in its broadening trail. The pace was too exhausting; the canoes strung out; but still the narrow blades slashed away, for the portage was at hand. With dangerous speed the first canoe rushed abreast of the landing, and just as one expected disaster, the bowman gave the word. Instantly the crew, with their utmost strength, backed water. As the canoe came to a standstill the voyageurs rolled their paddle-handles along the gunwales, twirling the dripping blades and enveloping the canoe in a veil of whirling spray. Then, jumping into the shallow water, they lined up and quickly passed the packs ashore. The moment the cargo was transferred to the bank, the men lifted the great canoe off the water and turned it bottom up, while four of them placed their heads beneath and rested the gunwales upon their *capote*-bepadded shoulders. As they carried it off, one was reminded of some immense antediluvian reptile crawling slowly over the portage trail.

There was now much excitement. Other crews had arrived and were rapidly unloading. As the landing was over-crowded the portaging began. Each man tied the thin, tapering ends of his tump-line—a fifteen-foot leather strap with a broad centre—about a pack, swung it upon his back, and, bending forward, rested its broad loop over his head. Upon the first his companion placed two more packs; then, stooping beneath the weight of 240 pounds, the packers at a jog-trot set off up hill and down, over rugged rocks and fallen timbers, through fern-covered marsh and dense underbrush. Coming to an opening in the wood at the far end of the portage, they quickly tossed their burdens aside, and back again they ran. Nowhere could one see more willing workers. You heard no swearing or grumbling about the exceedingly hard task before them. On the contrary, everyone vied with the rest as to which could carry the greatest load and most swiftly cross the portage. Rivalry sped the work along. Shirts and trousers reeked with perspiration. The voyageurs puffed and panted as they went by, and no wonder—the portage was three-quarters of a mile in length.

Then away we went again, and up, up, up, we mounted day by day, toward the height-of-land, where a long portage over low-lying marshy ground brought us to the place where our descent began; then for days we ran with the current until

it entered a larger river, and soon we found that endless rapids interrupted our work, and down many of them the canoes were run. The Hudson's Bay Company, however, never allows its men to shoot rapids with fur-laden canoes; so it was on that wild stretch of our trip that the skill of the voyageur was tested most.

At the head of one of the great rapids, Ooo-koo-hoo, seeing that I mated well with one of his crew, invited me to take a paddle and help them through. Tossing in an extra paddle for each canoeman as we stepped aboard, and with a gentle shove the current caught the light canoe and carried us out to mid-stream. Long before we sighted white water the roar of the cataract was humming in our ears. We midmen sat upon dunnage sacks and braced our moccasined feet against the ribbing. Presently the bowman stood up and scanned the river. Dark ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great surging mass of white that leaped high and dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then the steersman stood up, too, and Indian words passed between them. Every moment we were gaining impetus, and always heading for the highest crest of foam. Waiting for the word to paddle was even worse than waiting for the starter's gun in a sculling race. At last it came, just as we were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water. With a wild shout from the bowman we drove our paddles home. The great canoe trembled a little at first, as our work was somewhat ragged, but a moment later we settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among the tossing billows. Now before us ran a strange wild river of seething white, lashing among great, grey-capped, dark greenish boulders that blocked the way. High rocky banks standing close together squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury.

Swiftly we glide down the racing torrent and plunge through the boiling waters. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the flood. It is dangerous work. We midmen paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersmen in bow and stern ply and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman, with eyes alert, closely watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising

four or five feet above the waterline on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary boulder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes at it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dares aproach it.

How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot; for is not the steersman doing the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite side, for the bowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around; but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true. The rocks now grow fewer, but still there is another pitch ahead. Again the bow dips as we rush down the incline. Spray rises in clouds that drench us to the skin as we plunge through the "great swell" and then shoot out among a multitude of tumbling billows that threaten to engulph us. The canoe rides upon the backs of the "white horses" and we rise and fall, rise and fall, as they fight beneath us. At last we leave their wild arena, and entering calmer water, paddle away to the end of the portage trail.

One morning, soon after sunrise, the brigade came to the end of its journey as it rounded a point and headed for a smoking steamboat that rested upon a shimmering lake; and so entirely did the rising mist envelop the craft that it suggested the silhouette of a distant mountain in volcanic eruption. Then the canoes, each in turn, lay alongside the steamer; the fur packs were loaded aboard, and thence by steamboat and railroad they continued their journey to Montreal; where, together with the "returns" from many another of the Hudson's Bay Company's thirty-four districts, they were re-shipped in ocean-going craft for England, where eventually they were sold by auction in London.

A hundred years ago as many as ten brigades, each numbering twenty six-fathom canoes, sometimes swept along those northern highways and awoke those wild solitudes with the rollicking songs and laughter of fifteen or sixteen hundred voyageurs; but alas for those wonderfully picturesque days of by-gone times! The steamboats and the railroads have driven them away.

In my youth, however, I was fortunate enough to have travelled with the last of those once famous fur brigades; and also to have learned from personal experience the daily life of the northern woods—the drama of the forests—of which in my still earlier youth I had had so many day-dreams; and now if in describing and depicting it to you I have succeeded in imparting at least a fraction of the pleasure it gave me to witness it, I am well repaid.

THE R. N. W. M. P. AND THE KLONDYKE RUSH

[Roderick George Macbeth, who was born in Manitoba, in 1858, has interested himself in the fertile but as yet unexploited field of the "Real-life records" of the Canadian West. *The Selkirk Settlers in Real Life* (1879), *The Making of the Canadian West* (1893), and *Policing the Plains* (1921), are all contributions to this phase of Canadian history. The last named volume, from which the following selections are taken, has as its sub-title, "The Real-Life Record of the Famous North-West Mounted Police."]

Away on the banks of the Red River hard by where the City of Winnipeg, with its aggressive business marts and its surging polyglot population now stands, there is the old Kildonan Church, which the original Selkirk Settlers, pioneers of the West, built for themselves and their children. Those early colonists, unmindful of worldly gain, had the traditional hospitality of the Highland race to which they belonged, and the proverbial absence of class distinction which always obtains on a frontier:

> "No bolts had they to their doors,
> Nor bars to their windows,
> But their houses were open as day
> And the hearts of the owners."

It was natural that to such a place should come on frequent visits the Hudson's Bay men, the explorers and pathfinders,

most of whom were of the same race and creed as the pioneers, and it was natural, too, that when these pathfinders came to the end of the long trail their bodies should be brought back to rest in the God's acre around that old church, the famous cemetery where

> "Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
> The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

There were other lines of Gray's immortal poem that could be applied with great appropriateness to that churchyard that lay in the midst of a settlement in which were men of undoubted talent and power had their lot been cast in other surroundings. Such lines, for instance, as these:

> "Some village Hampden, who, with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
> Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

But there were many resting there who became known far beyond their early circle. Most of them are not connected with our present story, but one monument in that ancient churchyard bears the name of a man whose record shines out with splendour in the history of the Yukon, which region was afterwards the scene of one of the most brilliant, successful and grandly tragic chapters in the record of the Mounted Police. The name is that of Robert Campbell, the famous Hudson's Bay Company explorer, who, three-score years before the famous gold rush which required the guardian presence of the Police, had discovered the Yukon River, and had travelled for years in the regions which later on became known as one of the great gold fields of the world. Campbell was not looking for gold, nor caring for it. He was opening out a new empire for trade with the usual self-forgetful devotion of its employees to the interests of the great Fur Company.

I remember Campbell, guest often in my father's house on the Red River in my boyhood, and later, for he lived to a great age. A Highlander, too, was he, from Glenlyon, in Perthshire, tall, stately, handsome, with black hair and beard, his whole bearing suggestive of power. A modest man, withal, for he refused to call after himself the great river he had discovered, and he left no material out of which a real biography could be written. But it was because he had blazed the way, and because another Hudson's Bay man, Hunter

Murray, had built Fort Yukon, that others throughout the years began to penetrate into the wild until, in the nineties, there came the discovery of acres of gold which attracted the wildest rush in the history of mining. There have been many wild rushes in different parts of the world, but those who went on the Yukon rush faced climatic conditions in blizzards, bottomless snowdrifts and desperate cold, as well as torrential streams and treacherous rapids, which, from the standpoint of hardship and privation, dwarf all other mining expeditions into insignificance. Of all this burden and exposure and hardship the Mounted Police, in the simple discharge of their duties, bore the lion's share, and that without any financial compensation, such as others expected who were drawn to the North by lure of gold. The Police had nothing but their small pay, and they kept themselves strictly and sternly aloof from opportunities to enrich themselves either in the way of business or in the way of allowing any offers to be made them as a price for shielding law-breakers. They did not make any money, though it was being made by thousands all around them. But they did their duty so valiantly and so uncompromisingly that they added to their already great prestige and showed the world a new record entirely free from crime. There was hardly any gun play. There were only two or three homicides, and there were no failures in justice and no lynchings.

When, in 1894, the first rumours of a probable rush into the region came to the outside, the Dominion Government felt that it was imperative that, in order to prevent lawlessness, as well as to protect the interests of Canada in respect to the area within her boundary, the famous corps that had policed all the western frontiers should be represented immediately in the gold regions of the far north. And it was vitally important that a man should be sent in as officer commanding who would be specially fitted for such an unprecedented and extraordinary task. That man was found in the person of Inspector Charles Constantine, and he, taking with him other picked men in Inspector D. A. E. Strickland, Assistant Surgeon A. E. Wells, Staff-Sergeant Brown and twenty non-commissioned officers and constables left for their distant field of action in June. Strickland, who had done fine service on the plains, was to be of great value in the north on account of his knowledge of woodcraft, logging, building and such like, in addition to his regular police duties. Wells was to have his hands full, since for some time he was, as someone said, the only doctor in a

region as large as France, and had, with sometimes inadequate means, to fight scourges of scurvy and the other diseases incident to food and climate. The men in the detachments were experienced and hardy enough to face anything that might turn up, either in the shape of man or beast or difficult atmospheric conditions.

Constantine had served in the Red River expedition, and then, on account of special qualifications, had been made Chief of the Provincial Police in Manitoba, where he was a terror to evil-doers. When the second Riel rebellion broke out and a volunteer regiment was being hurriedly raised in Winnipeg for service in the Big Bear country, Constantine, to the great delight of all of us who joined up with that regiment, became Adjutant. During that campaign he was always to the fore in every crisis, and showed particular skill in rooting out men who were inciting the Indians to revolt. One morning of dense fog away beyond Fort Pitt our outside picket was fired upon when I had charge of the guard. Calling out the guard, and getting them under arms, I went over to notify the officer commanding in the camp, but met Constantine with his forty-five men ready for action. He had scented the alarm and did not wait for notice before getting out to see what was doing. A less keen-sighted or an excitable man would probably have shot anyone looming up through the fog, as I did from the direction of the shooting, but Constantine, though as quick as a flash, always had himself in hand. After the Rebellion he became an Inspector in the Mounted Police, and had so approved himself as a wide-awake, intelligent and courageous officer that when the Yukon sprang up, with its special demand, he was appointed to be the pioneer in that far region of the north. Of medium height, but very compactly built, Constantine was immensely strong, quick in his movements and capable of enduring tremendous strain. If it came to a rough and tumble he was as hard a man to handle as anyone would care to find. These qualities, along with his mental alertness and judicial training, made him a good man to send to a region where he had to exercise many functions until fuller government could be established. Constantine first of all made an investigating and exploratory trip, accompanied by Staff-Sergeant Charles Brown. Leaving Moosomin in May, in obedience to orders to report in Ottawa for special duty, Constantine received orders to proceed to the Yukon and make recommendations as to general administration. He accordingly left for the North, and crossing over by the Lewes-Yukon, he

reached Fort Cudahey on August 7th, where he remained about a month before returning to St. Michaels, and arriving at Victoria in October. He reported elaborately on the resources, climate and possibilities of the whole country. This was in 1894, and in consequence of Constantine's grasp of the situation and his talent for organization, he was sent back next year with the officers and men above indicated, arriving at Fort Cudahey on July 24th.

It was well that Strickland was a practical logger and builder, for quarters had to be provided. It was a land of extremes, with intense cold in the winter and equally intense heat in the summer. Constantine speaks of an occasional 75 degrees below zero in the winter and the heat as high as 120 degrees. In another report he writes: "The miners have a simple method of determining when it is too cold to work by hanging a bottle containing mercury outside the house. When it freezes it is time to remain inside." We should think so. Albeit, the climate is dry and healthy when people are prepared for it, and are not found fasting after long exposure.

It was in hot weather that Strickland and his picked men went up the Yukon amid the heat and the flies, cut down the logs and floated them to where Fort Constantine was built before the extreme cold struck the region. The men who stayed with Constantine had cleared the ground of moss and brush with great effort. The moss varied from one to three feet in depth. Below it was ice, so that the report says the men worked a good part of the time up to their knees in water. "If it was not 90 degrees in the shade it was pouring rain." Up the river, Strickland and his men were getting out the logs, as stated, but without any appliances except their own physical strength and energy. Only men of the finest type could have stood it, and the Inspector gives them unstinted praise.

The buildings were rushed up as stated before the winter. They were chinked with moss and the roof covered with earth, there being no time to saw boards to cover. All this was not so bad for the winter, but when the spring came the men who had fought the intense cold were subjected to another kind of hardship. Constantine says in a later report: "During the heavy rains the roofs leaked so badly that oil sheets and tarpaulins had to be put up over all the beds to keep them dry. The earth roofs of this country will only absorb a certain amount of moisture, and when the limit is reached a deluge of

very dirty water is the result." Evidently the men were not having a picnic.

However, Constantine and his detachment keep the country in order, administer justice, collect customs due to the Dominion, and generally make conditions civilized and British. There was a time when it was generally believed that most of the gold-bearing creeks were on the American side of the line, but a survey made under the direction of the Police revealed the opposite to be the case, and Constantine notified the miners on Miller, Glacier and other creeks that they were on Canadian territory, subject to British law and amenable to regulations as to mining fees. Constantine's modesty and determination are illustrated in one quiet paragraph, which some of us who knew him will find luminous between the lines. He said: "A few miners denied Canada's jurisdiction and right to collect fees on the ground that there was the possibility of error in the survey. However, I went up to Miller and Glacier Creeks and all dues were paid without any trouble, except that of a hard trip, but as all trips in this country are of that nature, it was part of the bargain. On Glacier Creek a number of miners undertook to run matters in accordance with their own ideas of justice, and set themselves up as the law of the land. The trouble ended, however, by the Canadian laws being carried out." Constantine was clearly serving notice on all and sundry that the Mounted Police were on hand to live up to their reputation of seeing justice done and playing no favourites. The authorities had made no mistake when they sent him in as the pioneer.

Then he speaks, in 1896, of new discoveries which began to cause the mad rush from all parts of the world as the news percolated through to the outside. "In August of this year a rich discovery of coarse gravel was made by one George Carmack on Bonanza Creek, a tributary to the Klondike. His prospect showed $3.00 to the pan." Not bad picking for George, who became wealthy. But George's shovel and pick and pan, clattering as he worked, awakened echoes to far distances and the wild stampede of all kinds of people, prominently the adventurers and the get-rich-quick class, began with a vengeance.

Constantine got ready for it, strongly recommending the establishment of civil courts, the appointment of an administrator and law-officer and the reinforcing of the Police so that they could be scattered up and down the new mining areas as required. A post called Fort Herchmer, after the Commissioner, was built at Dawson, which was to become the big

centre shortly, and the Police Force was augmented by the arrival of two small detachments under command, respectively, of two well-known officers, Inspectors Scarth and Harper. And not any too soon were these precautions taken, for Constantine lets light in on the kind of people who began to head for the diggings, when he says in his graphic way: "A considerable number of people coming in from the Sound cities appear to be the sweepings of the slums and the result of a general jail delivery. Heretofore goods could be cached on the sides of the trails and they would be perfectly safe, now a man has to sit on his cache with a shotgun to ensure the safety of his goods. Cabins in out-of-the-way places are broken into and everything cleaned out." That was before the newcomers realized that the Mounted Police were to the fore. Constantine and his men kept on their track and perpetrators of ordinary offences were astonished when they were run out of the country in order to save food for the decent people who were willing to work without preying on others. And the Inspector gives parting salute to the deported individuals by saying: "Many of them could well be spared in any community, for the rush had brought in toughs, gamblers, lewd women and criminals of almost every type, from the petty thief to the murderer."

But Constantine gave them no quarter, and so it was that by the time the big stampede took place into Dawson, and the Creeks, it had become known far and wide that the Mounted Police would stand no nonsense. So the way was made simpler, though not at any time a sinecure, for those who followed the intrepid pioneers in the scarlet tunic. But coming at the summit of an active and strenuous life, the exposure, responsibility and general wear and tear of his Yukon years undermined the once rugged strength of Constantine. He was transferred to the prairie after nearly four years in the Yukon, but never fully recovered his vigour. His leaving the Yukon had a very human side. The miners showed their appreciation of his manly straightforward character by crowding in and presenting him and his wife and boy with nuggets of gold and indicating in their diffident but genuine way that if any of them ever needed help they could count on their Yukon friends for anything required. Which reminds us that tribute should be paid to the wives of these policemen who braved the wilderness places of the west and north to be helpers to their husbands and to make their homes centres of social refining influence where such influences were of untold value.

Inspector Cortlandt Starnes, the present efficient Assistant Commissioner at Ottawa Headquarters, who had done valuable service all the way across the country from Hudson's Bay to the Yukon, as well as on the plains, took over the command from Constantine and remained in charge till the arrival of Superintendent Steele, a period extending from June to September, 1898. Starnes, who is a short, heavily-built and powerful man, capable of enduring much hardship, had come through in the previous winter, staying some months at Lake LaBarge and Little Salmon, accumulating stores of goods from the coast to be taken through in the spring to Dawson, where a shortage was impending. He had no easy time getting over the route, he and his men only saving themselves from wreck on Lake Bennett by throwing overboard some of their freight. With forty below zero and everything frozen up, Starnes had to build winter quarters at Little Salmon, and with the true democracy of the frontier we find the officials he was escorting into the Yukon giving a hand—Judge McGuire, Mr. F. C. Wade, Crown Prosecutor, Dr. Bonnar, and others. But early in the spring Staines moved on to Dawson. The rush was setting in, and with Inspector F. Harper and a few men he had to hold the place for law and order during a sort of interregnum period. No civil courts were established until Judge McGuire came, and to administer the law under such conditions was always trying. But it was done. Offenders were given no rest. "Gunmen" were made impossible and gamblers found no city of refuge in the gold country. In three months, Starnes and Harper, principally the former, tried 215 cases, these being all the way from dog-stealing (dogs were dogs in the north), drunkenness, keeping or frequenting disorderly houses, to vagrancy, using vile language and refusing to work. If men would not work when free they were sentenced to jail with hard labour, because these experienced men knew that idleness is the prolific progenitor of crime. In consequence crime never got a start in the most quickly crowded mining camp in the world. It had been held down from the beginning. The place had its saloons and dance hall, and fools were fleeced there as they are in older centres, but the superb strength and incorruptibility of the Mounted Police proved too much for the lawless element, and the whole period makes one of the proudest records in the history of this wonderful force.

The big stampede for Dawson started in 1897-98, and to cope with the incidentals and probable accompaniments of it, there was a whirlwind series of movements by the Mounted

Police which seemed to anticipate every contingency, head off all manner of calamities, make provision for protecting the boundary line against infractions of the customs regulations, and generally see that law and order should prevail all over the wide area that was soon teeming with a nondescript heterogeneous population of excited gold-hunters. Two of the big men of the force, Superintendents A. B. Perry, a masterly organizer, and S. B. Steele, a determined enforcer of law, were called on to go up to the north and meet the unprecedented situation. That these two superior officers did not shirk any of the hardships could be demonstrated from many an instance like the following related casually by Steele as to an incident at the outset: "At Dyea I met Perry, and together we returned to Skagway in a small sailing boat. The weather was very cold, and as the tide was out we were obliged to wade through the pools in our moccasins. When we embarked we were soaked to the hip and our clothes were frozen like boards." And they came that way the whole distance to Skagway, where they had no time to change, as Perry had to leave for Vancouver that night in regard to further arrangements.

With these two from the beginning, indeed, some were in the country ahead of them, were a group of very able officers, Superintendent Z. T. Wood, Inspectors P. C. H. Primrose, C. Starnes, F. Harper, W. H. Scarth, A. E. Strickland, R. Belcher, A. M. Jarvis, F. L. Cartwright, Surgeons W. E. Thompson and S. M. Fraser. Non-commissioned officers like Tucker, Macdonnell, Barker, Bates, Graham, Hyles, Corneil and Raven were amongst those in charge of early detachments or attached to hospital bases in the first year of the big rush, and these, with the help of as able and resolute a body of men as ever wore uniform, led the way to a new world-record for policing a country in a paternal method of oversight which guided and controlled but never resorted to shooting. The use of the word paternal calls to mind the way they threw a cordon around the country to prevent at the threshold the entrance of men who were unprepared for the hardships with either clothing or supplies or physique. And the manner in which the Police interposed against the madness of inexpert men who were anxious to run the White Horse Rapids and the Miles Canyon in crazy boats on the way to Dawson was admirable in its quiet forcefulness. A good many of these people were men and women from offices and stores in American cities who knew boats only by hearsay. So when Steele arrived at the Rapids he gathered the stampeders together and said:

"There are many of your countrymen who have said that the Mounted Police make the laws as they go along, and I am going to do so now for your own good, therefore, the directions that I give shall be carried out strictly, and they are these: Corporal Dixon, who thoroughly understands this work, will be in charge here and will be responsible to me for the proper management of the passage of the Canyon and White Horse Rapids. No women or children will be taken in the boats. If they are strong enough to come to the Klondike they can walk the five miles of the bank to the foot of the White Horse, and there is no danger for them here. No boat will be permitted to go through the Canyon until the Corporal is satisfied that it has sufficient freeboard to enable it to ride the waves in safety. No boat will be allowed to pass with human beings in it unless it is steered by competent men, and of that the Corporal will be the judge. There will be a number of pilots selected, whose names will be on the roll in the Mounted Police Barracks here, and when a crew needs a man to steer them to the foot of the rapids, pilots will be taken in turn from that list. In the event of the men not being able to pay, the Corporal will be permitted to arrange that the boats will be run without charge."

Some of the impetuous who were willing to risk everything for the glitter of gold rather demurred at this strong paternalism, but when it was all over they thanked their stars that the Mounted Police had been on hand to head off the folly of fools.

We have anticipated in the last paragraph in order to illustrate how the Mounted Police guided the wild stampede. But let us go back and find Superintendent Perry on the ground just as the rush was starting for the passes. He made a swift trip and placed detachments of Police on the Chilkoot and White Passes, putting those reliable officers, Inspectors Belcher and Strickland, in command. Up to a certain date it had almost been taken for granted that the whole country was on the American side, as the names of Miles, the Indian fighter, and Gordon Bennett, had been given by enthusiasts to the Canyon and the Lake. But when Perry put Belcher on the Chilkoot and Strickland on the White Pass to hoist the British flag and collect customs levies, intimation was given that the great gold country was on the Canadian side of the line, and that all who wished to pass that way must contribute to the Dominion exchequer and thus swell the revenue of Canada.

Weather conditions were nothing less than awful. Steele, who, with Constable Skirving, went up the Chilkoot from Dyea,

where they had come on a craft which was covered from stem to stern with six inches of ice, says: "As we proceeded up the pass we faced a wind so cutting that we had often to make a rush for the shelter of a tree or walk in a crouching position behind the tailboard of a sleigh for a few minutes' respite. We overtook some on the trail next day out of a notorious tent town known as Sheep Camp. Many of them were staggering along with heavy loads on their backs, some of them off the trail and groping for it with their feet. These we assisted, or they would have fallen by the way."

The same writer goes sympathetically into the following vivid description: "It would be difficult to describe the hardships gone through by the Mounted Police stationed at the passes. The camp at the Chilkoot, under Inspector Belcher, was pitched on the summit where it is bounded by high mountains. A wooden cabin was erected in a couple of days. The place where it was in the pass was only 100 yards wide. Below the summit, on the Canadian side, was Crater Lake, named after an extinct volcano. On its icy surface the men were forced to camp when they arrived. In the night of February 18 the water rose to a depth of six inches. Blankets and bedding were wet, the temperature being below zero, with a blizzard. The tents could not be moved and the sleds had to be taken into them to enable the men to keep above the water at night. The storm blew for days with great violence, but on the 21st abated sufficiently to admit of the tents being moved to the top of the hill, where, although the cold was intense, it was better than in the water-covered ice of Crater Lake.

"The nearest firewood was seven miles away and the men who went after it often returned badly frost-bitten.

"Belcher, collecting customs, performing military as well as police duty on the summit, lived in the shack, which had all the discomforts of a shower-bath. Snow fell so thickly and so constantly that everything was damp and paper became mildewed. For some weeks the weather was very cold, without storm, but on the 3rd of March there was a terrific day when the snow buried the cabin and the tents on the summit, the snowfall for the day being six feet on the level." The occupants had to shovel constantly to keep from being suffocated.

On the White Pass, Inspector Strickland and his men had to pitch tents on the ice at first, no timber for cabins or firewood being nearer than twelve miles. Logs were cut and hauled in by horses. There were raging blizzards and great danger constantly threatened the men, who had to be on the alert to

avoid being lost or frozen. However, on February 27, the Union Jack flew to the breeze and collection of customs began. A strong guard kept the trail and men were told off to examine the goods of the stampeders. There was a tremendous rush, and Strickland, overworked and suffering from severe bronchitis, struggled along, ably assisted by his splendid men. An enormous amount was gathered from those who were rushing in by thousands from the other side of the line bringing their supplies with them.

About this time Inspector Cartwright arrived from Regina with twenty men, and Steele, going up the White Pass with him, put him in charge, sending Strickland to Tagish, where the dry air soon restored him to health. It is an illuminating comment on Steele's disposition to look after others and forget himself that he was also, as Dr. Grant said, suffering from bronchitis which he had contracted weeks before when wading through icy waters to a boat. But as there was no one around to order him off duty, he just kept right on, trusting that his strong constitution would see him through.

If physical conditions were bad with storm and cold, moral conditions from the coast to the summits were worse. The authorities on the American side seemed to accept as a sort of axiom the statement that the frontier had to be lawless. Anyway, "Soapy Smith," a notorious gunman and gambler, who was eventually killed by a United States Marshal, who was going to arrest him and who was killed by "Soapy" at the same time, both firing at one moment, had, with a big gang like himself terrorized Skagway and the trails for months. Murders, robberies, shell games and the rest were practised without cessation up to the Mounted Police line on the summits, where they suddenly ceased because things of that sort would not be tolerated for a moment. At that point the incomers put their "guns" away and went quietly about their business. One finds it difficult to account for this difference, unless by the assumption that immigrants into the American Republic had taken advantage of her wide proclamation of the ideal of liberty and had abused the ideal by turning it into license. In this way nests of law-breakers and anarchists were allowed too much opportunity by local officials, where in a similar case a compact force like our Mounted Police, with no local strings on them and with intense sentiment for the honour of the whole force, never permitted a situation to get out of hand in any locality, however remote from the centre of government.

In the preceding paragraph I mentioned the name of Dr. Grant. He is the Rev. Dr. A. S. Grant, a Presbyterian missionary, who went in over that White Pass trail with a pack on his back. He could stand it better than most men for he was a broad-shouldered and powerfully built man. Going as a missionary he was a man of peace, but he would not allow anyone to be imposed on in the difficult road. Here one day when a bully elbowed a grey-haired man roughly into the snow, Grant interposed, and receiving only insult, taught the bully a lesson he did not forget. To the credit of the bully be it recorded that he took his medicine and shook hands with the man of peace who believed in protecting the weak.

Grant had taken a course in medicine, which proved of immense value on the trail and during the early days in Dawson. Steele says of him: "Dr. Grant, a clergyman as well as physician, treats hundreds of sick without remuneration. Our force owes him a heavy debt of gratitude for the way he saved our men. More than half of those at the summit and Lake Bennett had pneumonia, but were so well treated that we lost none. I had never seen men in such a dangerous state, and it seemed impossible that they should recover, but they were pulled through."

This same Grant, when he got into Dawson, started a Good Samaritan Hospital with his own funds and became a large factor for the physical and moral well-being of the place. And his tribute to the Mounted Police is unstinted, for once he wrote me saying, "Canada owes to these men a debt of lasting gratitude. A true history of the West will say much about the self-sacrifice and heroism of this body of men. Many of their noblest deeds will remain unknown, but they will be registered in a higher type of civilization, expressed in a truer type of citizenship. Many of these deeds will find writing only in the register of the recording angel."

The official reports of the officers of that period, as of others, are full of self-repression. For instance, that able and unassuming officer, Superintendent Z. T. Wood, says in one place, "I received orders to take the money of the Government in customs licenses, fees, etc., to be deposited in the bank at Victoria. I accordingly left Bennett, going out by the Chilkoot and Dyea, and took $150,000 in gold and bills. I reached Victoria in due course and handed over the money." That is all, but in fact it was a very dangerous journey. He had the stuff in police kitbags, but those were the days of "Soapy" Smith's gang of ruffians. Going from Dyea to Skagway, Wood had to

threaten to fire on a boat that was following. "Soapy" Smith and his toughs were on the wharf at Skagway, but the determined bearing of Wood and his few men, together with the presence of the crew of the C. P. R. boat *Tartar*, got them through. It was a ticklish situation.

A word should be added here as to the famous gold escort. The practice was to turn the gold into ingots and send these to the coast under care of the Mounted Police in small detachments of from two to six men. The amounts thus carried often ran into tens of thousands, and the care of these valuable loads of gold could only be given to men of the highest trustworthiness such as these guardians of law and order had always proven themselves to be. Not a mite ever went missing. It is a fine thing to quote this as a testimony that strengthens our faith in humanity. And this splendid incorruptibility was shown by men serving amidst difficult conditions in trails and rivers in all sorts of weather for a mere pittance a day.

Inspector A. M. Jarvis speaks about the "continuous roar of the snow slides," which one would imagine to be rather disturbing music. He relates that when he started to collect customs at Dalton cache the first man to pay was a doctor from St. Thomas, Ontario, who had been living in the western States for over twenty years. "The doctor came over, saluted the flag by taking off his hat, and said it was the first time he had seen it on British soil in that period." Of a trip taken with Constables Shook and Cameron, on snowshoes, Jarvis says: "The snow was soft and despite the snowshoes we sank deep at every step. The following afternoon we returned to camp, having been travelling forty-six hours without blankets and only one meal."

Inspector Cartwright, who relieved Strickland at the White Pass, gives us a little insight into the problem of keeping warm in rather porous canvas tents by remarking that wood cost as high as $110.00 a cord. It was a case of supply and demand. And so in the manner recorded in this chapter did these pioneer policemen in the Yukon possess the land in gallantry under the Union Jack.

Meanwhile back on the prairie, Mounted Police were alive to every movement and much was done to save people from their overweening desire to get into the gold country by any route that might show possibility of success. Thousands had gone in by the front door of the coast and then over the passes, but a good many tried to enter by the back door, going by

Edmonton and then over the routes that had been trodden years before by great explorers like Alexander Mackenzie and Robert Campbell. Hence Commissioner Herchmer thought it wise to send patrols out over this vast region of the Peace, Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers in order to prevent the loss of any of these more or less inexperienced gold seekers.

The big patrol of that period was made by Inspector J. D. Moodie, who was sent out from Edmonton on September 4, 1897, to discover the best route for those who intended to get to the Yukon by the way of the Peace River and then over the mountains. Moodie was accompanied by Constables F. J. Fitzgerald, Lafferty, Tobin and a French halfbreed guide, Pepin. They went part of the way with horses, part with dogs and part with boats. There was endless hardship through difficulties as to supplies and transportation, and this long patrol to Yukon took a year and two months. Moodie made a detailed report and his complete diary was published. Some idea of what the patrol involved may be gathered from the following paragraph in the report: "We arrived at Fort Graham on January 18, and were then entirely out of supplies for men and dogs. There was no dog-feed here and very limited supplies in the Hudson's Bay store. Hearing that fish could be secured from some lake about 25 miles away, I next day sent out some of the men to fish with nets through the ice, while others tried their luck after moose. Neither, however, were successful. I sent out in different directions to find Indian camps which were supposed to be somewhere within fifty miles of the post. These, however, could not be located. The dogs were almost starving, the snow was five feet deep in the bush and no guides to be had. I had therefore reluctantly to give up all idea of going farther till spring." In spring a start was again made and Fort Yukon reached, as stated, in about fourteen months after leaving Edmonton. Moodie's description of the route and the difficulties was not such as to encourage anyone else to try it. In that way the patrol did good service. For the rest of it, the collapse of the gold rush after 1898 made it practically unnecessary. But it demonstrated again the endurance, judgment and reliability of the police in carrying out any duty assigned to them.

To show the thoroughness with which the country was covered by the police in order to prevent danger and catastrophe to the rather improvident gold-seekers, a patrol was made by Inspector (later Assistant Commissioner) W. H. Routledge a distance of 1,100 miles or so from Fort Saskatche-

wan away north to Fort Simpson. This patrol was of value in getting into touch with many groups of "Klondikers," taking in their mail and bringing it out, and also in making known at remote points the laws that were specially applicable to their situation. And there was also a patrol under Inspector A. E. Snyder undertaken with a view to seeing whether Inspector Moodie had been successful in getting forward towards the Yukon. This patrol, under Snyder, went as far as Fort St. John, up near the sources of the Peace River, and returned to report that Inspector Moodie and his men had gone on to Fort Graham, whence their way would be clear in the spring for the last lap of the long patrol, as above related. . . .

And in addition to policing the Yukon mining country these few hundred men had to guard human life and property in the immense stretches of the Middle West, where, into a country larger than several European Kingdoms, tens of thousands were pouring in a tidal wave of immigration. From the ends of the earth these immigrants were coming, hosts of them, alien in race and tongue, as well as in religion and morals—people who had lax ideas as to the sacredness of human life and the sanctity of the home. They, too, must be taught to keep the peace, and to become loyal to the institutions of the free land where they had sought asylum from despotism and oppression. And nothing but consummate tact, endless patience, along with unwearying coolness and courage, enabled the men of the old corps successfully to meet this unprecedented situation.

Besides, all that great north country had to be patrolled hither and thither into the circle under the shadow of the Pole itself. Wherever the flag flew, Indians and Esquimaux, as wards of the nation, had to be protected against the dangers of famine, the inroads of sickness, as well as from the exploitation of unscrupulous men. And they, too, had to be taught the sacredness of human life, as well as the rights of private ownership, in order that no loose ideas about property should prevail in the land. Few things, if any, in the history of the Empire equal the hardiness, the courage and the endurance manifested in the great patrols of the Police into the ice-bound regions of the Arctic and sub-Arctic areas of Canada. For years the explorers who have searched for the Poles have been the heroes of many a story of thrilling influence on the minds of readers. One may not detract an iota from the achievements of these gallant adventurers. But for the most part they were equipped and outfitted abundantly with everything that money

could buy in order that all requirements and emergencies could be met as they arose, and their expeditions were few throughout the years. The Mounted Police, on the other hand, were incessantly at this work, not in parties and highly equipped, but in twos and threes, and sometimes singly, with nothing beyond their winter and summer uniforms and dependent largely on their own efforts for food, as they were not possessed of the means of carrying any large quantity. Many of these probably said, as Inspector F. H. French recorded in his diary during the famous Bathurst Inlet patrol: "— have had no solid food for two days, and everyone is getting weak; dogs are dropping in their harness from weakness. This looks like our last patrol." Only a brave man could write down words like that, and it detracts nothing from the splendid courage of him and his men that the words were not long written when providentially some deer were sent across their path and saved these men for future work. These men who went out on patrol only gave the barest outline of their experience in the reports which they had to make to their superior officers, and through them to Ottawa, but those who know the country could read between the lines and feel the thrill of admiration and wonder. And these same officers, when not upon the particular patrol they were commenting upon, paid unstinted praise to their men in their own reports, but even these reports were buried in the mass of material in the Department, so that the public did not see them. But once in a while we get hold of some comment, as when Superintendent Perry referred to one patrol and said: "Nothing greater had been done in the annals of Arctic exploration." Or when Inspector Saunders referred to the leader of another patrol and said his action "was in keeping with his brave and manly character." And I like the way in which Superintendent A. E. C. Macdonnell, with some manifest diffidence, introduced into a report from Athabasca Landing the following quotation from the *Toronto Star*:

"The world takes a lively interest in Polar expeditions, but Canada supports a Northern Police patrol of which very little is heard, and the journeyings of some of these men are quite as daring as anything connected with the search for the North or South Pole. They contend with the same conditions, are inexpensively equipped, and, as a rule, succeed in all that they undertake. A sheet or two of foolscap, giving to the Department at Ottawa an official report of their travels and observations, is the only record that survives. And very few ever read

these records, although they sometimes thrill those who do read them."

One other important duty fell to the lot of the Policemen in the home country, and reference has been made to it in the earlier pages, namely, the self-imposed duty of becoming builders of the country by making known the resources of all its various parts. And when they made known the resources of the country they, without any gain therefrom themselves, protected those who came in to develop them. Sometimes they had to protect these people from themselves. In the Yukon gold rush the Police threw a cordon around the entrances to the mining country and prevented foolhardy, unfit and unequipped men and women, crazed with the gold lust, from venturing a journey which would have meant their falling frozen by the wayside, or being lost in the angry rapids, which even the inexperienced were ready in their ignorance to essay. These gold seekers were allowed to go in when they were prepared or when they were under the care of men of experience. Similarly, at the time of this writing, the Police, in the Athabasca, Peace and Mackenzie areas are guarding the ways to the reported oil fields of the North, so that the unfit in their wild desire for reaching oil-fields may not perish in the midwinter whose rigours they do not understand.

A MODEL REPORT

"On the 17th instant I, Corporal Hogg, was called to the hotel to quiet a disturbance. I found the room full of cowboys and one, Monaghan, or 'Cowboy Jack,' was carrying a gun and pointed it at me, against sections 105 and 109 of the Criminal Code. We struggled. Finally I got him handcuffed behind and put him inside. His head being in bad shape, I had to engage the services of a doctor, who dressed his wound and pronounced it as nothing serious. To the doctor Monaghan said that if I hadn't grabbed his gun there would have been another death in Canadian history. All of which I have the honour to report.

"(S.) C. Hogg, Corporal."

The officer who received this report puts on the finishing touch by a memorandum upon it to this effect: "During the arrest of Monaghan the following property was damaged: Door broken, screen smashed up, chair broken, field jacket belonging to Corporal Hogg damaged, wall bespattered."

HOMESTEADING ON THE PRAIRIES.

[Robert Stead, born near Lanark, Ontario, 1880, is the author of a volume of poems entitled "The Empire Builders", and of several novels of western life. His latest novel *Neighbours*, from which the following selections are taken, carries the reader from the time when easterners were beginning to "go out to that new country west of Manitoba and take up a homestead" through the period of gradual settlement into the development of community life.]

All that day we continued through the prairies, with here and there a belt of scrubland to cut across the vision. All that day we rambled more and more in the field of fancy—happy imaginings of the things we would do with those farms of ours which lay out there, somewhere to the westward, waiting only to be claimed. And as evening came on we watched our first prairie sunset. There were no quick dusk and darkness, as in the East; the sun hung low in the western sky, and as it descended swung steadily to the northward. As it fell, feather-like ruffles of cloud almost overhead burst to colour in the richest mauves and crimson, and long ribbons in the west floating like golden islands in a sea of amber, caught the glow and silently unfolded a glory of pink and yellow and orange and crimson and burnished brass. Silently and slowly the sun dipped into the prairies as into a world-wide sea, but the sunset continued; long after the great orb itself had disappeared, its radiance filled the western heavens, and even while the grey twilight gathered behind us our train seemed speeding forward into a lake of saffron and champagne. . . .

He pulled his team out from the side of a haystack, where they had been feeding with as little concern as if the hay were their own, and presently we rattled off down the trail again. On the way we passed the field in which the farmer was seeding. We waved our hats at him, and from the distance he waved his hat back at us, and we drove on into the prairies.

On account of our afternoon rest Jake drove until almost sundown. We were now in a slightly rolling country, and suddenly he swung from the trail and pulled up on the top of a little knoll. From this little vantage point we could see the unbroken sweep of the prairies, miles and miles in every direction.

"Is this the bald-headed?" I asked in a low voice, as though touching on something almost sacred.

"This is the bald-headed," he answered, solemnly. "See, everywhere, sky an' grass—sky an' grass. Ah, there, there's an exception."

I followed the line of his extended arm. Far across the plains I saw a flashing light, as of a heliograph.

"The window of a settler's shanty, twenty miles from here, if it's a foot," he explained. "Look how green the grass is. The évenin' light makes it that way, somehow."

It was true. The grass had taken a deeper shade of green with the light falling aslant across it. The sun hung like a yellow ball, and the long shadows of our horses and wagon stretched down the slope of the little hill. But the most impressive of all was the silence, a silence as of heaven and earth brooding, brooding, brooding, over this scene as they had done from the dawn of time. . . .

The prairies were a never-ceasing source of delight and wonder. Almost overnight, it seemed, they had blossomed out in myriads of flowers, mauve and yellow, so thick that at places they almost hid the grass from sight. The girls plucked handfuls of them and arranged the downy stems in the bands of their sunbonnets. Saucy gophers mounted the little dumps of moist earth in front of their burrows and sent their shrill whistle defiantly forth, save when a well-aimed clod from Jack or me brought the note to an end in a sudden sharp crescendo, accompanied by a flicker of a jaunty tail as the owner took refuge underground. In a moment, if we watched, we would see his sharp eyes levelled on us through the grass at the mouth of his burrow, or perhaps he would appear from another exit and send forth his shrill challenge more saucily than ever. Coyotes we frequently saw; a badger once or twice, and one day figures at a great distance which we took to be antelope. Innumerable ducks flew overhead, and the nights were at times almost sleepless with the clanging of wild geese, wedging their way to the nesting grounds in the north. . . .

My next effort was the digging of a cellar. The location of our shack had to be decided upon, and for this I called Marjorie and Jean into council. We agreed that it should be close to one brow of the ravine, and that Jack should build his close to the other, so that each should command an unbroken view of his neighbour. Perhaps even then we had some premonition of the spectre of loneliness creeping down upon us through the night-mists of the summer or the snow-wraiths of the blizzard, and already we were planning our lines of defence.

"How many rooms will there be?" asked Jean. Let me see—reception room, living-room, parlor, dining-room—you must at least have that."

"We shall," I said, "and one door will lead into them all. A room is anything you call it. We can change the name as we change the purpose. One moment it is kitchen, the next living-room, and so on."

"Draw a plan of it," said Marjorie, turning up the planed side of a board. So I sat down and drew a plan, while the girls watched over my shoulders with as much intentness as though I were an architect designing a palace.

"The house will be one-storey,' I explained, "and long and narrow, because that is the simplest as well as the cheapest way to build it, and we are to be our own carpenters. The walls will be of shiplap, covered with matched siding, with tarpaper between. The roof will be of two thicknesses of boards, bent to a gentle oval over a stout ridge-pole, and again with tarpaper between. You have no idea how much the West owes to tarpaper. Wherever the settler goes, goes tarpaper. I would say," I continued, warming up to my subject, "that if a flag is ever needed for these western prairies, it should be a banner of tarpaper, nailed between two laths. 'O, say, does the tarpaper banner still wave?'—you see, it has possibilities." . . .

The house will be fourteen feet wide, so that sixteen-foot boards will bend just the right length for the roof. The main room—which is to be all the rooms you mentioned, Jean, and the kitchen as well—will be in the centre of the building. It will be fourteen feet square—like that. At the south end of the building, where the sun will shine in spring and flowers will grow up by the wall, will be a room eight by fourteen—Marjorie's. At the north end, where the winter winds will hit us first, will be a room eight by fourteen—Frank's. That's all."

"And the windows?" said Marjorie.

"A window in the south for you, a window in the north for me, a window in the west for the living-room, and a door in the east for us all. . . ."

Our experience with the Browns encouraged us to cultivate the acquaintance of our other neighbours, and as the short bright days of November wore by, the low-hanging sun often saw our ox-wagon wending slowly across the prairies, and the North Star and the Great Dippper were silent witnesses of its return to Fourteen. Sometimes, too, the great magician of the North would light his mimic candles, and we would creak homeward in the weird light of their flickering battalions minueting on the stage

of the universe. Smith, the Scotsman, and Burke, the American, received us with undivided hospitality and that strange sense of common interest which is the most priceless thing about pioneer life; one of the rich qualities of human nature which seems inevitably to dry up in the more complex civilizations. Ole Hansen entertained us for a full hour in the stable before his buxom Olga consented to admit us into the house. When at last we were granted that privilege there was evidence of hurried scrubbing of floors and faces.

"My wife ban all the time yust on the yump," Ole explained, apologetically. "Some time Ay tank by damn we have too many kids, eh?" It appeared that Ole was beginning to harbour some modern ideas about the size of families. His opinion that six was "yust a nice commence" was being shaken. The housing problem was coming home to him and bearing its inevitable fruit.

No such radicalism had yet filtered into the mind of the Russian, who, for the sake of convenience, we continued to call Sneezit. He met us stolidly where the trail wound down the bank of the gully near to his dug-out. He wore a long sheepskin coat, with the wool still on it, high boots drawn well up on the thigh, and a bushy black beard. He regarded us in silence, and at length Jack spoke.

"We are your neighbours. We have come to call on you. We hope you are well."

The lips under the black mustache parted slowly, showing a set of strong, regular teeth.

"No much Angleesh," he remarked.

We clambered down and shook hands. This seemed to assure him of our friendly intentions, and when we managed to make it clear that we wanted to visit his house, he led us to it without hesitation.

It was merely a cave dug out of the side of the gully. The front was roughly built up with stones and sods, and a crude door, made of pieces of packing boxes, afforded admittance. The only light was from an opening in the door, which could be closed when the weather was too severe.

Sneezit went first and addressed some words in Russian into the gloom. We followed, encountering in the door the fumes of the place's bad ventilation. It was some time before our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, but presently we discerned a woman stooping, indicating a long bench which had been set for us. Across the cave was a drove of children, their eyes

peering and shining like those of wild animals. Indeed, it seemed that eyes were the most noticeable thing in that very humble little home. Presumably there were mouths as well; no doubt Sneezit and his wife had reason to know that there were mouths as well as eyes.

The Russian talked "no much Angleesh,' and his wife none, so our conversation was somewhat restrained. Presently, however, we became aware that the woman was performing some operation on a little rusty stove which sat near the front of the cave, so that its crooked stove-pipe might find exit through the roof. After a little she brought out some tin cups and served tea. Sneezit, wiser than our friend Brown, had provided himself with a cow, and the strong tea, well diluted with milk, made a very good drink indeed. She served also a kind of dark, flat bread which bore more witness to her hospitality than to her skill in domestic science. There were no other dainties.

When we had eaten and drunk we prepared to go, but not until Jean and Marjorie had distributed some of their home-made candy among the children. We had hoped during this process to take a census, but the sudden commotion which it created made our statistics unreliable. Marjorie said there were eight; Jean, ten; Jack made no estimate. I was disposed to agree with Jean's figures.

After we came out of the cave our host, apparently wishing to give evidence of his friendship, led us to a shed which he had built close to the edge of the little stream that meandered along the bottom of the gully. He had covered it with a stack of prairie hay, so that it was quite warm. Inside were a yoke of oxen, a cow, two pigs, and a number of hens and ducks. The pride of the Russian's face as he showed them was something to behold, and afterwards go away, humbled and thinking. Sneezit was on the road to independence! The drab curtain of oppression which had hung about the Sneezits since the beginning of their race he had torn in two, and through the rent his grizzled face beheld a world of hope and promise, a world in which he was as good as his neighbour. . . .

Toward the end of the month we had our first snowfall. Old Sol that morning had a mimic sun on either side, and there was a frosty glitter in the air in which our neighbours' shanties gradually faded out of sight behind a veil of crystal tapestry. By noon a grey pall shrouded the sky and the snow began to shake down as gently as feathers fluttering from the bosom of some mammoth bird which had taken the world to be her nest,

and in spring would hatch again the ancient miracle of life. Marjorie and I stood in our door and watched the big flakes descending, slowly, silently, resistlessly, settling on wagon and hay-rack and every blade of grass. Across the gully, as through a slowly falling curtain of ivory lace, we saw the vague forms of Jack and Jean watching them, too. By mid-afternoon the ground was white.

Next morning we looked upon a new world. The snow had ceased falling, the sky was clear and bright, and the stars were still visible at our rising hour. Then up came the sun, splashing the heavens amber and orange and blood-red, and suddenly setting a million tons of diamonds ablaze with his own brilliance.

After the snow came we seemed to cling to each other's company even more than before. It's a solemn thing to be alone in a world of snow. Perhaps its coldness, its stark whiteness, its vast silence, suggest that which makes the heart reach out for some warm pulse of friendship. Perhaps its peace and beauty stir something in our nature that insists on being shared. . . .

Almost before we knew it the springtime was upon us. It came suddenly, out of a March sky and a south-west wind, and the hard, illimitable distances of winter softened and mellowed before our eyes. The drifts fell away; brown spots came out on the edge of the gully; little streamlets cataracted over its banks; adventurous early gophers sent their challenge from bank to bank. The waters in the gully gathered and grew; presently they were forcing ahead, into and under and over the drifts that barred their way; their pleasant gurglings came up through the clear, calm, lengthening twilights.

The bare fields came forth; the dark, brown, clodded earth looked up in a million mimic mountain peaks through a wrinkled blanket of snow; the grass stirred on the prairies; a flush of green ran down the long shadows of the evening. Once more the world was alive!

They were busy times for us. Every hour of springtime, like the seed sown in the spring, multiplies many-fold by autumn; the tale of slothfulness in spring is written big in harvest—or rather, in lack of harvest. As soon as the snow was gone from the plowed fields and the frost was out an inch or two we were at work with our harrows; then, in a few days more, sowing our crops. There was a pleasant neighbourliness, a satisfying community of interest, in casting the eye across our level prairies and noting the slow-moving seeder-shuttles plying up and down across the cool, moist warp of earth. . . .

SALMON FISHING ON THE COAST OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

[Bertrand W. Sinclair was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1881, and came with his parents to Western Canada in 1889. In Canada and in the United States, between the North Saskatchewan and the Rio Grande, he watched "the great pastoral epoch of the west break up before the march of agriculture and industrialism."

In 1905 Mr. Sinclair published his first short stories. In 1912, after a period of residence in California, he moved to British Columbia, where the ten years that followed were devoted to a study of the characteristic life of the coast, and where the summers have been spent in cruising among the islands and the "hidden places". The outcome of this study and of the contact with mountains and forest and sea, is to be found in several novels of which *Poor Man's Rock* (1920), and *The Hidden Places* (1922) have been most widely read.

In *Poor Man's Rock,* the life of the salmon fishermen is pictured against a vivid background of coastal waters and wooded islands. The chief value of the novel lies in its close record of the struggles of the poorer fishermen, the "rowboat trollers", of the rivalry among the salmon buyers, and of their relation to the trolling fleets. The record is rich in details that are notable for their exactness. The first of the two selections which follow is a characteristic passage from *Poor Man's Rock.*]

Squitty Island lies in the Gulf of Georgia, midway between a mainland made of mountains like the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas all jumbled together and all rising sheer from the sea and the low, delta-like shore of Vancouver Island. Southward from Squitty the Gulf runs in a thirty-mile width for nearly a hundred miles to the San Juan Islands in American waters, beyond which opens the sheltered beauty of Puget Sound. Squitty is six miles wide and ten miles long, a blob of granite covered with fir and cedar forests, with certain parklike patches of open grassland on the southern end, and a hump of a mountain lifting two thousand feet in its middle.

The southeastern end of Squitty—barring the tide rips off Cape Mudge—is the dirtiest place in the Gulf for small craft in blowy weather. The surges that heave up off a hundred miles of sea tortured by a southeast gale break thunderously against Squitty's low cliffs. These walls face the marching breakers with a grim, unchanging front. There is nothing hospitable in this aspect of Squitty. It is an ugly shore to have on the lee in a blow.

Yet it is not so forbidding as it seems. The prevailing summer winds on the Gulf are westerly. Gales of uncommon fierceness roar out of the northwest in fall and early winter. At such times the storms split on Squitty Island, leaving a restful calm

under those brown, kelp-fringed cliffs. Many a small coaster has crept thankfully into that lee out of the white-capped turmoil on either side, to lie there through a night that was wild outside, watching the Ballenas light, twenty miles away on a pile of bare rocks, winking and blinking its warning to less fortunate craft. Tugs, fishing boats, salmon trollers, beach-combing launches, all that mosquito fleet which gets its bread upon the waters and learns bar, shoal, reef and anchorage thoroughly in the getting —these knew that besides the half-moon bight called Cradle Bay, upon which fronted Horace Gower's summer home, there opened also a secure, bottle-necked cove less than a mile northward from Point Old.

By day a stranger could only mark the entrance by eagle watch from a course close inshore. By night even those who knew the place as they knew the palm of their hand had to feel their way in. But once inside, a man could lie down in his bunk and sleep soundly, though a southeaster whistled and moaned, and the seas roared smoking into the narrow mouth. No ripple of that troubled the inside of Squitty Cove. It was a finger of the sea thrust straight into the land, a finger three hundred yards long, forty yards wide, with an entrance so narrow that a man could heave a sounding lead across it, and that entrance so masked by a rock about the bigness of a six-room house that one holding the channel could touch the rock with a pike pole as he passed in. There was a mud bottom, twenty foot depth at low tide, and a little stream of cold fresh water brawling in at the head. A cliff walled it in on the south. A low, grassy hill, dotted with solitary firs, red-barked arbutus, and clumps of wild cherry formed its northern boundary. And all around the mouth, in every nook and crevice, driftwood of every size and shape lay in great heaps, cast high above tidewater by the big storms.

So Squitty had the three prime requisites for a harbour—secure anchorage, fresh water, and firewood. There was good, fertile land, too, behind the Cove—low valleys that ran the length of the island. There were settlers here and there, but these settlers were not the folk who intermittently frequented Squitty Cove. The settlers stayed on their land, battling with stumps, clearing away the ancient forest, tilling the soil. Those to whom Squitty Cove gave soundest sleep and keenest joy were tillers of the sea. Off Point Old a rock brown with seaweed, ringed with a bed of kelp, lifted its ugly head now to the one good, blue-gray eye of Jack McRae, the same rock upon which Donald MacRae's

ship broke her back before Jack MacRae was born. It was a sunken menace at any stage of water, heartily cursed by the fishermen. In the years between, the rock had acquired a name not written on the Admiralty charts. The hydrographers would look puzzled and shake their heads if one asked where in the Gulf waters lay Poor Man's Rock.

But Poor Man's Rock it is. Greek and Japanese, Spaniard and Italian, American and Canadian—and there are many of each—who follow the silver-sided salmon when they run in the Gulf of Georgia, these know that Poor Man's Rock lies half a cable south southwest of Point Old on Squitty Island. Most of them know, too, why it is called Poor Man's Rock.

Under certain conditions of sea and sky the Rock is as lonely and forbidding a spot as ever a ship's timbers were broken upon. Point Old thrusts out like a stubby thumb on a clenched fist. The Rock and the outer nib of the Point are haunted by quarrelling flocks of gulls and coots and the black Siwash duck with his stumpy wings and brilliant yellow bill. The southeaster sends endless battalions of waves rolling up there when it blows. These rear white heads over the Rock and burst on the point with shuddering impact and showers of spray. When the sky is dull and grey and the wind whips the stunted trees on the Point—trees that lean inland with branches all twisted to the landward side from pressure of many gales in their growing years—and the surf is booming out its basso harmonies, the Rock is no place for a fishermen. Even the gulls desert it then.

But in good weather, in the season, the blueback and spring salmon swim in vast schools across the end of Squitty. They feed upon small fish, baby herring, tiny darting atoms of finny life that swarm in countless numbers. What these inch-long fishes feed upon, no man knows, but they begin to show in the Gulf early in spring. The water is alive with them—minute, darting streaks of silver. The salmon follow these schools, pursuing, swallowing, eating to live. Seal and dogfish follow the salmon. Shark and the giant blackfish follow dogfish and seal. And man follows them all, pursuing and killing that he himself may live.

Around Poor Man's Rock the tide sets strongly at certain stages of ebb and flow. The cliffs north of Point Old and the area immediately surrounding the Rock are thick strewn with kelp. In these brown patches of sea-weed the tiny fish, the schools of baby herring, take refuge from their restless enemy, the swift and voracious salmon.

For years Pacific Coast salmon have been taken by net and

trap, to the profit of the salmon packers and the satisfaction of those who cannot get fish save out of tin cans. The salmon swarmed in millions on their way to spawn in fresh-water streams. They were plentiful and cheap. But even before the war came to send the price of linen-mesh net beyond most fishermen's pocket-books, men had discovered that salmon could be taken commercially by trolling lines. The lordly spring, which attains to seventy pounds; the small, swift blue-back, and the fighting coho could all be lured to a hook on a wobbling bit of silver or brass at the end of a long line weighted with lead to keep it at a certain depth behind a moving boat. From a single line over the stern it was but a logical step to two, four, even six lines spaced on slender poles boomed out on each side of a power launch --once the fisherman learned that with this gear he could take salmon in open water. So trolling was launched. Odd trollers grew to trolling fleets. A new method became established in the salmon industry.

But there are places where the salmon run and a gas-boat trailing her battery of lines cannot go without loss of gear. The power boats cannot troll in shallows. They cannot operate in kelp without fouling. So they hold to deep, open water and leave the kelp and shoals to the rowboats.

And that is how Poor Man's Rock got its name. In the kelp that surrounded it and the greater beds that fringed Point Old, the small feed sought refuge from the salmon, and the salmon pursued them there among the weedy granite and the boulders, even into shallows where their back fins cleft the surface as they dashed after the little herring. The foul ground and the tidal currents that swept by the Rock held no danger to the gear of a rowboat troller. He fished a single short line with a pound or so of lead. He could stop dead in a boat length if his line fouled. So he pursued the salmon as the salmon pursued the little fish among the kelp and boulders.

Only a poor man trolled in a rowboat, tugging at the oars hour after hour without cabin shelter from wind and sun and rain, unable to face even such weather as a thirty by eight foot gas-boat could easily fish in; unable to follow the salmon run when it shifted from one point to the other on the Gulf. The row-boat trollers must pick a camp ashore by a likely ground, and stay there. If the salmon left they could only wait till another run began. Whereas the power boat could hear of schooling salmon forty miles away and be on the spot in seven hours' steaming.

Poor Man's Rock had given many a man his chance. Nearly always salmon could be taken there by a rowboat. And because for many years old men, men with lean purses, men with a rowboat, a few dollars, and a hunger for independence, had camped in Squitty Cove and fished the Squitty headlands and seldom failed to take salmon around the Rock, the name had clung to that brown hummock of granite lifting out of the sea at half tide. From April to November, any day a rowboat could live outside the Cove, there would be half a dozen, eight, ten, more or less, of these solitary rowers bending to their oars, circling the Rock.

Now and again one of these would hastily drop his oars, stand up, and haul in his line hand over hand. There would be a splashing and splattering on the surface, a bright silver fish leaping and threshing the water, to land at last with a plop! in the boat. Whereupon the fisherman would hurriedly strike this dynamic, glistening fish over the head with a short, thick club, lest his struggles snarl the line, after which he would put out his spoon and bend to the oars again. It was a daylight and dusk job, a matter of infinite patience and hard work, cold and wet at times, and in midsummer the blaze of a scorching sun and the eye-dazzling glitter of reflected light.

But a man must live. Some who came to the Cove trolled long and skilfully, and were lucky enough to gain a power troller in the end, to live on beans and fish, and keep a strangle hold on every dollar that came in until with a cabin boat powered with gas, they joined the trolling fleet and became nomads. They fared well enough then. Their taking at once grew beyond a rowboat's scope. They could see new country, hearken to the lure of distant fishing grounds. There was the sport of gambling on wind and weather, on the price of fish, or the number of the catch. If one locality displeased them they could shift to another, while the rowboat men were chained perforce to the monotony of the same camp, the same cliffs, the same old weary round.

Sometimes Squitty Cove harboured thirty or forty of these power trollers. They would make their night anchorage there while the trolling held good, filling the Cove with talk and laughter and a fine sprinkle of lights when dark closed in. With failing catches, or the first breath of a southeaster that would lock them in the Cove while it blew, they would be up and away—to the top end of Squitty, to Yellow Rock, to Cape Lazo, anywhere that salmon might be found.

THE FOREST FIRE.

[From Bertrand Sinclair's *The Hidden Places*. For Biographical note, see page 308.

The remote and sombre forest (at first a refuge and then a home for a soldier broken by the war), the work of the loggers getting out the timber, the devastation wrought by the forest fires—these are described in *The Hidden Places* with the accurate first-hand knowledge characteristic of Mr. Sinclair's mature work. The following extract, which pictures the all too frequent forest-fire and the dogged fight to save the valuable timber in the "valley of the Toba", is admirable in its restraint and in its close observation.]

That night Hollister wakened out of a sound sleep to sniff the air that streamed in through his open windows. It was heavy with the pungent odour of smoke. He rose and looked out. The silence of night lay on the valley, over the dense forest across the river, upon the fir-swathed southern slope. No leaf stirred. Nothing moved. It was still as death. And in this hushed blackness—lightened only by a pale streak in the north and east that was the reflection of snowy mountain crests standing stark against the sky-line—this smoky wraith crept along the valley floor. No red glow greeted Hollister's sight. There was nothing but the smell of burning wood, that acrid, warm, heavy odour of smoke, the invisible herald of fire. It might be over the next ridge. It might be in the mouth of the valley. It might be thirty miles distant. He went back to bed, to lie with that taint of smoke in his nostrils, thinking of Doris and the boy, of himself, of Charlie Mills, of Myra, of Archie Lawanne. He saw ghosts in that dusky chamber, ghosts of other days, and trooping on the heels of these came apparitions of a muddled future—until he fell asleep again, to be awakened at last by a hammering on his door.

The light of a flash-lamp revealed a logger from the Carr settlement below. The smoke was rolling in billows when Hollister stepped outside. Down toward the Inlet's head there was a red flare in the sky.

"We got to get everybody out to fight that," the man said. "She started in the mouth of the river last night. If we don't check it and the wind turns right, it'll clean the whole valley. We sent a man to pull your crew off the hill."

In the growing dawn Hollister and the logger went down through the woods thick with smoke. They routed Lawanne out of his cabin, and he joined them eagerly. He had never seen a

forest fire. What bore upon the woodsmen chiefly as a malignant, destructive force affected Lawanne as something that promised adventure, as a spectacle which aroused his wonder, his curious interest in vast, elemental forces unleashed. They stopped at Bland's and pressed him into service.

In an hour they were deployed before the fire, marshalled to the attack under men from Carr's, woodsmen experienced in battle against the red enemy, this spoiler of the forest with his myriad tongues of flame and breath of suffocating smoke.

In midsummer the night airs in those long inlets and deep valleys move always toward the sea. But as the day grows and the sun swings up to its zenith, there comes a shift in the aerial currents. The wind follows the course of the sun until it settles in the westward, and sometimes rises to a gale. It was that rising of the west wind that the loggers feared. It would send the fire sweeping up the valley. There would be no stopping it. There would be nothing left in its wake but the blackened earth, smoking roots, and a few charred trunks standing gaunt and unlovely amid the ruin.

So now they strove to create a barrier which the fire should not pass. It was not a task to be perfunctorily carried on, there was no time for malingering. There was a very real incitement to great effort. Their property was at stake; their homes and livelihood; even their lives, if they made an error in the course and speed of the fire's advance and were trapped.

They cut a lane through the woods straight across the valley floor from the river to where the southern slope pitched sharply down. They felled the great trees and dragged them aside with powerful donkey engines to manipulate their gear. They cleared away the brush and the dry windfalls until this lane was bare as a travelled road—so that when the fire ate its way to this barrier there was a clear space in which should fall harmless the sparks and embers flung ahead by the wind.

There, at this labour, the element of the spectacular vanished. They could not attack the enemy with excited cries, with brandished weapons. They could not even see the enemy. They could hear him, they could smell the resinous odour of his breath. That was all. They laid their defences against him with methodical haste, chopping, heaving, hauling the steel cables here and there from the donkeys, sweating in the blanket of heat that overlaid the woods, choking in the smoke that rolled above them and about them. And always in each man's mind ran the uneasy thought of the west wind rising.

But throughout the day the west wind held its breath. The flames crawled, ate their way instead of leaping hungrily. The smoke rose in dun clouds above the burning area and settled in grey vagueness all through the woods, drifting in wisps, in streamers, in fantastic curlings, pungent, acrid, choking the men. The heat of the fire and the heat of a summer sun, in a windless sky, made the valley floor a sweat-bath in which the loggers worked stripped to undershirts and overalls, blackened with soot and grime.

Night fell. The fire had eaten the heart out of a block half a mile square. It was growing. A redness brightened the sky. Lurid colours fluttered above the hottest blaze. A flame would run with incredible agility up the trunk of a hundred-foot cedar to fling a yellow banner from the topmost boughs, to colour the billowing smoke, the green of near-by trees, to wave and gleam and shed coruscating spark-showers and die down again to a dull glow.

Through the short night the work went on. Here and there a man's weariness grew more than he could bear, and he would lie down to sleep for an hour or two. They ate food when it was brought to them. Always, while they could keep their feet, they worked.

Hollister worked on stoically into the following night, keeping Lawanne near him, because it was all new and exciting to Lawanne, and Hollister felt that he might have to look out for him if the wind took any sudden, dangerous shift.

But the mysterious forces of the air were merciful. During the twenty-four hours there was nothing but little vagrant breezes, and the drafts created by the heat of the fire itself. When day came again, without striking a single futile blow at the heart of the fire, they had drawn the enemy's teeth and clipped his claws—in so far as the flats of the Toba were threatened. The fire would burn up to that cleared path and burn itself out—with men stationed along to beat out each tiny flame that might spring up by chance. And when that was done, they rested on their oars, so to speak; they took time to sit down and talk without once relaxing their vigilance.

In a day or two the fire would die out against that barrier, always provided the west wind did not rise and in sportive mockery fling showers of sparks across to start a hundred little fires burning in the woods behind their line of defence. A forest fire was never beaten until it was dead. The men rested, watched, patrolled their line. They looked at the sky and sighed for rain. A little knot of them gathered by a tree. Someone had brought a box of sandwiches, a pail of coffee and tin cups. They gulped the

coffee and munched the food and stretched themselves on the soft moss. Through an opening they could see a fiery glow topped by wavering sheets of flame. They could hear the crackle and snap of burning wood.

"A forest fire is quite literally hell, isn't it?" Lawanne asked.

Hollister nodded. His eyes were on Bland. The man sat on the ground. He had a cup of coffee in one hand, a sandwich in the other. He was blackened almost beyond recognition, and he was viewing with patent disgust the state of his clothes and particularly of his hands. He set down his food and rubbed at his fingers with a soiled handkerchief. Then he resumed eating and drinking. It appeared to him a matter of necessity rather than a thing from which he derived any satisfaction. Near him Charlie Mills lay stretched on the moss, his head pillowed on his folded arms, too weary to eat or drink, even at Hollister's insistence.

"Dirty job this, eh?" Bland remarked. "I'll appreciate a bath. Phew! I shall sleep for a week when I get home."

By mid-afternoon of the next day, Sam Carr decided they had the fire well in hand and so split his forces, leaving half on guard and letting the others go home to rest. Hollister's men remained on the spot in case they were needed; he and Lawanne and Bland went home.

But that was not the end of the great blaze. Blocked in the valley the fire, as if animated by some deadly purpose, crept into the mouth of a bushy canyon and ran up hill with demonic energy until it was burning fiercely over a benchland to the west of Hollister's timber.

The fight began once more. With varying phases it raged for a week. They would check it along a given line and rest for awhile, thinking it safely under control. Then a light shift of wind would throw it across their line of defence, and in a dozen places the forest would break into flame. The fire worked far up the slope, but its greatest menace lay in its steady creep westward. Slowly it ate up to the very edge of Hollister's timber, in spite of all their checks, their strategy, the prodigious effort of every man to check its vandal course.

Then the west wind, which had held its breath so long broke loose with unrestrained exhalation. It fanned the fire to raging fury, sent it leaping in yellow sheets through the woods. The blaze lashed eagerly over the tops of the trees, the dreaded crown fire of the North Woods. Where its voice had been a whisper, it became a roar, an ominious, warning roar to which the loggers gave instant heed and got themselves and their gear off that timbered slope.

They could do no more. They had beaten it in the valley,. Backed by the lusty presence of the west wind, it drove them off the hill and went its wanton way unhindered.

In the flat by Hollister's house the different crews came together. There was not one of them but drooped with exhaustion. They sat about on the parched ground, on moss, against tree trunks, and stared upon the hill.

Already the westerly gale had cleared the smoke from the lower valley. It brought a refreshing coolness off the salt water, and it was also baring to their sight the spectacular destruction of the forest.

All that area where Hollister's cedars had stood was a red chaos out of which great flames leaped aloft and waved snaky tongues, blood-red, molten gold, and from which great billows of smoke poured away to wrap in obscurity all the hills beyond. There was nothing they could do now. They watched it apathetically, too weary to care.

Hollister looked on the destruction of his timber most stolidly of all. For days he had put forth his best effort. His body ached. His eyes smarted. His hands were sore. He had done his best without enthusiasm He was not oppressed so greatly as were some of these men by this vast and useless destruction. What did it matter, after all? A few trees more or less! A square mile or two of timber out of that enormous stand. It was of no more consequence in the sum total than the life of some obscure individual in the teeming millions of the earth. It was his timber. So was his life a possession peculiar to himself. And neither seemed greatly to matter: neither did matter greatly to anyone but himself.

It was all a muddle. He was very tired, too tired to bear thinking, almost too tired to feel. He was conscious of himself as a creature of weariness sitting against a tree, his scarred face blackened like the tired faces of these other men, wondering dully what was the sum of all this sweat and strain, the shattered plans, the unrewarded effort, the pain and stress that men endure. A man made plans and they failed. He bred hope in his soul and saw it die. He longed for and sought his desires, always to see them vanish like a mirage, just as they seemed within his grasp.

Lawanne and Bland had gone home, dragging themselves on tired limbs. Carr's men rested where they chose. They must watch lest the fire back down into the valley again and destroy their timber as it had destroyed Hollister's. They had blankets and food. Hollister gave his own men the freedom of the house.

Their quarters on the hill stood in the doomed timber. The old log house would be ashes now. . . .

He found his chin sinking on his breast. He roused himself and walked over to the house. His men were sprawled on the rugs, sleeping in grotesque postures. Hollister picked his way among them. Almost by the door of his bedroom Charlie Mills sprawled on his back, his head resting on a sofa cushion. He opened his eyes as Hollister passed.

"That was a tough game," Hollister said.

"It's all a tough game," Mills answered wearily and closed his eyes again.

Hollister went on into the room. He threw himself across the bed. In ten seconds he was fast asleep.

AT VALCARTIER, 1914, 1919.

[From Canon Scott's *The Great War as I Saw It*. For biographical note see page 59.]

Two Sundays before we left, the most remarkable church parade in the history of the division was held, at which fully fifteen thousand men were present. The Senior Chaplain asked me to preach. A large platform had been erected, on which the chaplains stood, and on the platform also were two signallers, whose duty it was to signal to the battalions and bands the numbers of the hymns. On chairs in front of the platform were seated the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Princess Patricia, Sir Robert Borden and other notables. Beyond them were gathered the men in battalions. At one side were massed bands. It was a wonderful and thrilling sight. The sun was shining. Autumn tints coloured the maple trees on the sides of the ancient mountains. Here was Canada quickening into national life and girding on the sword to take her place among the independent nations of the world. It had been my privilege, fifteen years before, to preach at the farewell service at Quebec Cathedral for the Canadian Contingent going to the South African War. It seemed to me then that never again should I have such an experience. Yet on that occasion there were only a thousand men present, and here were fifteen times that number. At that time, the war was with a small and half-civilized nation in Africa, now the war was with the foremost nations of Europe. On that occasion I used the second personal pronoun. To the last I did not know what text

to choose and trusted to the inspiration of "you." Now I was privileged to use the first personal pronoun "we." Almost to the last moment I did not know what to say. My mind was confused with the vastness of the outlook. At last the words came to me which are the very foundation stone of human endeavour and human progress, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." I don't know exactly what I said, and I do not suppose it mattered much, for it was hard to make myself heard. I was content if the words of the text alone were audible. We sang the grand hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past," which has come into such prominence as an imperial anthem during the war. As we sang the words—

> "Before the hills in order stood,
> Or earth received her frame—"

I looked at the everlasting mountains around us, where the sound of our worship died away, and thought how they had watched and waited for this day to come, and how in the ages that were to dawn upon Canadian life and expansion, they would stand as monuments of the consecration of Canada to the service of mankind. . . .

At last the eventful day of our departure arrived. On September 28th, with several other units, the 14th Battalion, to which I had been attached, marched off to the entraining point. I took one last look at the great camp which had now become a place of such absorbing interest, and I wondered if I should ever see again that huge amphitheatre with its encompassing mountain witnesses. The men were in high spirits and good humour prevailed.

Nearly five years passed before I saw that sacred spot again. It was in August, 1919. The war was ended, peace had been signed, and the great force of brother knights had been disbanded. Little crosses by the highways and by-ways of France and Belgium now marked the resting-place of thousands of those whose eager hearts took flame among the autumn hills. As I motored past the deserted camp after sunset, my heart thrilled with strange memories and the sense of an abiding presence of something weird and ghostly. Here were the old roads, there were the vacant huts ments. Here were the worn paths across the fields where the men had gone. The evening breeze whispered fitfully across the untrodden grass and one by one the strong mountains, as though fixing themselves more firmly in iron resolve, cast off the radiant hues of evening and stood out black and grim against the starlit sky

PART III

THE NATION BUILDERS

THE NATION BUILDERS

JOSEPH HOWE (1804-1873)

[Joseph Howe's career began with the founding of the *Nova Scotian* in 1828. His essays and "Legislative Reviews", as published in that paper, mark the beginning of political literature in Canada. From his election to the Assembly in 1835 to his appointment as Governor of Nova Scotia in 1873, he filled many offices and fought many political battles. The Nova Scotia *Morning Chronicle* said of him just after his death: "There is scarcely one beneficial act in the code of laws affecting the American colonies with which Joseph Howe's efforts are not in some way associated. . . From 1827 until the day of his untimely death, 'Joe Howe' has been the head and front of all great political changes in Nova Scotia."]

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

[On the first of January, 1835, a letter appeared in *The Nova Scotian*, accusing the magistrates of Halifax of misconduct. Howe, who assumed full responsibility for the letter, was indicted for criminal libel. His speech in his own defence (which resulted in his immediate acquittal) is regarded as the foundation stone of the freedom of the press in Canada. The closing words are given below.]

"Gentlemen, I have thus gone over the facts that rested on my mind at the time I published the alleged libel; I have shewn the bearing and depth of the impressions they made; and have, I trust, convinced you of the entire absence of any malicious motive. I have also stated to you what I believe to be the sound and rational construction of the English law; and I have read to you the eulogiums which Britons on the other side of the Atlantic have passed on the value of the press. I now put it to you, whether you will not, as an English jury would, take all the circumstances of the case into consideration to rebut the legal inference of malice; and I ask you, if you will not extend to the press of your country the same rational protection which the British press enjoys? Can you err in following the example of that country which has been so long the home of liberty; whose noble institutions have

been the fruits of free discussion, and under whose banner, and whose laws, we are now assembled? I do not ask you to set the press above that law which Coke calls 'the perfection of reason'; but I ask you to cleanse me in that wholesome stream of British authorities, revered at home, and imparting its benevolent and invigorating influence to the most distant portions of the empire.

"Will you, my countrymen, descendants of these men, warmed by their blood; inheriting their language; and having the principles for which they struggled confided to your care, allow them to be violated in your hands? Will you permit the sacred fire of liberty, brought by your fathers from the venerable temples of Britain, to be quenched and trodden out on the simple altars they have raised? Your verdict will be the most important in its consequences ever delivered before this tribunal; and I conjure you to judge me by the principles of English law, and to leave an unshackled press as a legacy to your children. You remember the press in your hours of conviviality and mirth—Oh, do not desert it in this its day of trial.

"If for a moment I could fancy that your verdict would stain me with crime, cramp my resources by fines, and cast my body into prison, even then I would endeavour to seek elsewhere for consolation and support. Even then I would not desert my principles, nor abandon the path that the generous impulses of youth selected, and which my riper judgment sanctions and approves. I would toil on and hope for better times —till the principles of British Liberty and British Law had become more generally diffused, and had forced their way into the hearts of my countrymen. In the meantime I would endeavour to guard their interests—to protect their liberties; and, while Providence lent me health and strength, the independence of the press should never be violated in my hands. Nor is there a living thing beneath my roof that would not aid me in this struggle; the wife who sits by my fireside; the children who play about my hearth; the orphan boys in my office, whom it is my pride and pleasure to instruct from day to day in the obligations they owe to their profession and their country, would never suffer the press to be wounded through my side. We would wear the coarsest raiment, we would eat the poorest food; and crawl at night into the veriest hovel in the land to rest our weary limbs, but cheerful and undaunted hearts; and these jobbing justices should feel that one frugal and united family could withstand their persecution, defy their power and maintain the freedom of the press. Yes,

gentlemen, come what will, while I live, Nova Scotia shall have the blessing of an open and unshackled press. But you will not put me to such straits as these; you will send me home to the bosom of my family, with my conduct sanctioned and approved; your verdict will engraft upon our soil those invaluable principles that are our best security and defence.

"Your verdict will, I trust, go far towards curing many of the evils which we have been compelled to review. Were you to condemn me, these men would say there is no truth in those charges, there is nothing wrong, and matters would continue in the old beaten track. If you acquit me, as I trust you will, they must form themselves into a court of enquiry for self-reformation; they must drive out from among them those men who bring disgrace on their ranks, and mischief on the community in which they reside. But, gentlemen, I fearlessly consign myself, and what is of more consequence, your country's press, into your hands. I do not ask for the immunity which the American press enjoys, though its greater latitude is defended by the opinions of Chancellor Kent; but give me what a British subject has a right to claim—impartial justice, administered by those principles of the English law that our forefathers fixed and have bequeathed. Let not the sons of the Rebels look across the border to the sons of the Loyalists, and reproach them that their press is not free.

"If I wished to be tried by your sympathies, I might safely appeal to you, who have known me from my childhood, and ask if you ever found malice in my heart or sedition in my hands? My public life is before you; and I know you will believe me when I say that when I sit down in solitude to the labours of my profession, the only questions I ask myself are, What is right? What is just? What is for the public good? I am of no party; but I hold that when I am performing my duty to the country, I am sincerely doing that which I engaged to do when I took the press into my hands. You will hear the Attorney-General close this case on the part of the Crown, but do not allow yourselves to be won by his eloquence from the plain facts and simple principles I have stated. I must, however, do that gentleman the justice to acknowledge that in the conduct of this prosecution, I have received nothing but courtesy at his hands. As an officer of the Crown he is bound to perform this public duty, but I well know that persecutions of the press are little to his taste. When urged at times by members of the Assembly, over which in his capacity of

Speaker he presides, to resent attacks made on that body in 'The Nova Scotian', his answer has invariably been: 'No! let the press alone; if we cannot stand against its assaults, we deserve to fall.' That, I doubt not, would have been his advice to the magistrates had they deigned to consult him. But, oh! had I his powers of oratory, how I could set this case before you!

> 'Were I Brutus,
> And Brutus Anthony, there were an Anthony
> That should move the very stones,'

not of Halifax to mutiny and sedition, but the broken stones in Bridewell to laughter and scorn. The light of his penetrating intellect would have revealed the darkest recesses of municipal corruption; and with the hand of a master, he would have sketched the portraits of these jobbing justices, and hanging them around the walls of Bridewell, would have damned them to imperishable renown.

"To the gentlemen of the bar, who surround me, my thanks are also due. They have sympathized with the press in this its day of persecution; they have sent me books and volunteered assistance; and although the press sometimes bears upon them, those who are and will be the brightest ornaments of the profession, have been most forward in endeavouring to sustain it. Their studies teach them the value of free discussion; they know the obligations which Englishmen owe to the press; and they well know, that as the securities of life and property were strengthened by its influence, so would they be destroyed beneath its ruins.

"Gentlemen, I must apologize for the time which I have occupied, and for the errors and imperfections of this defence. But I now leave it in your hands, confident that you will discharge your duty and do me justice. I have never shrunk from responsibility, and I would again remind you that I would rather be cast into a prison for years than meet you in after life to reproach me for having misled you this day by false statements of fact or law. I have not done so, and I feel that I am entitled to your verdict. The press has constantly vindicated and maintained the independence of juries; English juries have been the steady friends and protectors of the press; and I now commit myself and the press of Nova Scotia to your keeping, asking only for justice, sanctioned by English law."

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

[In connection with the struggle for responsible government Joseph Howe addressed four letters to Lord John Russell, dated from Halifax, September 18, 1839. The last letter closes as follows:]

"If, my Lord, in every one of the three great kingdoms from which the population of British America derive their origin, the evils of which we complain were experienced and continued until the principles we claim as our birthright became firmly established, is it to be expected that we shall not endeavour to rid ourselves, by respectful argument and remonstrance, of what cost you open and violent resistance to put down? Can an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Scotchman, be made to believe, by passing a month upon the sea, that the most stirring periods of his history are but a cheat and a delusion; that the scenes which he has been accustomed to tread with deep emotion are but mementoes of the folly and not, as he once fondly believed, of the wisdom and courage of his ancestors; that the principles of civil liberty, which from childhood he has been taught to cherish and to protect by forms of stringent responsibility, must, with the new light breaking in upon him on this side of the Atlantic, be cast aside as an useless incumbrance? No, my Lord, it is madness to suppose that these men, so remarkable for carrying their national characteristics into every part of the world where they penetrate, shall lose the most honourable of them all, merely by passing from one portion of the Empire to another. Nor is it to be supposed that Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers, and Canadians—a race sprung from the generous admixture of the blood of the three foremost nations of the world—proud of their parentage and not unworthy of it, to whom every stirring period of British and Irish history, every great principle which they teach, every phase of freedom to be gleaned from them, are as familiar as household words, can be in haste to forget what they learnt upon their parents' knees; what those they loved and honoured clung to with so much pride and regarded as beyond all price. Those who expect them to belie their origin or to disgrace it, may as soon hope to see the streams turn back upon their fountains. My Lord, my countrymen feel, as they have a right to feel, that the Atlantic, the great highway of communication with their brethren at home, should be no barrier to shut out the civil privileges and political rights, which more than anything else, make them proud of the con-

nection; and they feel also that there is nothing in their present position or their past conduct to warrant such exclusion. Whatever impression may have been made by the wholesome satire wherewith one of my countrymen has endeavoured to excite the others to still greater exertions, those who fancy that Nova Scotians are an inferior race to those who dwell upon the ancient homestead or that they will be contented with a less degree of freedom, know little of them. A country that a century ago was but a wilderness and is now studded with towns and villages, and intersected with roads, even though more might have been done under a better system, affords some evidence of industry. Nova Scotian ships, bearing the British flag into every quarter of the globe, are some proofs of enterprise; and the success of the native author to whom I have alluded, in the wide field of intellectual competition, more than contradicts the humorous exaggeration by which, while we are stimulated to higher efforts, others may be for a moment misled. If then our right to inherit the constitution be clear, if our capacity to maintain and enjoy it cannot be questioned, have we done anything to justify the alienation of our birthright? Many of the original settlers of this Province emigrated from the old colonies when they were in a state of rebellion—not because they did not love freedom, but because they loved it under the old banner and the old forms; and many of their descendants have shed their blood, on land and sea, to defend the honour of the Crown and the integrity of the Empire. On some of the hardest fought fields of the Peninsula, my countrymen died in the front rank, with their faces to the foe. The proudest naval trophy of the last American war was brought by a Nova Scotian into the harbour of his native town; and the blood that flowed from Nelson's death-wound in the cockpit of the *Victory* mingled with that of a Nova Scotian stripling beside him, stricken down in the same glorious fight. Am I not then justified, my Lord, in claiming for my countrymen that constitution, which can be withheld from them by no plea but one unworthy of a British statesman —the tyrant's plea of power? I know that I am, and I feel also that this is not the race that can be hoodwinked with sophistry, or made to submit to injustice without complaint. All suspicion of disloyalty we cast aside, as the product of ignorance or cupidity; we seek for nothing more than British subjects are entitled to; but we will be contented with nothing less.

"My Lord, it has been said that if this system of responsibility were established, it would lead to a constant struggle for

office and influence which would be injurious to the habits of our population, and corrupt the integrity of public men. That it would lead to the former I admit; but that the latter would be a consequence I must take leave to deny, until it can be shown that in any of the other employments of life, fair competition has that effect. Let the bar become the bar only of the minority, and how long would there be honour and safety in the profession? Let the rich prizes to be won in commerce and finance be confined to a mere fragment, instead of being open to the whole population, and I doubt whether the same benefits, the same integrity, or the same satisfaction would grace the monopoly, that now spring from an open, fair and manly competition, by which, while individuals prosper, wealth and prosperity are gathered to the State. To be satisfied that this fair competition can with safety and the greatest advantage be carried into public as well as private affairs, it is only necessary to contrast the example of England with that of any Continental nation where the opposite system has been pursued. And if in England the struggle for influence and office has curbed corruption and produced examples of consistency and an adherence to principle extremely rare in other countries, and in none more so than in the colonies, where the course pursued strikes at the very root of manly independence, should we apprehend danger from its introduction or shrink from the peaceful rivalry it may occasion? But, my Lord, there is another view that ought to be taken of this question. Ought not British statesmen to ask themselves, is it wise to leave a million and a half of people, virtually excluded from all participation in the honourable prizes of public life? There is not a weaver's apprentice or a parish orphan in England that does not feel that he may, if he has the talent, rise through every grade of office, municipal and national, to hold the reins of government and influence the destinies of a mighty empire. The Queen may be hostile, the Lords may chafe, but neither can prevent that weaver's apprentice or that parish orphan from becoming Prime Minister of England. Then look at the United States, in which the son of a mechanic in the smallest town, of a squatter in the wildest forest, may contend on equal terms with the proudest for any office in the twenty-eight different States; and having won as many as contents him, may rise, through the national grades, to be President of the Union. There are no family compacts to exclude these aspirants; no little knots of irresponsible and self-elected councillors, to

whom it is necessary to sell their principles, and before whom the manliness of their nature must be prostrated, before they can advance. But, in the colonies, where there are no prizes so splendid as these, is it wise or just to narrow the field and confine to little cliques of irresponsible politicians, what prizes there are? No, my Lord, it is neither just nor wise. Every poor boy in Nova Scotia (for we have the feelings of pride and ambition common to our nature) knows that he has the same right to the honours and emoluments of office as he would have if he lived in Britain or the United States; and he feels that while the great honours of the empire are almost beyond his reach, he ought to have a chance of dispensing the patronage and guiding the administration of his native country without any sacrifice of principle or diminution of self-respect.

"My Lord, I have done. If what has been written corrects any error into which your Lordship or others may have fallen and communicates to some, either in Britain or the Colonies, information upon a subject not generally understood, I shall be amply repaid. Your Lordship will perhaps pardon me for reminding you that, in thus eschewing the anonymous and putting my name to an argument in favour of Executive responsibility for the North American colonies, I am acting under a sense of deep responsibility myself. I well know that there is not a press in the pay of any of the family compacts that will not misrepresent my motive and pervert my language; that there is not an overpaid and irresponsible official, from Fundy to the Ottawa, whose inextinguishable hostility I shall not have earned for the remainder of my life. The example of your Lordship will, however, help me to bear those burdens with patience. You have lived and prospered, and done the State good service, and yet thousands of corrupt borough-mongers and irresponsible corporators formerly misrepresented and hated you. Should I live to see the principles for which I contend operating as beneficially over British North America as those immortal acts which provoked your Lordship's enemies do in the mother country, I shall be gratified by the reflection that the patriotic and honourable men now contending for the principles of the British constitution, and by whose side as an humble auxiliary I am proud to take my stand, whatever they may have suffered in the struggle, did not labour in vain —I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your Lordship's humble admirer and most obedient servant.

"Joseph Howe."

ON RAILWAYS AND COLONIZATION

[Upon his return from a journey to England, made on behalf of the project for colonization and the building of an Intercolonial railroad, Howe delivered a speech to his fellow citizens of Halifax, May 15, 1851, of which a part is quoted below:]

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—This meeting has been called to ascertain whether the citizens of Halifax, after six months' deliberation and reflection, are as unanimous as they were in August last; whether they are still disposed to entrust to their Government the task of constructing intercolonial railways; and whether they are prepared to accept the terms which have been offered to the Province in Mr. Hawes' letter of the 10th March. The position which the negotiations have assumed renders it necessary that efforts should be made to overcome difficulties that have arisen beyond our frontier. The Government contemplates sending a deputation to Canada to confer with the delegates from the neighbouring Provinces, in the confident hope that those difficulties may be overcome, and that that unity of action and mutual harmony may be secured by which alone the great works contemplated can be rendered not only practicable, but easy, of accomplishment within a reasonable time. To appoint men, however, to perform this service; to send them from amongst us to negotiate with the Governments of Canada and New Brunswick, in ignorance of the state of public feeling at home, before they know whether the ground behind them is firm and stable, would be unwise, premature and useless. They could not with confidence ask New Brunswickers or Canadians to give their sanction to any line of policy before they knew whether Nova Scotians were determined to sustain it. I am happy in the belief that the unanimity which presages success, the manly forbearance and generous rivalry which ensure the perfection of large and comprehensive measures upon sound principles does exist among us, does pervade the community, actuating and animating the large and highly respectable body of our fellow citizens here assembled. So far as I have been enabled to gather the general sentiment since my return, from frequent communications with leading men representing great interests, and the opinions of large sections of our people, I believe that the resolutions which have been prepared for submission will meet the unanimous support of this assemblage.

"The Imperial Government, with a magnanimity which does honour to the British people, sustained by that unanimity of

sentiment among the great leaders of public opinion at home which promises a long continuance of the honourable relations existing between us, has offered to the three British North American Provinces £7,000,000 sterling at the lowest interest at which money can be obtained in the world. This money is offered for the purpose of enabling them to complete in an incredibly short space of time and with security and ease great internal improvements which their advanced condition renders so desirable, which will bind them together into one prosperous community, animate them with new hopes and aspirations, and ultimately elevate them from the colonial condition to that of a great and prosperous nation, in perpetual amity and friendship with those glorious islands to which we trace our origin and to which through this great boon so much of our material prosperity will in all time to come be traced.

"Halifax has been formed by nature and selected by the dictates of sound policy, as a common terminus for these great intercolonial railways. Three hundred and thirty miles will connect us with Portland and all the lines which interlace the American Republic and bind together the prosperous communities to the South and West. Six hundred and seventy miles more, opening up the central lands and settlements of New Brunswick, will not only connect us as we originally contemplated with Quebec and the St. Lawrence, but passing through one hundred and eighty miles of settlements on that noble river will place us in communication with the populous city of Montreal, which will soon be in connection with Portland on the other side; the circle will be thus complete and chains of intercommunication established, easily accessible by shorter lines, to all the rising towns and settlements which that wide circuit will embrace.

"But when Montreal is reached shall we stop there? Who can believe it? Who can think so lightly of the enterprise of Western Canada as to apprehend that she will not continue this iron road, link by link, till it skirts the shores of Ontario and Erie and draws its tributary streams of traffic from the prolific regions of Simcoe, Superior and Huron? Already municipalities are organizing and companies are forming to extend this railway for six hundred miles above Montreal. Once completed to that city how will those interior lines advance? How many interests will combine for their extension? The British Government and people will take a natural pride in the continuation of this great national work. The success of the lower lines will be promoted and ensured by

extension. British capitalists and contractors, lured into this boundless field, will seek further employment for their capital and labour; and millions of industrious people will flow into Provinces where employment is certain and land is cheap. This is the prospect before us, Sir, and the duties it imposes we must learn to discharge with energy; the destiny it discloses we may contemplate with pride. England foresees yet fears it not. She relies upon our resources and upon our integrity to repay her money. She believes in the existence of the old feelings here which are to strengthen with our strength, and bind us to her by links of love, when pecuniary obligations have been cancelled. She virtually says to us by this offer, There are seven millions of sovereigns, at half the price that your neighbours pay in the markets of the world; construct your railways; people your waste lands; organize and improve the boundless territory beneath your feet; learn to rely upon and to defend yourselves, and God speed you in the formation of national character and national institutions.

"But, Sir, daring as may appear the scope of this conception, high as the destiny may seem which it discloses for our children, and boundless as are the fields of honourable labour which it presents, another, grander in proportions, opens beyond; one which the imagination of a poet could not exaggerate; but which the statesman may grasp and realize, even in our own day. Sir, to bind these disjointed Provinces together by iron roads; to give them the homogeneous character, fixedness of purpose and elevation of sentiment which they so much require is our first duty. But, after all, they occupy but a limited portion of that boundless heritage which God and Nature have given to us and to our children. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are but the frontage of a territory which includes four millions of square miles, stretching away behind and beyond them to the frozen regions on the one side and to the Pacific on the other. Of this great section of the globe, all the northern Provinces, including Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland, occupy but 486,000 square miles. The Hudson's Bay territory includes 250,000 miles. Throwing aside the more bleak and inhospitable regions, we have a magnificent country between Canada and the Pacific out of which five or six noble Provinces may be formed, larger than any we have and presenting to the hand of industry and to the eye of speculation, every variety of soil, climate and resource. With such a territory as this to overrun, organize and improve, think you that we shall stop even at the western bounds of Canada, or

even at the shores of the Pacific? Vancouver's Island, with its vast coal measures, lies beyond. The beautiful islands of the Pacific and the growing commerce of the ocean are beyond. Populous China and the rich East are beyond; and the sails of our children's children will reflect as familiarly the sunbeams of the South as they now brave the angry tempests of the North. The Maritime Provinces which I now address are but the Atlantic frontage of this boundless and prolific region—the wharves upon which its business will be transacted and beside which its rich argosies are to lie. Nova Scotia is one of these. Will you then put your hands, unitedly, with order, intelligence and energy, to this great work? Refuse, and you are recreants to every principle which lies at the base of your country's prosperity and advancement; refuse, and the Deity's handwriting upon land and sea is to you unintelligible language; refuse, and Nova Scotia instead of occupying the foreground, as she now does, should have been thrown back, at least, behind the Rocky Mountains. God has planted your country in the front of this boundless region; see that you comprehend its destiny and resources—see that you discharge with energy and elevation of soul the duties which devolve upon you in virtue of your position. Hitherto, my countrymen, you have dealt with this subject in a becoming spirit, and whatever others may think or apprehend, I know that you will persevere in that spirit until our objects are attained. I am neither a prophet, nor a son of a prophet, yet I will venture to predict that in five years we shall make the journey hence to Quebec and Montreal and home through Portland and St. John by rail; and I believe that many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days. With such objects in view—with the means before us to open up one thousand miles of this noble territory, to increase its resources and lay bare its treasures, surely all petty jealousies and personal rivalries should stand rebuked; all minor questions of mere local interest should give way. The smoke of past contests has perhaps at times clogged my own mind; like an old chimney, the soot of controversy may have adhered to it after the cooking of constitutions was over. But the fire of this noble enterprise has burnt it out. I come back, after six months' absence, prepared to co-operate with any man who will honestly aid me to work out the prosperity of our common country; and I am glad to

discover that a reciprocal and cordial feeling is manifested by those whose opinions differ, on other subjects, from my own.

"It is frequently said, Sir, that a government should not touch these public works. But the roads of a country—the Queen's highways—surely come within the purview of the executive. In this case it is clear that, unless done by the Government, these great railways cannot be done at all. Even if companies could make them they would cost fourteen millions instead of seven. But, Sir, what is a government for, if it is not to take the lead in noble enterprises; to stimulate industry; to elevate and guide the public mind? You set eight or nine men on red cushions or gilded chairs, with nothing to do but pocket their salaries, and call that a Government. To such a pageant I have no desire to belong. Those who aspire to govern others should neither be afraid of the saddle by day nor of the lamp by night. In advance of the general intelligence they should lead the way to improvement and prosperity. I would rather assume the staff of Moses and struggle with the perils of the wilderness and the waywardness of the multitude than be a golden calf, elevated in gorgeous inactivity—the object of a worship which has been debased."

ON THE ORGANIZATION OF THE EMPIRE

[Selections from a speech made by Joseph Howe in the Nova Scotia Assembly, February 24, 1854, to a motion brought forward by the leader of the Opposition, "to promote union of the Provinces of British North America".]

"Mr. Chairman,—Had the Government brought this question here, my honourable friend from Londonderry might have charged upon us the selection of an inappropriate season or disregard of the pressure and strain of public business already tasking the industry of this Assembly. But, Sir, this resolution has been brought here by the leader of the Opposition, and we are challenged to discuss it. Perhaps if we had introduced the measure it might not have been met in the spirit which I trust we shall display. One-half of the House might have fancied that some sinister design lurked within the resolution and the supposed interests of party might have combined them against it. But I desire to treat the gentleman with more courtesy—the resolution with the consideration it deserves; and I trust that the day is yet far distant in Nova Scotia, when questions of transcendent importance will be entangled in the

meshes of party, or fail to challenge, no matter whence they emanate, earnest and thoughtful investigation in this Assembly. Sir, I differ with my honourable friend from Londonderry, and with all those who are disposed to treat this subject lightly. Come from whose hand it may, the resolution before the Committee opens up for discussion the broadest field, the noblest subject, ever presented to the consideration of this Legislature. A day, or even a week, may be well spent upon such a theme. If, sir, such topics were oftener presented here, our ideas would expand beyond the charmed, it may be, but the contracted circle of party disputations; our debates would assume a higher tone; and the hopes and aspirations of our people, clustering around their firesides, would point to interests more enduring than even the result of half our controversies—some poorly-paid office or paltry provincial distinction.

"Sir, I regret not the time which this question will engross, but my inability to do it justice. When the prophets and orators of old were about to discourse of the destinies of nations, they retired to the mountains or by the streams to meditate; they communed in the abundance of their leisure with God above, and caught their inspiration alike from the tranquility which enabled them to penetrate the dispensations of His Providence, and from the phenomena of nature all around them; a communion which tinged with beauty the 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' which have come streaming down, like lines of light, even to the present hour. They were often untrammelled by daily duties and human obligations. Borne down by official labour and responsibility of various kinds I feel that, for me at least, the occasion of this discussion is inauspicious. Believe me, Sir, that my obligations to my Sovereign as her sworn councillor, to the head of the Government as his constitutional adviser, and to the party with which I act, press heavily upon me. But yet, rising with the magnitude of this great theme, I shall endeavour to catch its inspiration; remembering only that I am a Nova Scotian, the son of a Loyalist, a North American, a true subject of the Queen; but one whose allegiance, to be perfect, must include every attribute of manhood, every privilege of the Empire.

"Sir, I wish that my leisure had been greater, that I might have brought before you the ripened fruits of meditation, the illustrative stores of history which research only can accumulate. In no vain spirit do I wish also that the sentiments which I am about to utter might be heard and pondered, not only as they will be by those who inhabit half this continent,

but by members of the British Parliament, by Imperial statesmen, by the councillors who stand around, and by the gracious Sovereign who sits upon the throne. Perhaps this may not be. Yet I believe that the day is not distant when our sons, standing in our places, trained in the enjoyment of public liberty by those who have gone before them, and compelled to be statesmen by the throbbing of their British blood and by the necessities of their position, will be heard across the Atlantic; and will utter to each other and to all the world, the sentiments which to-day, Mr. Chairman, may fall with an air of novelty upon your ear. I am not sure, Sir, that even out of this discussion may not arise a spirit of union and elevation of thought that may lead North America to cast aside her colonial habiliments, to put on national aspects, to assert national claims and prepare to assume national obligations. Come what may, I do not hesitate to express the hope that from this day she will aspire to consolidation as an integral portion of the realm of England, or assert her claims to a national existence."

After discussing the resources of the Colonies and deprecating the lack of responsible government in the Colonies, Mr. Howe proceeded:

"Mr. Chairman,—The time will come—nay, Sir, it has come—when these degrading distinctions must no longer peril our allegiance. Will any man say that North America does not produce men as fit to govern States and Provinces as those who rule over Maine or Massachusetts at this hour?—as most of those who are sent to govern the forty Provinces of the Empire?—as many that we have seen sent to darken counsel and perplex us in the west? How long will North Americans be content to see their sons systematically excluded from the gubernatorial chairs, not only of the Provinces that we occupy, but of every other in the Empire? Not long. If monarchical institutions are to be preserved and the power of the Crown maintained, the leading spirits of the Empire must be chosen to govern Provinces; and the selection must not be confined to the circle of two small islands—to old officers or broken-down members of Parliament.

"Look at the organization of the Colonial Office; that Department which is especially charged with the government of forty colonies, and yet has not one colonist in it! How long are we to have this play of Hamlet, with Hamlet himself omitted? Sir, I do not share in the vulgar prejudices about

the ignorance and incapacity of Downing Street. No man can now be elevated to the office of Secretary of State for the Colonies who is not a man of business habits, holding high rank in either House of Parliament. There is, perhaps, not a man in the Department who is not able or adroit in the performance of duties which are admirably subdivided. The under-Secretaries are men of genial manners, high attainments and varied information. They are something more; they are thoroughly well disposed to serve, and to stand well with the Provinces committed to their charge. But what then? They have no personal knowledge of colonial public or social life! no hold upon the confidence or the affections of the outlying portions of the Empire. Compared to the men who might and ought and must be there, if the Empire is to be kept together, they are like what the clever secretaries of the old Board of Trade were in 1750 compared with such men as Franklin, Washington and Adams. What these last were then, the Baldwins, Lafontaines, Chandlers and Wilmots of North America are now. I speak not of Nova Scotia, although I know that her sister Provinces accord to her the intellectual rank to which she is entitled. I know the men who sit around me here; already I can hear the heart-beat of the generation which is springing up to take our places; and I do not hesitate to say that room must be made on the floors of Parliament and within the Departmental Offices of England for the aspiring and energetic spirits of this continent or they will bye-and-bye assert their superiority in the intellectual conflict which those who attempt systematically to exclude them must provoke. Talk of annexation, Sir! What we want is annexation to our mother country! Talk of a union of the Provinces which, if unaccompanied with other provisions, would lead to separation! What we require is union with the Empire; the investiture with the rights and dignity of British citizenship.

"In the United States every 40,000 people send a member to Congress. North America has sixty-two times that number, and yet sends not one member to the National Council which regulates her trade, controls her foreign relations, and may involve her at any moment in war. Mark the effects of the American system. The discovery of gold threw into California, in two or three years, a large, heterogeneous and comparatively lawless population. California was many thousands of miles away from Washington and from the old States of the Confederation. It was essentially a colony and under our system would have been so treated for a century. Our neigh-

bours are wiser in their generation. Hardly were the rude communities of California formed, while women were sleeping under tents and men under waggons; while Judge Lynch presided over the judicatory and the better classes hung thieves in the market square; than the citizens met together, formed their constitution, provided for education and elected three or four men to represent California in the National Congress of the United States. Nova Scotia has been a loyal Province of this Empire, with all the securities of law and refinements of civilization, for a hundred years, and to this hour has no such privilege. What binds that rude Californian community to the parent States? The presence of her four or five representatives in the National Council. They may be negligent, incapable, corrupt, but they are there. Australia, not much farther off, with richer treasures, with wider space, has no such privilege; and the wit of British statesmen, with the example of republican America before them, seems inadequate to a task which elsewhere is found so easy. Sir, this cannot last. England herself has a deep interest in this question, and the sooner her statesmen begin to ponder the matter gravely the better it will be for us all.

"The 30,000,000 who inhabit the British Isles must make some provision for the 230,000,000 who live beyond the narrow seas. They may rule the barbarous tribes who do not speak their language or share their civilization, by the sword; but they can only rule or retain such Provinces as are to be found in North America by drawing their sympathies around a common centre—by giving them an interest in the army, the navy, the diplomacy, the administration and the legislation of the Empire.

"While a foreign war is impending, this may appear an inappropriate time to discuss these questions; but the time will come and is near at hand when they will command the earnest attention of every true British subject. We hear much, Sir, every day about the balance of power in Europe; and we all remember Canning's boast that he was going to call a new world into existence to redress the balance of power in the old. At this moment we are plunging into a foreign war—the fiercest and most bloody it will be that we have ever seen. What is the pretext on one side? Some question about the Greek religion. What is supposed to warrant our expensive armaments on the other? The balance of power in Europe. But is the balance of power in America nothing, and have these Provinces no weight in the scale? God forbid, Sir, that

at this moment a word of menace should escape my lips. I am incapable of such a meanness. England's hour of extremity should never be our opportunity for anything but words of cheer and the helping hand. But, Sir, come peace or war, it is the interest of England that the truth be told her. Is the balance of power in America an unimportant consideration, and how is it to be preserved except by preserving that half of the continent which still belongs to England? And that can only be done by elevating the inhabitants of these Provinces in their own opinion and that of the world at large. I know that it is fashionable in England to count upon the sympathies and cordial co-operation of the Republic. A year ago Cobden and other apostles of his school were preaching and relying upon universal peace. Now all Europe is arming. They preach day by day that colonies are a burden to the mother country. The reign of peace, of universal brotherhood, may come—should it not, and should republican America throw herself into the contest against England, when engaged with other powers, as she did in 1812, what then would be England's position, should the noble Provinces of North America have been flung away, for want of a little foresight and common sense?

"The power of the Republic would be broken if our half of the continent retained its allegiance. But if that were thrown into the other scale, what then? Fancy the Stars and Stripes floating over our 6,000 vessels; fancy 500,000 North Americans with arms in their hands in a defiant attitude; fancy half a continent, with its noble harbours and 5,000 miles of sea-coast, with all its fisheries, coal mines and timber, gone. Fancy the dock-yards and depots and arsenals of the enemy advanced 1,000 miles nearer to England. Oh! Sir, I have turned with disgust from the eternal gabble about the balance of power in Europe, when I have thought how lightly British statesmen seemed to value the power that can alone balance their only commercial rival. One subsidy to some petty European potentate has often cost more than all our railroads would have cost; and yet they would have developed our resources in peace and formed our best security in time of war. A single war with half this continent added £120,000,000 to the national debt of England. What would a war with the whole of it cost? And yet these Provinces are so lightly valued that a loan for public improvements cannot be guaranteed or a single seat in the National Councils yielded, to preserve them. Sir, what-

ever others may think, I pause in the presence of the great peril which I foresee. I pray to God that it may be averted.

"Here, Sir, is work for the highest intellects—for the purest patriots on both sides of the Atlantic. Here is a subject worthy of the consideration of the largest minded British statesman now figuring on the stage of public life. In presence of this great theme how our little squabbles sink into insignificance, as the witches' caldron vanishes from the presence of Macbeth. How insignificant are many of the topics which they debate in the Imperial Parliament compared with this. I have seen night after night wasted while both Houses discussed the grave question, whether or not a Jew should sit in the House of Commons; a question that it would not take five minutes to decide in any legislature from Canada to California. How often have I said to myself: I wonder if it ever enters into the heads of those noble Lords and erudite Commoners, who are so busy with this Jew, that there are two millions and a half of Christians in British America, who have no representative in either House? A little consideration given to that subject, I have thought, would not be a waste of time. When I have seen them quibbling with the great questions of a surplus population, mendicity and crime, I have asked myself: Do these men know that there is within the boundaries of the Empire, within ten days' sail of England, employment for all, freehold estates for all, with scarcely a provocative to crime? I have often thought, Sir, how powerful this Empire might be made; how prosperous in business, how invincible in war, if the statesmen of England would set about its organization and draw to a common centre the high intellects which it contains.

"With our maritime positions in all parts of the globe, with every variety of soil and climate, with the industrial capacity and physical resources of 260,000,000 of people to rely on, what might not this Empire become, if its intellectual resources were combined for its government and preservation? If the whole population were united by common interests, no power on earth ever wielded means so vast or influence so irresistible. But, Sir, let the statesmen of England slumber and sleep over the field of enterprise which lies around them; let them be deluded by economists who despise colonists or by fanatics who preach peace at any price with foreign despots; while no provision is made to draw around the Throne the hearts of millions predisposed to loyalty and affection and the results we may surely calculate. Should the other half of this con-

tinent be lost for want of forethought and sound knowledge, there will be trouble in the old homestead. 'Shadows, clouds and darkness' will rest upon the abode of our fathers; the free soil of England will not be long unprofaned; and the gratitude of Turks and friendship of Austrians or republican Americans will form but a poor substitute for the hearts and hands that have been flung away."

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE (1825-1868)

[Thomas D'Arcy McGee, after emigrating from Ireland to the United States in 1842, came to Canada in 1857. The eleven years of his residence in Canada, abruptly terminated by his assassination in Ottawa, were devoted partly to editing the *New Era* (Montreal), partly to political activity. He was President of the Executive Council, 1862-1863, and Minister of Agriculture, 1864-1867. He took a leading part in the movement for the Confederation of the Provinces, throwing the whole weight of his persuasive eloquence into the cause of mutual conciliation and inter-racial harmony.]

A NORTHERN NATION.

Spoken in the Quebec House of Assembly, 1860.

"I entreat the House to believe that I have spoken without respect of persons, and with a single desire for the increase, prosperity, freedom and honour of this incipient Northern Nation. I call it a Northern Nation—for such it must become, if all of us do our duty to the last. Men do not talk on this continent of changes wrought by centuries, but of the events of years. Men do not vegetate in this age, as they did formerly, in one spot, occupying one portion. Thought outruns the steam car, and hope outflies the telegraph. We live more in ten years in this era than the patriarch did in a thousand. The patriarch might outlive the palm tree which was planted to commemorate his birth, and yet not see so many wonders as we have witnessed since the constitution we are now discussing was formed. What marvels have not been wrought in Europe and America from 1840 to 1860! And who can say the world, or our own portion of it more particularly, is incapable of maintaining to the end of the century the ratio of past progress? I for one cannot presume to say so. I look to the future of my adopted country with hope, though not without anxiety. I see in the

not remote distance one great nationality, bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse, and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the Western Mountains and the crests of the Eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining, in peace and in war, a constitution worthy of such a country."

GOOD WILL

Spoken in Montreal, 1861.

"The career I have had in Canada led me chiefly into those parts of the country inhabited by men who speak the English language, and using the opportunities which I have had between the time when I ceased to be a newspaper publisher to that of my admission as a member of the Lower Canada bar, I trust I have learnt something which may be profitable to me in the position to which you elevated me on trust and in advance. The result of my observation, thus made, is, that there is nothing to be more dreaded in this country than feuds arising from exaggerated feelings of religion and nationality. On the other hand, the one thing needed for making Canada the happiest of homes, is to rub down all sharp angles, and remove those asperities which divide our people on questions of origin and religious profession. The man who says this cannot be done consistently with any set of principles founded on the charity of the Gospel or on the right use of human reason is a blockhead, as every bigot is—while under the influence of his bigotry he sees no further than his nose. For a man who has grown to years of discretion—though some never do come to those years—who has not become wedded to one idea, who, like Coleridge, is as ready to regulate his conduct as to set his watch when the parish clock declares it wrong, who is ready to be taught by high as well as by low, and to receive any stamp of truth—I may say that such a man will come to this conclusion: that there are in all origins men good, bad and indifferent; yet for my own part, my experience is that in

all classes the good predominate. I believe that there have come out of Ireland, noble as she is, those whom she would not recognize as her children; and so with other countries celebrated for the noble characteristics of their population as a whole. In Canada, with men of all origins and all kinds of culture, if we do not bear and forbear, if we do not get rid of old quarrels, but, on the contrary, make fresh ones—whereas we ought to have lost sight of the old when we lost sight of the capes and headlands of the old country—if we will carefully convey across the Atlantic half-extinguished embers of strife in order that we may by them light up the flames in our inflammable forests, if each neighbour will try not only to nurse up old animosities, but to invent new grounds of hostility to his neighbour; then, gentlemen, we shall return to what Hobbes considered the state of Nature—I mean a state of war. In society we must sacrifice something, as we do when we go through a crowd, and not only must we yield to old age, to the fairer and better sex, and to that youth which, in its weakness, is entitled to some of the respect which we accord to age, but we must sometimes make way for men like ourselves, though we could prove by the most faultless syllogism our right to push them from the path.

"In his great speech respecting the Unitarians, Edmund Burke declared that he did not govern himself by abstractions or universals, and he maintained in that same argument (I think) that what is not possible is not desirable, that the possible best is the absolute best—the best for the generation, the best for the man, since the shortness of life makes it impossible for him to achieve all that he could wish. I believe the possible best for us is peace and goodwill. With this belief I did my best to heal up those feuds that prevailed in Montreal and westward before and at the election of 1857; I felt that someone must condone the past, and I determined, as far as I could be supposed to represent your principles, to lead the way; I tried to allay irritated feeling, and I hope not altogether without success. We have a country which, being the land of our choice, should also have our first consideration. I know, and you know, that I can never cease to regard with an affection which amounts to almost idolatry, the land where I spent my best, my first years, where I obtained the partner of my life, and where my firstborn saw the light. I cannot but regard that land even with increased love because she has not been prosperous. Yet I hold we have no right to intrude our Irish patriotism on this soil; for our first duty is to the land where

we live and have fixed our homes, and where, while we live, we must find the true sphere of our duties. While always ready, therefore, to say the right word and do the right act for the land of my forefathers, I am bound above all to the land where I reside; and especially am I bound to put down, so far as one humble layman can, the insensate spread of a strife which can only tend to prolong our period of provincialism and make the country an undesirable home for those who would otherwise willingly cast in their lot among us. We have acres enough, powers mechanical and powers natural, and sources of credit enough to make out of this province a great nation; and though I wish to commit no-one to my opinion, I think that it will not only be so in itself, but will one day form part of a British North American State, existing under the sanction of, and in perpetual alliance with, the Empire under which it had its rise and growth."

CANADIAN NATIONALITY

Spoken in Quebec, 1862.

"It is upon this subject of the public spirit which can alone make Canada safe and secure, rich and renowned, which can alone attract population and augment capital, that I desire to say the few words with which I must endeavour to fulfil your expectations. I feel that it is a serious subject for a popular festival; but these are serious times, and they bring upon their wings most serious reflections. That shot fired at Fort Sumter, on April 12, 1861, had a message for the North as well as for the South, and here in Quebec, if anywhere, by the light which history lends us, we should find those who can rightly read that eventful message. Here, from this rock for which the immortals have contended, here, from this rock over which Richelieu's wisdom and Chatham's genius, and the memory of heroic men, the glory of three great nations has hung its halo, we should look forth upon a continent convulsed, and ask of a ruler, 'Watchman, what of the night?' That shot fired at Fort Sumter was the signal gun of a new epoch for North America, which told the people of Canada, more plainly than human speech can ever express it, to sleep no more, except on their arms—unless in their sleep they desire to be overtaken and subjugated. For one, I can safely say that if I know myself I have not a particle of prejudice against the United States; on the contrary, I am bound to declare that

many things in the constitution and the people I sincerely esteem and admire. What I contend for with myself, and what I would impress upon others, is, that the lesson of the last few months furnished by America to the world should not be thrown away upon the inhabitants of Canada. I do not believe that it is our destiny to be engulphed into a Republican union, renovated and inflamed with the wine of victory, of which she now drinks so freely; it seems to me we have theatre enough under our feet to act another and a worthier part. We can hardly join the Americans on our own terms, and we never ought to join them on theirs. A Canadian nationality—not French-Canadian, nor British-Canadian, nor Irish-Canadian; patriotism rejects the prefix—is, in my opinion, what we should look forward to, that is what we ought to labour for, that is what we ought to be prepared to defend to the death. Heirs of one-seventh of the continent, inheritors of a long ancestral story—and no part of it dearer to us than the glorious tale of this last century—warned not by cold chronicles only, but by living scenes passing before our eyes, of the dangers of an unmixed democracy, we are here to vindicate our capacity, by the test of a new political creation. What we most immediately want to carry on that work is men—more men—and still more men. The ladies, I dare say, will not object to that doctrine. We may not want more lawyers and doctors—but we want more men, in town and country. We want the signs of youth and growth in our young and growing country. One of our maxims should be—'Early marriages and death to old bachelors.' I have long entertained a project of a special tax upon that most undesirable class of the population, and our friend the Finance Minister may perhaps have something of the kind among the agreeable surprises of his next budget.

"Seriously, what I chiefly wanted to say in coming here is this, that if we would make Canada safe and secure, rich and renowned, we must all liberalize—locally, sectionally, religiously, nationally. There is room enough in this country for one great free people; but there is not room enough under the same flag and the same laws, for two or three angry, suspicious, obstructive 'nationalities.' Dear, most justly dear to every land beneath the sun, are the children born in her bosom and nursed upon her breast; but when the man of another country, wherever born, speaking whatever speech, holding whatever creed, seeks out a country to serve and honour and cleave to, in weal or in woe—when he heaves up the anchor of his heart from its old moorings, and lays at the feet of the

mistress of his choice, his new country, all the hopes of his ripe manhood, he establishes by such devotion a claim to consideration not second even to that of the children of the soil. He is their brother delivered by a new birth from the dark-wombed Atlantic ship that ushers him into existence in the new world; he stands by his own election among the children of the household; and narrow and unwise is that species of public spirit which, in the perverted name of patriotism, would refuse him all he asks—'a fair field and no favour.' I am not about to talk politics, though these are grand politics; I reserve all else for what is usually called 'another place'—and, I may add, for another time. But I am so thoroughly convinced and assured that we are gliding along the currents of a new epoch, that if I break silence at all, in the presence of my fellow-subjects, I cannot choose but speak of the immense issues which devolve upon us, at this moment, in this country. Though we are alike opposed to all invidious national distinctions, on this soil, we are not opposed, I hope, to giving full credit to all the elements which at the present day compose our population. In this respect it is a source of gratification to learn that among your invited guests to-night there are twelve or thirteen members of the House to which I have the honour to belong—gentlemen from both sides of the House—who drew their native breath in our own dearly beloved ancestral island. It takes three-quarters of the world in these days to hold an Irish family, and it is pleasant to know that some of the elder sons of the family are considered by their discriminating fellow-citizens worthy to be entrusted with the liberties and fortunes of their adopted countries. We have here men of Irish birth who have led, and who still lead, the Parliament of Canada, and who are determined to lead it in a spirit of genuine liberality.

"We Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, born and bred in a land of religious controversy, should never forget that we now live and act in a land of the fullest religious and civil liberty. All we have to do is, each for himself, to keep down dissensions which can only weaken, impoverish and keep back the country; each for himself do all he can to increase its wealth, its strength and its reputation; each for himself—you and you, gentlemen, and all of us—to welcome every talent, to hail every invention, to cherish every gem of art, to foster every gleam of authorship, to honour every acquirement and every natural gift, to lift ourselves to the level of our destinies, to rise above all low limitations and narrow circumscriptions, to

cultivate that true catholicity of spirit which embraces all creeds, all classes and all races, in order to make of our boundless province, so rich in known and unknown resources, a great new Northern nation."

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD (1815-1891)

[Sir John Macdonald, born in Kingston, began the practice of law in 1836, and was elected member for Kingston in the House of Assembly in 1844. He became leader of the House in 1857 and Premier in 1858. He led the Federation movement, went to England as a delegate in 1866, and was mainly responsible for the British North America Act of 1867. He was the first Prime Minister of the Dominion, and, excepting the brief Liberal administration of 1873 to 1878, remained Premier until his death in 1891.]

THE PROBLEMS OF CONFEDERATION

On February 6th, 1865, Mr. Macdonald, then Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Sir Etienne Taché, moved "That an humble address be presented to Her Majesty, praying that she may be graciously pleased to cause a measure to be submitted to the Imperial Parliament, for the purpose of uniting the Colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island, in one government, with provisions based on certain Resolutions, which were adopted at a Conference of Delegates from the said Colonies, held at the City of Quebec, on the 10th October, 1864." To this motion Mr. Macdonald spoke as follows:

"Mr. Speaker, in fulfilment of the promise made by the Government to Parliament at its last session, I have moved this resolution. I have had the honour of being charged, on behalf of the Government, to submit a scheme for the Confederation of all the British North American Provinces—a scheme which has been received, I am glad to say, with general, if not universal, approbation in Canada. The scheme, as propounded through the press, has received almost no opposition. While there may be occasionally, here and there, expressions of dissent from some of the details, yet the scheme as a whole has met with almost universal approval, and the Government has the greatest satisfaction in presenting it to this House. This subject, which now absorbs the attention of

the people of Canada, and of the whole of British North America, is not a new one. For years it has attracted the attention of every statesman and politician in these provinces, and has been looked upon by many far-seeing politicians as being eventually the means of deciding and settling very many of the vexed questions which have retarded the prosperity of the Colonies as a whole, and particularly the prosperity of Canada. The subject was pressed upon the public attention by a great many writers and politicians; but I believe the attention of the Legislature was first formally called to it by my honourable friend the Minister of Finance. Some years ago, in an elaborate speech, my honourable friend, while an independent member of Parliament, before being connected with any government, pressed his views on the Legislature at great length and with his usual force. But the subject was not taken up by any party as a branch of their policy, until the formation of the Cartier-Macdonald administration in 1858, when the Confederation of the Colonies was announced as one of the measures which they pledged themselves to attempt, if possible, to bring to a satisfactory conclusion. In pursuance of that promise, the letter or despatch, which has been so much and so freely commented upon by the press and in this House, was addressed by three of the members of that administration to the Colonial Office. The subject, however, though looked upon with favour by the country, and though there were no distinct expressions of opposition to it from any party, did not begin to assume its present proportions until last session. Then, men of all parties and of all shades of politics became alarmed at the aspect of affairs. They found that such was the opposition between the two sections of the Province, such was the danger of impending anarchy in consequence of the irreconcilable differences of opinion, with respect to representation by population, between Upper and Lower Canada, that unless some solution of the difficulty was arrived at, we would suffer under a succession of weak governments—weak in numerical support, weak in force and weak in power of doing good. All were alarmed at this state of affairs. We had election after election—we had Minister after Minister—with the same result. Parties were so equally balanced that the vote of one member might decide the fate of the administration, and the course of legislation for a year or a series of years. This condition of things was well calculated to arouse the earnest consideration of every lover of his country, and I am happy to say it had that effect. None were

more impressed by this momentous state of affairs, and the grave apprehensions that existed of a state of anarchy destroying our credit, destroying our prosperity, destroying our progress, than were the members of this present House; and the leading statesmen of both sides seemed to have come to the common conclusion, that some step must be taken to relieve the country from the deadlock and impending anarchy that hung over us.

"With that view my colleague, the President of the Council, made a motion founded on the despatch addressed to the Colonial Minister, to which I have referred, and a Committee was struck, composed of gentlemen of both sides of the House, of all shades of political opinion without reference to whether they were supporters of the administration of the day or belonging to the opposition, for the purpose of taking into calm and full deliberation the evils which threatened the future of Canada. That motion of my honourable friend resulted most happily. The Committee, by a wise provision—and in order that each member of the Committee might have an opportunity of expressing his opinions without being in any way compromised before the public, or with his party, in regard either to his political friends or to his political foes—agreed that the discussion should be fully entered upon without reference to the political antecedents of any of them, and that they should sit with closed doors, so that they might be able to approach the subject frankly and in a spirit of compromise. The Committee included most of the leading members of the House,—I had the honour myself to be one of the number—and the result was that there was found an ardent desire—a creditable desire, I must say—displayed by all the members of the Committee to approach the subject honestly and to attempt to work out some solution which might relieve Canada from the evils under which she laboured. The report of that Committee was laid before the House, and then came the political action of the leading men of the two parties in this House which ended in the formation of the present Government. The principle upon which that Government was formed has been announced, and is known to all. It was formed for the very purpose of carrying out the object which has now received to a certain degree its completion, by the resolution I have had the honour to place in your hands. As has been stated, it was not without a great deal of difficulty and reluctance that the Government was formed. The gentlemen who compose this Government had, for many years, been en-

gaged in political hostilities to such an extent that it affected even their social relations. But the crisis was great, the danger was imminent, and the gentlemen who now form the present administration found it to be their duty to lay aside all personal feelings, to sacrifice in some degree their position, and even to run the risk of having their motives impugned, for the sake of arriving at some conclusion that would be satisfactory to the country in general. The present resolutions were the result. And, as I said before, I am proud to believe that the country has sanctioned, as I trust that the representatives of the people in this House will sanction the scheme which is now submitted for the future government of British North America. (Cheers.) Everything seemed to favour the project, and everything seemed to show that the present was the time, if ever, when this great union between all Her Majesty's subjects dwelling in British North America should be carried out. (Hear, Hear.) When the Government was formed it was felt that the difficulties in the way of effecting a union between all British North American Colonies were great—so great as almost, in the opinion of many, to make it hopeless. And with that view it was the policy of the Government, if they could not succeed in procuring a union between the British North American Colonies, to attempt to free the country from the deadlock in which we were placed in Upper and Lower Canada in consequence of the difference of opinion between the two sections, by having a severance to a certain extent of the present union between the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and the substitution of a Federal union between them. Most of us, however, I may say all of us, were agreed—and I believe every thinking man will agree—as to the expediency of effecting a union between all the Provinces, and the superiority of such a design, if it were only practicable, over the smaller scheme of having Federal Union between Upper and Lower Canada alone. By a happy concurrence of events, the time came when that proposition could be made with a hope of success. By a fortunate coincidence the desire for union existed in the Lower Province, and a feeling of the necessity of strengthening themselves by collecting together the scattered colonies on the sea-board had induced them to form a Convention of their own for the purpose of effecting a union of the Maritime Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, the Legislatures of those Colonies having formally authorized their respective Governments to send a delegation to Prince Edward

Island for the purpose of attempting to form a union of some kind. Whether the union should be Federal or Legislative was not then indicated, but a union of some kind was sought, for the purpose of making of themselves one people instead of three. We, ascertaining that they were about to take such a step, and knowing that if we allowed the occasion to pass, if they did indeed break up all their present political organizations and form a new one, it could not be expected that they would again readily destroy the new organization which they had formed—a union of the three Provinces on the sea-board —and form another with Canada. Knowing this, we availed ourselves of the opportunity, and asked if they would receive a deputation from Canada, who would go to meet them at Charlottetown, for the purpose of laying before them the advantages of a larger and more extensive union, by the junction of all the Provinces in one great government under our common Sovereign. They at once kindly consented to receive and hear us. They did receive us cordially and generously, and asked us to lay our views before them. We did so at some length, and so satisfactory to them were the reasons we gave; so clearly, in their opinion, did we show the advantages of the greater union over the lesser, that they at once set aside their own project, and joined heart and hand with us in entering into the larger scheme, and trying to form, as far as they and we could, a great nation and a strong government. (Cheers.)

"Encouraged by this arrangement, which, however, was altogether unofficial and unauthorized, we returned to Quebec, and then the Government of Canada invited the several Governments of the sister colonies to send a deputation here from each of them for the purpose of considering the question, with something like authority from their respective Governments. The result was that when we met here on the 10th of October, on the first day on which we assembled, after the full and free discussions which had taken place at Charlottetown, the first resolution now before this House was passed unanimously, being received with acclamation, as, in the opinion of everyone who heard it, a proposition which ought to receive, and would receive, the sanction of each government and each people. The Resolution is 'That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America will be promoted by a Federal union under the Crown of Great Britain, provided such union can be effected on principles just to the several Provinces.'

"It seemed to all the statesmen assembled—and there are great statesmen in the Lower Provinces, men who would do honour to any government and to any legislature of any free country enjoying representative institutions—it was clear to them all that the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal union under the Crown of Great Britain. And it seems to me, as to them, and I think it will so appear to the people of this country, that, if we wish to be a great people; if we wish to form—using the expression which was sneered at the other evening—a great nationality, commanding the respect of the world, able to hold our own against all opponents, and to defend those institutions we prize; if we wish to have one system of government, and to establish a commercial union, with unrestricted free trade, between people of the five provinces, belonging as they do to the same nation, obeying the same Sovereign, owning the same allegiance, and being for the most part of the same blood and lineage; if we wish to be able to afford to each other the means of mutual support against aggression and attack—this can only be obtained by a union of some kind between the scattered and weak boundaries composing the British North American Provinces. (Cheers.)

"The very mention of the scheme is fitted to bring with it its own approbation. Supposing that in the Spring of the year 1865, half a million of people were coming from the United Kingdom to make Canada their home, although they brought only their strong arms and willing hearts; though they brought neither skill nor experience nor wealth, would we not receive them with open arms and hail their presence in Canada as an important addition to our strength? But when by the proposed union we not only get nearly a million of people to join us—when they contribute not only their numbers, their strength and their desire to benefit their position, but when we know that they consist of old established communities, having a large amount of realized wealth—composed of people possessed of skill, education and experience in the ways of the new world—people who are as much Canadians, I may say, as we are—people who are imbued with the same feelings of loyalty to the Queen, and the same desire for the continuance of the connection with the mother country as we are, and at the same time, have a like feeling of ardent attachment for this, our common country, for which they and we would alike fight and shed our blood if necessary. When all

this is considered, argument is needless to prove the advantage of such a union. (Hear, Hear.) There were only three modes —if I may return for a moment to the difficulties with which Canada was surrounded—only three modes that were at all suggested, by which the deadlock in our affairs, the anarchy we dreaded and the evils which retarded our prosperity, could be met or averted."

After showing the impracticability, either of a dissolution of the union between Upper and Lower Canada, or of the granting of representation by population, as a solution, Mr. Macdonald proceeded:

"The third and only means of solution for our difficulties was the junction of the Provinces either in a Federal or a Legislative Union. Now as regards the comparative advantages of a Legislative and a Federal Union, I have never hesitated to state my own opinions. I have again and again stated in the House that if practicable I thought a Legislative Union would be preferable. (Hear, Hear.) I have always contended that if we could agree to have one government and one parliament, legislating for the whole of these peoples, it would be the best, the cheapest, the most vigorous, and the strongest system of government we could adopt. (Hear, Hear.) But on looking at the subject in the Conference, and discussing the matter as we did, most unreservedly and with a desire to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, we found that such a system was impracticable. In the first place, it would not meet the assent of the people of Lower Canada, because they felt that in their peculiar position—being in a minority, with a different language, nationality and religion from the majority—in case of a junction with the other Provinces their institutions and their laws might be assailed, and their ancestral associations, on which they pride themselves, attacked and prejudiced; it was found that any proposition which involved the absorption of the individuality of Lower Canada—if I may use the expression—would not be received with favour by her people. We found, too, that though their people speak the same language, and enjoy the same system of law as the people of Upper Canada, a system founded on the common law of England, there was as yet a disinclination on the part of the various Maritime Provinces to lose their individuality, as separate political organizations, as we observe in the case of Lower Canada herself. (Hear, Hear.) Therefore, we were

forced to the conclusion that we must either abandon the idea of union altogether, or devise a system of union in which the separate political organizations would be in some degree preserved. So that those who were, like myself, in favour of a legislative union, were obliged to modify their views and accept the project of a Federal union as the only scheme practicable, even for the Maritime Provinces. Because, although the law of those Provinces is founded on the common law of England, yet every one of them has a large amount of law of its own—colonial law framed by itself, and affecting every relation of life, such as the laws of property, municipal and assessment laws; laws relating to the liberty of the subject, and to all the great interests contemplated in legislation; we found in short that the statutory law of the different Provinces was so varied and diversified that it was almost impossible to weld them into a Legislative Union at once. . . .

"The whole scheme of Confederation, as propounded by the Conference, as agreed to and sanctioned by the Canadian Government, and as now presented for the consideration of the people and the Legislature, bears upon its face the marks of compromise. Of necessity there must have been a great deal of mutual concession. When we think of the representatives of five Colonies, all supposed to have different interests; meeting together charged with the duty of protecting those interests and of pressing the views of their own localities and sections; it must be admitted that had we not met in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious desire to promote this Union; if we had not been impressed with the idea contained in the words of the Resolution:—'That the best interests and present and future prosperity of British North America would be promoted by a Federal Union under the Crown of Great Britain'—all our efforts might have proved to be of no avail.

"If we had not felt that after coming to this conclusion we were bound to set aside our private opinions on matters of detail, if we had not felt ourselves bound to look at what was practicable, not obstinately rejecting the opinions of others nor adhering to our own; if we had not met, I say, in a spirit of conciliation, and with an anxious over-ruling desire to form one people under one government, we never would have succeeded. With these views we press the question on this House and the country. I say to this House, if you do not believe that the union of the Colonies is to the advantage of the country, that the joining of these five peoples into one nation, under one Sovereign, is for the benefit of all, then reject the

scheme. Reject it if you do not believe it to be for the present advantage and future prosperity of yourselves and your children. But if, after a calm and full consideration of this scheme, it is believed, as a whole, to be for the advantage of this Province—if the House and country believe this union to be one which will ensure for us British laws, British connection, and British freedom—and increase and develop the social, political and material prosperity of the country, then I implore this House and the country to lay aside all prejudice, and accept the scheme which we offer."

[Here follows a detailed examination of the constitution of the Federal Upper House and Lower House and of the powers to be vested in them, and of the powers to be vested in the Provincial Legislatures.]

"The last resolution of any importance is one which, although not affecting the substance of the Constitution, is of interest to us all. It is that 'Her Majesty the Queen be solicited to determine the rank and name of the Federated Provinces.' I do not know whether there will be any expression of opinion in the House on this subject—whether we are to be a vice-royalty or whether we are still to retain our name and rank as a Province. But I have no doubt that Her Majesty will give the matter Her gracious consideration, that She will give us a name satisfactory to us all, and that the rank She will confer upon us will be a rank worthy of our position, and our resources and of our future. (Cheers.) Let me again, before I sit down, impress upon this House the necessity of meeting this question in a spirit of compromise, with the desire to judge the matter as a whole, to consider whether really it is for the benefit and advantage of the country to form a Confederation of all the Provinces; and if honourable gentlemen, whatever may have been their preconceived ideas as to the merits of the details of this measure, whatever may still be their opinions as to these details, if they really believe that the scheme is one by which the prosperity of this country will be increased and its future progress secured, I ask them to yield their views, and to deal with the scheme according to its merits as one great whole. (Hear, Hear.) One argument, but not a strong one, has been used against this Federation, that it is an advance towards independence. Some are apprehensive that the very fact of our forming this union will hasten the time when we shall be severed from the mother

country. I have no apprehension of that kind. I believe it will have the contrary effect. I believe that, as we grow stronger, that, as it is felt in England we have become a people, able from our union, our strength, our population and the development of our resources, to take our position among the nations of the world, she will be less willing to part with us than she would be now, when we are broken up into a number of insignificant colonies, subject to attack piecemeal, without any concerted action or common organization of defence. I am strongly of opinion that year by year, as we grow in population and strength, England will more see the advantage of maintaining the alliance between British North America and herself. Does anyone imagine that when our population instead of three and a half will be seven millions, as it will be ere many years pass, we would be one whit more willing than now to sever the connection with England? Would not those seven millions be just as anxious to maintain their allegiance to the Queen and their connection with the mother country as we are now? Will the addition to our numbers of the people of the Lower Provinces in any way lessen our desire to continue our connection with the mother country? I believe the people of Canada, East and West, to be truly loyal. But if they can by any possibility be exceeded in loyalty it is by the inhabitants of the Maritime Provinces. Loyalty with them is an over-ruling passion. (Hear, Hear.) In all parts of the Lower Provinces there is a rivalry between the opposing political parties as to which shall most strongly express and most effectively carry out the principle of loyalty to Her Majesty and to the British Crown. (Hear, Hear.)

"When this union takes place we will be at the outset no inconsiderable people. We find ourselves with a population approaching four millions of souls. Such a population in Europe would make a second, or at least, a third rate power. And with a rapidly increasing population—for I am satisfied that under this union our population will increase in a still greater ratio than ever before—with increased credit—with a higher position in the eyes of Europe—with the increased security we can offer to immigrants, who would naturally prefer to seek a new home in what is known to them as a great country, than in any one little colony or another—with all this I am satisfied that, great as has been our increase in the last twenty-five years since the union between Upper and Lower Canada, our future progress, during the next quarter of a century, will be vastly greater. (Cheers.) And when by means

of this rapid increase, we become a nation of eight or nine millions of inhabitants, our alliance will be worthy of being sought by the great nations of the earth. (Hear, Hear.) I am proud to believe that our desire for a permanent alliance will be reciprocated in England. I know that there is a party in England—but it is inconsiderable in numbers, though strong in intellect and in power—which speaks of the desirability of getting rid of the Colonies; but I believe such is not the feeling of the statesmen and the people of England. I believe it will never be the deliberately expressed determination of the Government of Great Britain. (Hear, Hear.) The Colonies are now in a transition state. Gradually a different Colonial system is being developed—and it will become, year by year, less a case of dependence on our part, and of over-ruling protection on the part of the mother country, and more a case of a healthy and cordial alliance. Instead of looking upon us as a merely dependent Colony, England will have in us a friendly nation—a subordinate but still a powerful people—to stand by her in North America in peace or in war. (Cheers.) The people of Australia will be such another subsidiary nation. And England will have this advantage, if her Colonies progress under the new Colonial system, as I believe they will, that, though at war with all the rest of the world, she will be able to look to the subordinate nations in alliance with her, and owning allegiance to the same Sovereign, who will assist in enabling her again to meet the whole world in arms, as she has done before. (Cheers.) And if, in the great Napoleonic war, with every port in Europe closed against her commerce, she was yet able to hold her own, how much more will that be the case when she has a Colonial Empire rapidly increasing in power, in wealth, in influence and in position. (Hear, Hear.) It is true that we stand in danger, as we have stood in danger again and again in Canada, of being plunged into war and suffering all its dreadful consequences, as the result of causes over which we have no control, by reason of their connection. This, however, did not intimidate us. At the very mention of the prospect of war some time ago, how were the feelings of the people aroused from one extremity of British North America to the other, and preparations made for meeting its worst consequences. Although the people of this country are fully aware of the horrors of war—should a war arise unfortunately between the United States and England, and we all pray it never may—they are still ready to encounter all perils of that kind for the sake of the connection

with England. There is not one adverse voice, not one adverse opinion on that point. We all feel the advantages we derive from our connection with England. So long as that allegiance is maintained, we enjoy, under her protection, the privileges of constitutional liberty according to the British system. We will enjoy here that which is the great test of constitutional freedom—we will have the rights of the minority respected. (Hear, Hear.) In all countries the rights of the majority take care of themselves, but it is only in countries like England, enjoying constitutional liberty and safe from the tyranny of a single despot or of an unbridled democracy, that the rights of minorities are regarded. So long, too, as we form a portion of the British Empire, we shall have the example of her free institutions, of the high standard of the character of her statesmen and public men, of the purity of her legislation, and the upright administration of her laws. In this younger country one great advantage of our connection with Great Britain will be that, under her auspices, inspired by her example, a portion of her Empire, our public men will be actuated by principles similar to those which actuate the statesmen at home. These, although not material physical benefits, of which you can make an arithmetical calculation, are of such overwhelming advantage to our future interests and standing as a nation, that to obtain them is well worthy of any sacrifice we may be called upon to make, and the people of this country are ready to make them. (Cheers.)

"We should feel also sincerely grateful to beneficent Providence that we have had the opportunity vouchsafed us of calmly considering this great constitutional change, this peaceful revolution—that we have not been hurried into it, like the United States, by the exigencies of war—that we have not had a violent revolutionary period forced on us as in other nations, by hostile action from without, or by domestic dissensions from within. Here we are in peace and prosperity, under the fostering government of Great Britain,—a dependent people, with a government having only a limited and delegated authority, and yet allowed, without restriction and without jealousy on the part of the mother country, to legislate for ourselves, and peacefully and deliberately to consider and determine the future of Canada and of British North America. It is our happiness to know the expression of the will of our gracious Sovereign, through her Ministers, that we have her full sanction for our deliberations, that her only solicitude is that we shall adopt a system which shall be really for our

advantage, and that she promises to sanction whatever conclusion after full deliberation we may arrive at as to the best mode of securing the well-being—the present and future prosperity of British North America. (Cheers.)

"It is our privilege and happiness to be in such a position, and we cannot be too grateful for the blessings thus conferred upon us. (Hear, Hear.) I must apologize for having detained you so long—for having gone, perhaps, too much into tedious details with reference to the questions bearing on the Constitution now submitted to this House. (Cries of "No, No," and "Go on.")

"In conclusion, I would again implore the House not to let this opportunity to pass. It is an opportunity that may never recur. At the risk of repeating myself, I would say, it was only by a happy concurrence of circumstances, that we were enabled to bring this great question to its present position. If we do not take advantage of the time, if we show ourselves unequal to the occasion, it may never return, and we shall hereafter bitterly and unavailingly regret having failed to embrace the happy opportunity now offered of founding a great nation under the fostering care of Great Britain, and our Sovereign Lady, Queen Victoria."

GEORGE BROWN

[By a coalition of the extreme wing of the Liberal party under George Brown (Editor of the *Toronto Globe*) with the Conservatives under the leadership of John A. Macdonald, the plan for a union of the provinces was made feasible. In 1864 a Convention in Quebec drew up the seventy-two resolutions on which the union was to be based, and in the following year the resolutions were laid before the several provinces. The speech, a part of which is quoted below, was delivered in the House of Assembly, in Quebec, in 1865.]

A DRAMATIC MOMENT

"The scene presented by this Chamber at this moment, I venture to affirm, has few parallels in history. One hundred years have passed away since these provinces became by conquest part of the British Empire. I speak in no boastful spirit—what was then the fortune of war of the brave French nation might have been ours on the well-fought field. I re-

call those olden times merely to mark the fact that here sit to-day the descendants of the victors and vanquished in the fight of 1759, with all the differences of language, religion, civil law and social habit nearly as distinctly marked as they were a century ago. Here we sit to-day seeking amicably to find a remedy for constitutional evils and injustice complained of—by the vanquished? No—but complained of by the conquerors! Here sit the representatives of the British population, claiming justice—only justice; and here sit the representatives of the French population discussing in the French tongue whether we shall have it. One hundred years have passed away since the conquest of Quebec, but here sit the children of the victor and the vanquished, all avowing hearty attachment to the British Crown, all earnestly deliberating how we shall best extend the blessings of British institutions, how a great people may be established on this continent in close and hearty connection with Great Britain.

"No constitution ever framed was without defect; no act of human wisdom was ever free from imperfection; no amount of talent and wisdom and integrity combined in preparing such a scheme could have placed it beyond the reach of criticism. And the framers of this scheme had immense special difficulties to overcome. We had the prejudices of race and language and religion to deal with; and we had to encounter all the rivalries of trade and commerce, and all the jealousies of diversified local interests. To assert, then, that our scheme is without fault, would be folly. It was necessarily the work of concession; not one of the thirty-three framers but had, on some points, to yield his opinions; and, for myself, I freely admit that I struggled earnestly, for days together, to have portions of the scheme amended. But admitting all this—admitting all the difficulties that beset us—admitting frankly that defects in the measure exist—I say that, taking the scheme as a whole, it has my cordial, enthusiastic support, without hesitation or reservation. I believe that it will accomplish all, and more than all, that we, who have so long fought the battle of parliamentary reform, ever hoped to see accomplished. I believe that, while granting security for local interests, it will give free scope for carrying out the will of the whole people in general matters; that it will draw closer the bonds that unite us to Great Britain; and that it will lay the foundations deep and strong of a powerful and prosperous people. . . .

"The interests to be affected by this scheme of union are very large and varied; but the pressure of circumstance upon all the colonies is so serious at this moment, that if we cannot now banish partisanship and sectionalism and petty objections, and look at the matter on its broad, intrinsic merits, what hope is there of our ever being able to do so? An appeal to the people of Canada on the measure simply means postponement of the question for a year—and who can tell how changed ere then may be the circumstances surrounding us? Sir, the man who strives for the postponement of this measure, on any ground, is doing what he can to kill it, almost as effectually as if he voted against it. Let there be no mistake as to the manner in which the Government presents this measure to the House. We do not present it as free from fault, but we do present it as a measure so advantageous to the people of Canada that all the blemishes, real or imaginary, averred against it, sink into utter insignificance in presence of its merits. We present it, not in the precise shape we in Canada would desire it, but as in the best shape the five colonies to be united could agree upon it. We present it in the form in which the five governments have severally adopted it, in the form the Imperial Government has endorsed it, and in the form in which we believe all the legislatures of the province will accept it. We ask the House to pass it in the exact form in which we have presented it, for we know not how alterations may affect its safety in other places; and the process of alteration once commenced in four different legislatures—who can tell where that would end? Every member of this House is free as air to criticize it if he so wills, and amend it if he is able; but we warn him of the danger of amendment, and throw on him all the responsibilty of the consequences. We feel confident of carrying this scheme as it stands; but we cannot tell what we can do if it be amended. Let not honourable gentlemen approach this measure as a sharp critic deals with an abstract question, striving to point out blemishes and display his ingenuity; but let us approach it as men having but one consideration before us—the establishment of the future peace and prosperity of our country. Let us look at it in the light of a few months back, in the light of the evils and injustice to which it applies a remedy, in the light of the years of discord and strife we have spent in seeking for that remedy, in the light with which the people of Canada would regard this measure were it to be lost and all the evils of past years to be brought back upon us again.

Let honourable gentlemen look at the question in this view—and what one of them will take the responsibility of casting his vote against the measure?

"Sir, the future destiny of these great provinces may be affected by the decision we are about to give to an extent which at this moment we may be unable to estimate; but assuredly the welfare for many years of four millions of people hangs on our decision. Shall we then rise equal to the occasion?—shall we approach this discussion without partisanship, and free from every personal feeling but the earnest resolution to discharge conscientiously the duty which an over-ruling Providence has placed upon us? Sir, it may be that some among us will live to see the day when, as the result of this measure, a great and powerful people have grown up in these lands, when the boundless forests all around us shall have given way to smiling fields and thriving towns, and when one united Government, under the British flag, shall extend from shore to shore. But who would desire to see that day if he could not recall with satisfaction the part he took in the discussion.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER (1841-1919)

Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re.

[Wilfrid Laurier, born of French-Canadian parents (of Acadian descent on his mother's side) began his public career in 1871 as member for Drummond and Arthabaska in the Quebec Assembly, and in 1874 was elected to represent the same constituency in the House of Commons. In 1887 he became leader of the Liberal party (in opposition) and became Prime Minister of the Dominion in 1896, remaining in power until 1911. As a French-Canadian whose devotion to his own race and his own creed never obscured his loyalty to his country; as a prudent and conciliatory statesman; as a polished orator whose Gallic fire found expression with equal facility in French and English; as a politician of unblemished purity, his position is one of peculiar picturesqueness and of rare distinction in Canadian history.]

A STATESMAN'S CREED

[Spoken in the Quebec Legislature, November 10th, 1871,. The issue of the moment was the right of the Catholic Church to control the political allegiance of its members, but the speech transcends the

issue and becomes a general declaration of political faith to which Laurier remained constant through his career.]

"What is grander than the history of the great English Liberal Party during the present century? On its threshold looms up the figure of Fox, the wise, the generous Fox, defending the cause of the oppressed wherever there were oppressed to be defended. A little later comes O'Connell, claiming and obtaining for his co-religionists the rights and privileges of English subjects. He is helped in this work by all the Liberals of the three Kingdoms, Grey, Brougham, Russell, Jeffrey, and a host of others. Then come, one after the other, the abolition of the ruling oligarchy, the repeal of the corn laws, the extension of the suffrage to the working classes, and lastly, to crown the whole, the disestablishment of the Church of England as the State religion in Ireland. And note well: the Liberals, who carried out these successive reforms, were not recruited from the middle classes only, but some of their most eminent leaders were recruited from the peerage of England. I know of no spectacle that reflects greater honour and humanity than the spectacle of these peers of England, these rich and powerful nobles, stubbornly fighting to eradicate a host of venerable abuses and sacrificing their privileges with calm enthusiasm to make life easier and happier for a larger number of their fellow beings. While on this head, permit me to cite a letter of Macaulay's written to one of his friends on the next day after the vote on the famous Reform bill, which put an end to the system of *rotten-burroughs*. Here it is. I ask pardon for making this quotation as it is somewhat long.

" 'Such a scene as the division of last Tuesday I never saw and never expect to see again. If I should live fifty years, the impression of it will be as fresh and sharp in my mind as if it had just taken place. It was like seeing Caesar stabbed in the Senate-house, or seeing Oliver take the mace from the table; a sight to be seen only once and never to be forgotten. The crowd overflowed the House in every part. When the strangers were cleared out and the doors locked, we had six hundred and eight members present—more by fifty-five than ever were on a division before. The ayes and noes were like two volleys of cannon from opposite sides of a field of battle. When the Opposition went out into the lobby, an operation which took up twenty minutes or more, we spread ourselves over the benches on both sides of the House; for there were many of us who had not been able to find a seat during the evening. When the

doors were shut we began to speculate on our numbers. Everybody was desponding. "We have lost it. We are only two hundred and eighty at most. I do not think we are two hundred and fifty. They are three hundred. Alderman Thompson has counted them. He says they are two hundred and ninety-nine." This was the talk on our Benches. The House, when only the ayes were in it, looked to me a very fair House—much fuller than it generally is even on debates of considerable interest. I had no hope, however, of three hundred. As the tellers passed along our lowest row on the left-hand side the interest was insupportable—two hundred and ninety-one—two hundred and ninety-two—we were all standing up and stretching forward, telling with the tellers. At three hundred there was a short cry of joy—at three hundred and two another—suppressed, however, in a moment. We did not yet know what the hostile forces might be. We knew, however, that we could not be severely beaten. The doors were thrown open and in they came. Each of them, as he entered, brought some different report of their numbers. It must have been impossible, as you may conceive, in the lobby, crowded as they were, to form any exact estimate. First we heard that they were three hundred and three; then that number rose to three hundred and ten; then went down to three hundred and seven. We were all breathless with anxiety when Charles Wood, who stood near the door jumped up on a bench and cried out, "They are only three hundred and one." We set up a shout that you might have heard to Charing Cross, waving our hats, stamping against the floor, and clapping our hands. The tellers scarcely got through the crowd; for the House was thronged up to the table, and all the floor was fluctuating with heads like the pit of a theatre. But you might have heard a pin drop as Duncannon read the numbers. Then again the shouts broke out, and many of us shed tears. I could scarcely refrain. And the jaw of Peel fell; and the face of Twiss was as the face of a damned soul; and Herries looked like Judas taking his necktie off for the last operation. We shook hands and clapped each other on the back, and went out laughing, crying and huzzaing into the lobby. And no sooner were the outer doors opened than another shout answered that within the House. All the passages and the stairs into the waiting rooms were thronged by people who had waited till four in the morning to know the issue. We passed through a narrow lane between two thick masses of them; and all the way down they were shouting, and waving their hats, till we got into the open air. I called a cabriolet, and the

first thing the driver asked was, "Is the Bill carried?" "Yes, by one." "Thank God for it, sir." '

"And Macaulay concluded by a sentence strongly indicative of the Liberal:

" 'And so ended a scene which will probably never be equalled till the reformed Parliament wants reforming.'

"The man who wrote in these cheery terms, had just come from voting the abolition of the system by virtue of which he held his own seat. Macaulay owed his seat to the generosity of an English peer, Lord Lansdowne, who had him returned for the *rotten borough* of Calne. I know of few pages that do more honour to humanity than this simple letter which shows us these English natures, calm but steadfast in the fight, and only kindling into emotion when the battle has been won, because an act of justice has been accomplished and an abuse uprooted from the soil of old England.

"Members of the *Club Canadien*, Liberals of the Province of Quebec, there are our models! there are our principles! there is our party!

"It is true that there is in Europe, in France, in Italy and in Germany, a class of men who give themselves the title of Liberals, but who have nothing of the Liberal about them but the name and who are the most dangerous of men. These are not Liberals; they are revolutionaries; in their principles they are so extravagant and they aim at nothing less than the destruction of modern society. With these men we have nothing in common; but it is the tactic of our adversaries to always assimilate us to them. Such accusations are beneath our notice and the only answer we can with dignity give them is to proclaim our real principles and to so conduct ourselves that our acts will conform with our principles.

"Now at this stage of my discourse I shall review the history of the Liberal party of this country. I am one of those who do not fear to scrutinize the history of my party; I am one of us who think there is more to be gained by frankly stating the truth than by trying to deceive ourselves and others. Let us have the courage to tell the truth! If our party has committed mistakes, our denials will not change matters; moreover, if our party has committed faults, we shall always find in the other party enough of faults to balance ours, and, even if the other party were immaculate, our principles would not, for that reason, be either better or worse. Let us have the courage to tell the truth and let it prevent us from falling into the same faults in the future!

"Down to 1848, all the French Canadians were of but one party, the Liberal party. The Conservatives, or rather the Tory party, as it was called, only represented a feeble minority. But from 1848, date the first traces of the two parties which have since disputed power. Mr. Lafontaine had accepted the regime established in 1841. When Mr. Papineau returned from exile, he assailed the new order of things with his great eloquence and all his elevation of mind. I shall not here undertake to enter into a criticism of the respective policies of these two great men. Both loved their country ardently, passionately; both had devoted to it their lives; both, in different ways, had no other ambition than to serve it; and both were pure and disinterested. Let us be content with these souvenirs, without seeking which of the two was right and which wrong!

"There was at this time a generation of young men of great talent and still greater impetuosity of character. Disappointed at having come on the scene too late to stake their heads during the events of 1837, they threw themselves with blind alacrity into the political movements of the day. They were among the foremost of Mr. Lafontaine's partisans in his glorious struggle against Lord Metcalf. They afterwards abandoned him for the more advanced policy of Mr. Papineau, and, though taking their place among his following, as was natural, they soon went beyond him.

"Emboldened by their success and carried away by their enthusiasm, they one day founded *l'Avenir* in which they posed as reformers and regenerators of their country. Not satisfied with attacking the political situation, they boldly attacked the social situation. They issued a programme containing not less than twenty-one articles commencing with the election of justices of the peace and ending with annexation to the United States, and, taken, as a whole, practically amounting to a complete revolution of the province. If, by the wave of some magic wand, the twenty-one articles of this programme had been realized in a single night, the country in the morning would have been no longer recognizable, and the person who should have left it the evening before and returned the next day, would not have known where he was.

"The only excuse for these Liberals was their youth. The oldest of them was not more than twenty-two years of age.

"Gentlemen, I am stating facts. I have no intention of reproaching anyone. Talent and sincere conviction are entitled to respect. Moreover, who is the one among us, who, if he had been living at that time, can flatter himself that he would

have been wiser and that he would not have fallen into the same mistakes? Everything was favourable to such exaggerations; the situation of our country and the situation in Europe.

"The wounds of the country from the insurrection were not yet healed; we had been granted, it is true, a free constitution, but the new constitution was not being applied in good faith by the Colonial office. There was at the bottom of every soul a discontented spirit, which was alone kept down by the recollection of the vengeance for which the insurrection had furnished the opportunity. Moreover, from all sides, the effluvia of democracy and revolt came pouring in upon us. Society was already shivering in the first blasts of that great storm, which was to break forth a few years later over the whole civilized world and which for a moment caused society to stagger. The years preceding 1848 are frightful to contemplate. One feels a thrill of horror at the contemplation of the sinister work which was being everywhere done and which at one time drew into revolt upwards of eighty millions of men.

"This state of things naturally made a powerful impression on young, ardent and inexperienced imaginations, and, not satisfied with wanting to revolutionize their own country, our young reformers greeted with transports each fresh revolution in Europe.

"However, hardly had they taken two steps in life, when they perceived their immense error. In 1852 they brought out another newspaper. They abandoned *l'Avenir* to the demagogues and sought in a new paper, *Le Pays*—without, however, finding it, it is true—the new path which should be followed by the friends of liberty under the new constitution.

"One cannot help smiling today on reading over again *l'Avenir's* programme; one cannot help smiling at finding, mixed up with so much good sense occasionally, so many absurd or impossible propositions. It would be tiresome to review one by one all the incongruous propositions which *l'Avenir's* programme contained. I shall take one at random: Annual Parliaments. I am satisfied that each of the young reformers of that day, who is to-day in Parliament, is firmly convinced that an election every five years is quite sufficient. And, moreover, is it not obvious that annual Parliaments would be a constant obstacle to all serious legislation and a permanent source of agitation?

"Still, the harm was done. The clergy, alarmed at these proceedings which reminded them of the revolutionaries of Europe, at once declared merciless war on the new party. The English

population, friendly to liberty, but also friendly to the maintenance of order, also ranged themselves against the new party, and during twenty-five years that party has remained in Opposition, although to it belongs the honour of having taken the initiative in all the reforms accomplished during that period. It was in vain that it demanded and obtained the abolition of the seigniorial tenure; it was in vain that it demanded and obtained judicial decentralization, and it was in vain that it was the first to give an impetus to the work of colonization; it was not credited with these wise reforms; it was in vain that those children, now grown into men, disavowed the rashness of their youth; it was in vain that the Conservative party made mistake after mistake; the generation of the Liberals of 1848 had almost entirely disappeared from the political scene ere the dawn of a new day began to break for the Liberal party. Since that time, the party has received new accessions, calmer and more thoughtful ideas have prevailed in it; and, as for the old programme, nothing whatever remains of its social part, while, of the political part, there only remain the principles of the English Liberal party.

"During all this time, what was the other party doing? When the split between Mr. Papineau and Mr. Lafontaine became complete, the fraction of the Liberal party who followed Mr. Lafontaine, wound up, after some groping, by allying themselves with the Tories of Upper Canada, and then, to the title of Liberal which they could not or dared not yet avow, they added that of Conservative. The new party took the name of Liberal-Conservative. Some years elapsed and fresh modifications ensued. I know no longer by what name we call this party. Those who to-day seem to occupy leading positions in it will call themselves the Ultramontane party, the Catholic party. Its principles like its name have been modified. If Mr. Cartier were to come back to the earth to-day, he would not recognize his party. Mr. Cartier was devoted to the principles of the English Constitution. Those who to-day take the lead among his old partisans openly reject the principles of the English Constitution as a concession to what they term the spirit of evil. They understand neither their country nor their time. All their ideas are modelled on those of the reactionaries of France. They go into ecstacies over Don Carlos or the Comte de Chambord just as the Liberals admired Louis Blanc and Ledru-Rollin. They shout: Long live the King! as the Liberals shouted: Long live the Republic! In speaking of Don Carlos and the Comte de Chambord, they affect

to say only His Majesty the King Charles VII, His Majesty the King Henry V, just as the Liberals, in speaking of Napoleon III always said only Mr. Louis Buonaparte.

"I have too much respect for the opinions of my adversaries to ever insult them; but I reproach them with understanding neither their time nor their country. I accuse them of judging the political situation of the country, not according to what is happening in it, but according to what is happening in France. I accuse them of wanting to introduce here ideas, which are impossible of application in our state of society. I accuse them of laboriously and, by misfortune, too efficaciously working to degrade religion to the simple proportions of a political party.

"In our adversaries' party, it is the habit to accuse us, Liberals, of irreligion. I am not here to parade my religious sentiments, but I declare I have too much respect for the faith in which I was born to ever use it as the basis of a political organization.

"You wish to organize a Catholic party. But have you not considered that, if you have the misfortune to succeed, you will draw down upon your country calamities of which it is impossible to foresee the consequences?

You wish to organize all the Catholics into one party, without other bond, without other basis than a common religion; but have you not reflected that, by the very fact, you will organize the Protestant population as a single party and that then, instead of the peace and harmony now prevailing between the different elements of the Canadian population, you throw open the door to war, a religious war, that most terrible of wars?

"Once more, Conservatives, I accuse you in the face of Canada of not understanding either your country or your time.

"Our adversaries also reproach us with loving liberty and they term the spirit of liberty a dangerous and subversive principle.

"Is there any justification for these attacks? None whatever, except that there exists in France a group of Catholics, who pursue liberty with their imprecations. Assuredly, it is not the enemies of liberty in France alone who regard it with terror. The most ardent friends of liberty often contemplate it with the same feeling. Recall Madame Rolland's last words. She had warmly loved liberty, she had ardently prayed for it, and her last word was a sorrowful one: 'Oh! Liberty, how-

many crimes are committed in thy name!' How often have the same words been as sincerely uttered, by fully as sincere friends of liberty!

"I can readily conceive, without, however, sharing them, the feelings of those Frenchmen who, regarding how much liberty has cost them in tears, blood and ruin, have sometimes favoured for their country a vigorous despotism; I can conceive their anathemas, but that these anathemas should be repeated in our midst is a thing I cannot understand.

"What? Is it a conquered race who should curse liberty? But what would we be without liberty? What would we be to-day if our forefathers had cherished the same sentiments as the Conservatives of the present time. Would we be other than a race of pariahs?

"I frankly admit that liberty, as it has been generally understood and practised in France, has nothing very attractive about it. The French have had the name of liberty, but they have not yet had liberty itself. One of their poets, Auguste Barbier, has given us a pretty correct idea of the kind of liberty which is sometimes in vogue in France, and which was last seen at work in 1871. He represents it as a woman

'A la voix rauque, auxdurs appas
Qui, du brun sur le peau, de feu dans les prunelles,
Agile et marchant à grand pas,
Se plait aux cris du peuple, aux sanglantes melées,
Aux longs roulements du tambour,
A l'odeur de la poudre, aux lontaines volées
Des cloches et des canons sourds;
Qui ne prend ses amours que dans la populace,
Et ne préte son large flanc
Qu'a des gens forts comme elle, et qui veut qu'on l'embrasse
Avec les bras rouges du sang.'

"If liberty was well and truly this sinister virago, I could understand the anathemas of our adversaries and I would be the first to join in them. But it is not liberty. An English poet, Tennyson, has sung about liberty, the liberty of his country and of ours. In his poem *In Memoriam*, Tennyson addresses himself to a friend who enquires why he does not seek a milder climate in the South Sea islands and why, notwithstanding his impaired health, he persists in remaining under the foggy skies of England? And the poet replies:

'It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited Freedom chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

Where faction seldom gathers head,
But by degrees to fulness wrought,
The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.'

"This is the liberty we enjoy and defend and this is the liberty, which our adversaries, sharing in its benefits, attack, without understanding it.

* * * * * *

"We are a free and happy people; and we are so owing to the liberal institutions by which we are governed, institutions which we owe to the exertions of our forefathers and the wisdom of the mother country.

"The policy of the Liberal party is to protect those institutions, to defend and spread them, and under the sway of those institutions, to develop the country's latent resources. That is the policy of the Liberal party and it has no other.

"Now, to properly estimate all the value of the institutions by which we are ruled to-day, let us compare the present state of the country with what it was before they were granted to us.

"Forty years ago the country was in a state of feverish commotion, a prey to an agitation which a few months later, broke out in rebellion. The British crown was only maintained in the country by the force of powder and ball. And yet what were our predecessors seeking? They were asking for nothing more than the institutions which we have at present; those institutions were granted to us and loyally applied; and see the result; the British flag floats over the old citadel of Quebec; it floats to-night over our heads, without a single English soldier in the country to defend it, its sole defence resting in the gratitude which we owe it for our freedom and the security which we have found under its folds.

"Where is the Canadian who, comparing his country with

even the freest countries, would not feel proud of the institutions which protect him?

"Where is the Canadian who, passing through the streets of this old city and reaching the monument raised a few steps from here to the memory of the two brave men, who died upon the same field of battle while contending for empire in Canada, would not feel proud of his country?

"In what other country, under the sun, can you find a similar monument raised to the memory of the conquered as well as of the conqueror? In what other country, under the sun, will you find the names of the conquered and of the conqueror equally honoured and occupying the same place in the respect of the population?

"Gentlemen, when, in that last battle which is recalled by the Wolfe and Montcalm monument, the iron hail was spreading death in the ranks of the French army; when the old heroes, whom victory had so often accompanied, saw at last victory snatched from them; when, stretched on the ground with their life-blood fast ebbing away, they saw, as the result of their defeat, Quebec in the hands of the enemy and the country forever lost; no doubt, their last thought was of their children, whom they were leaving without protection and without defence; no doubt, they pictured them as persecuted, enslaved and humiliated, and then, it is reasonable to believe, they drew their last breath with a cry of despair. But if, on the other hand, Heaven had lifted the veil of the future from their dying eyes and enabled them for an instant, before these closed forever, to pierce what was hidden from their sight; if they could have seen their children free and happy, marching proudly in all spheres of society; if they could have seen, in the old cathedral, the seat of honour of the French Governors occupied by a French governor; if they could have seen the church steeples rising in every valley, from the shores of Gaspé to the prairies of the Red River; if they could have seen the old flag which recalls the finest of their victories, carried triumphantly in all our public ceremonies; in fine, if they could have seen our free institutions, is it not permissible to think that their last breath would have exhaled in a murmur of gratitude to Heaven and that they would have died consoled?

"If the shades of these heroes still hover over this old city, for which they laid down their lives; if their shades hover to-night over the hall in which we are now assembled, it is free for us, Liberals, to think—at least we cherish the fond illusion—that their sympathies are all with us."

ON THE DEATH OF MACDONALD

[Sir John Macdonald's death occurred on the 6th of June, 1891. This eulogy was delivered in the House of Commons on June 8th.]

"I fully appreciate the intensity of the grief which fills the souls of all those who were the friends and followers of Sir John Macdonald, at the loss of the great leader whose whole life has been so closely identified with their party—a party upon which he has thrown such brilliancy and lustre. We on this side of the House who were his opponents, who did not believe in his policy nor in his methods of government—we take our full share of their grief, for the loss which they deplore to-day is far and away beyond and above the ordinary compass of party range. It is in every respect a great national loss, for he is no more, who was, in many respects, Canada's most illustrious son, and in every sense Canada's foremost citizen and statesman. At the period of life to which Sir John Macdonald had arrived, death, whenever it comes, cannot be said to come unexpectedly. Some few months ago, during the turmoil of the late election, when the country was made aware that on a certain day the physical strength of the veteran Premier had not been equal to his courage, and that his intense labour for the time being had prostrated his singularly wiry frame, everybody, with the exception, perhaps, of his buoyant self, was painfully anxious lest perhaps the angel of death had touched him with his wing. When, a few days ago, in the heat of an angry discussion in this Parliament, news spread in this House that of a sudden his condition had become alarming, the surging waves of angry discussion were at once hushed, and every one, friend and foe, realized that this time for a certainty the angel of death had appeared and had crossed the threshold of his home. Thus we were not taken by surprise, and, although we were prepared for the sad event, yet it is almost impossible to convince the unwilling mind that it is true that Sir John Macdonald is no more, that the chair which we now see empty shall remain for ever vacant, that the face so familiar in this Parliament for the last forty years shall be seen no more, and that the voice so well known shall be heard no more, whether in solemn debate or in pleasant and mirthful tones. In fact, the place of Sir John Macdonald in this country, was so large and so absorbing that it is almost impossible to conceive that the political life of this country, the fate of this country, can continue without him. His loss over-

whelms us. For my part, I say with all truth his loss overwhelms me, and it also overwhelms this Parliament, as if indeed one of the institutions of the land had given way. Sir John Macdonald now belongs to the ages, and it can be said with certainty that the career which has just been closed is one of the most remarkable careers of this century.

"It would be premature at this time to attempt to fix or anticipate what will be the final judgment of history upon him; but there were in his career and in his life features so prominent and so conspicuous that already they shine with a glow which time cannot alter, which even now appear before the eye such as they will appear to the end in history. I think it can be asserted that, for the supreme art of governing men, Sir John Macdonald was gifted as few men in any land or in any age were gifted—gifted with the most high of all qualities, qualities which would have made him famous wherever exercised, and which would have shone all the more conspicuously the larger the theatre. The fact that he could congregate together elements the most heterogeneous and blend them into one compact party, and to the end of his life keep them steadily under his hand, is perhaps altogether unprecedented. The fact that during all those years he retained unimpaired not only the confidence, but the devotion, the ardent devotion and affection of his party, is evidence that, besides those higher qualities of statesmanship to which we were the daily witnesses, he was also endowed with those inner, subtle, undefinable graces of soul which win and keep the hearts of men. As to his statesmanship, it is written in the history of Canada. It may be said, without any exaggeration whatever, that the life of Sir John Macdonald, from the date he entered Parliament, is the history of Canada, for he was connected and associated with all the events, all the facts which brought Canada from the position it then occupied—the position of two small provinces, having nothing in common but their common allegiance, united by a bond of paper, and united by nothing else—to the present state of development which Canada has reached. Although my political views compel me to say that, in my judgment, his actions were not always the best that could have been taken in the interest of Canada, although my conscience compels me to say that of late he has imputed to his opponents motives which I must say in my heart he has misconceived, yet I am only too glad here to sink these differences, and to remember only the great services he has performed for our country—to remember that his actions always displayed great originality

of view, unbounded fertility of resource, a high level of intellectual conception, and, above all, a far reaching vision beyond the event of the day, and still higher, permeating the whole, a broad patriotism—a devotion to Canada's welfare, Canada's advancement and Canada's glory.

"The life of a statesman is always an arduous one, and very often it is an ungrateful one. More often than otherwise, his actions do not mature until he is in his grave. Not so, however, in the case of Sir John Macdonald. His career has been a singularly fortunate one. His reverses were few and of short duration. He was fond of power, and, in my judgment, if I may say so, that may be the turning point of the judgment of history. He was fond of power, and he never made any secret of it. Many times we have heard him avow it on the floor of this Parliament, and his ambition in this respect was gratified as, perhaps, no other man's ambition ever was. In my judgment, even the career of William Pitt can hardly compare with that of Sir John Macdonald in this respect; for although William Pitt, moving in a higher sphere, had to deal with problems greater than our problems, yet I doubt if in the intricate management of a party William Pitt had to contend with difficulties equal to those Sir John Macdonald had to contend with. In his death, too, he seems to have been singularly happy. Twenty years ago I was told, by one who at that time was a close personal and political friend of Sir John Macdonald, that in the intimacy of his domestic circle he was fond of repeating that his end would be as the end of Lord Chatham—that he would be carried away from the floor of Parliament to die. How true that vision into the future was we now know, for we saw him to the last with enfeebled health and declining strength struggling on the floor of Parliament until the hand of fate pinned him to his bed to die. And thus to die with his armour on was probably his ambition.

"Sir, death is the law, the supreme law. Although we see it every day in every form, although session after session we have seen it in this Parliament striking right and left without any discrimination as to age or station, yet the ever-recurring spectacle does not in any way remove the bitterness of the sting. Death always carries with it an incredible sense of pain; but the one thing sad in death is that which is involved in the word separation—separation from all we love in life. This is what makes death so poignant when it strikes a man of intellect in middle age. But when death is the natural termination of a full life, in which he who disappears has given

the full measure of his capacity, has performed everything required of him, and more, the sadness of death is not for him who goes, but for those who loved him and remain. In this sense I am sure the Canadian people will extend unbounded sympathy to the friends of Sir John Macdonald—to his sorrowing children and, above all, to the brave and noble woman, his companion in life and his chief helpmate.

"Thus, Mr. Speaker, one after another we see those who have been instrumental in bringing Canada to its present stage of development removed from amongst us. To-day we deplore the loss of him who, we all unite in saying, was the foremost Canadian of his time, and who filled the largest place in Canadian history. Only last week was buried in the City of Montreal another son of Canada, one who at one time had been a tower of strength to the Liberal party, one who will ever be remembered as one of the noblest, purest and greatest characters that Canada has ever produced, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion. Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion had not been in favour of Confederation. Not that he was opposed to the principle; but he believed that the union of these provinces, at that day, was premature. When, however, Confederation had become a fact, he gave the best of his mind and heart to make it a success. It may indeed happen, Sir, that when the Canadian people see the ranks thus gradually reduced and thinned of those upon whom they have been in the habit of relying for guidance, that a feeling of apprehension will creep into the heart lest, perhaps, the institutions of Canada may be imperilled. Before the grave of him, who, above all, was the Father of Confederation, let not grief be barren grief; but let grief be coupled with the resolution, the determination, that the work in which Liberals and Conservatives, in which Brown and Macdonald, united, shall not perish, but that though united Canada may be deprived of the services of her greatest men, still Canada shall and will live."

TO THE ACADIANS OF NOVA SCOTIA

[Speech at Arichat, Nova Scotia, August 15, 1900.]

"Thank Providence that we live in a country of absolute freedom and liberty. Let us always bear in mind our duties, for duty is always inherent in right. Our fathers had to labour to secure these rights. Now let us fulfil our part. Three years ago, when visiting England at the Queen's Jubilee, I had the

privilege of visiting one of those marvels of Gothic architecture which the hand of genius, guided by an unerring faith, had made a harmonious whole, in which granite, marble, oak and other materials were blended. This cathedral is the image of the nation that I hope to see Canada become. As long as I live, as long as I have the power to labour in the service of my country; I shall repel the idea of changing the nature of its different elements. I want the marble to remain the marble; I want the granite to remain the granite; I want the oak to remain the oak; I want the sturdy Scotchman to remain the Scotchman; I want the brainy Englishman to remain the Englishman; I want the warm-hearted Irishman to remain the Irishman; I want to take all these elements and build a nation that will be foremost amongst the great powers of the world."

PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENT IN THE NORTH WEST

[Delivered in the House of Commons, on February 21, 1905, in moving a Bill to establish Provincial Government in the North West.]

"It has been observed on the floor of this House, as well as outside of this House, that as the nineteenth century had been the century of the United States, so the twentieth century would be the century of Canada. This opinion has not been deemed extravagant. On this continent and across the waters it has been accepted as a statement of a truth, beyond controversy. The wonderful development of the United States during a space of scarcely more than one hundred years may well be an incitement to our efforts and our ambition. Yet to the emulation of such an example there may well be some exception taken; for if it be true that settlement of the western portion of the American Union has been marked by almost phenomenal rapidity, it is also true that every other consideration seems to have been sacrificed to this one consideration of rapid growth. Little attention was given, up to the last few years, to the materials which were introduced into the Republic; little regard was paid among the new settlers to the observance of the law; and it is not a slander upon our neighbours—for indeed the fact is admitted in their current literature—that frontier civilization was with them a byeword for lawlessness. We have proceeded upon different methods. We have been satisfied with slower progress. Our institutions in our own North West have been developed by gradual stages, so as to ensure at all times

among those new communities law and order, and the restraints and safeguards of the highest civilization.

"The time has arrived when we were all agreed, I believe, nay, I feel sure, upon both sides of the House, that another step, and the last, can now be taken to complete the passage of the North West Territories from what was once necessary tutelage, into the fulness of the rights which, under our Constitution, appertain to Provinces.

"I may remind the House that the fact is well known to everybody, that when Confederation was established in the year 1867, the Canada of that day was not at all what is the Canada of the present day. The Canada of that day did not extend beyond the western limits of the Province of Ontario. On the other side of the continent, on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, there was a British colony, British Columbia, absolutely isolated; and between British Columbia on the one side and Ontario on the other there was a vast extent of territory, the fairest portion, perhaps, of the continent which was under British sovereignty, but in which British sovereignty had always been dormant. That vast extent of the continent, the fairest, as I said, and the most fertile, was administered, loosely administered, by the Hudson's Bay Company, under a charter which, the Company claimed, gave her almost sovereign sway, and which she used to keep this vast extent of country as a close preserve for her immense operations in the fur trade. I need not tell you, sir, the fact is well known and present to the memories of all, that it was the intention of the fathers of Confederation not to limit it to the comparatively narrow bounds in which it was included in 1867, but to extend it eastward and westward between the two oceans. I need hardly tell you, sir, the fact is known to all and well remembered by everyone, that provision was made in the instrument of Confederation itself, for the admission into confederation of British Columbia, Prince Edward Island, and even Newfoundland; and especially for those western territories which at last have come in to-day as part of the Canadian family. In the very first year of Confederation, the very first session of the first Parliament, resolutions were introduced into this House and adopted unanimously, for the acquisition of Rupert's Land and the North West Territories, and the extinguishing therein of the title of the Hudson's Bay Company. This was accomplished in a very short time, and as soon as accomplished, the Government of that day, the Government of Sir John Macdonald, proceeded to carve the new Province of Manitoba out of the wilderness, and

without any preliminary stage endowed it at once with all the rights and privileges of a Province.

"If we go back to the history of those days, perhaps the opinion will not be unwarranted that it would have been a wiser course, if instead of bringing Manitoba at once into the Confederation full fledged and fully equipped as a Province, that maturity had been reached by gradual stages extended over a few years. If that course had been adopted, perhaps some mistakes would have been avoided from the effects of which we have not yet completely recovered.

"Very different was the course of policy of Mr. Mackenzie when he came into office with regard to the North West Territory. Up to the year 1875 the North West Territories had been administered under no special form of Government. But in 1875 Mr. Mackenzie, being then Prime Minister of Canada, introduced into this House and carried unanimously a measure, a very important measure, the object of which, as he said himself, was to give to the North West Territories an 'entirely independent government.' This measure has been the charter under which the North West Territories have come to their present state of manhood. It has never been repealed. Additions have been made to it from time to time, but it has remained and is to this day the rock upon which has been reared the structure, which we are about to crown with complete and absolute autonomy. By this measure it was provided that a Lieutenant-Governor should be appointed for the North West Territories. The Lieutenant-Governor was to be invested with executive power, and he was to adminster that power with the assistance of a Council to be composed of five members, the Lieutenant-Governor and his advisers to be appointed by the Governor in Council. Apart from these administrative powers, the Lieutenant-Governor was also invested with large legislative authority. He could make laws for taxation, for local and municipal purposes, property and civil rights, the administration of justice, public health, police, roads, highways and bridges—generally all matters of a purely local and private nature. There was also an enactment in that measure to the effect that when any district, not exceeding 1,000 square miles, contained a population of not less than 1,000 people of adult age, exclusive of aliens and unenfranchised Indians, it could be erected into an electoral district, which should thenceforward be entitled to elect a member to the Council. There was also an important enactment with regard to education, introducing into that country the system of separate schools in force in the Province of

Ontario. But I shall say nothing at the present time of this important part of the law of 1875, as I propose to come again to it at a later stage of the observations which I desire to offer to the House. This Act remained in force without any important modifications up to the year 1886, when the Territories were given representation in this Parliament. Two years later an important step in advance was also taken in their development, that is to say, in 1888. The Executive Council was abolished, so far, at all events, as its powers of legislation were concerned, and a Legislative Assembly was created, to be composed of twenty-five members, twenty-two of which were to be elected by the people, and three to be known as legal experts, to be appointed by the Governor in Council; and a new Executive Council was to be appointed under the name of Advisory Council, to advise the Lieutenant-Governor upon all matters of finance. In 1891 another step forward was taken, and a very important one. The Legislative Assembly of the Territories was given additional powers; and if you take Section 92 of the British North America Act and compare it with the powers which were again given to the Legislature, you will find that that Legislature was invested with powers almost as complete as those which are vested in the Provinces under the British North America Act. In fact, with the exception of borrowing money most of the essential powers which are now given to the Provinces were given to the Legislative Assembly of the North West Territories. In 1894 another departure, another change, was made—I call it a departure. The change which was then made was not, in my estimation, quite in accordance with the spirit of our constitution. It was that the Legislative Assembly could select four members of its own body to be called an Executive Committee to advise the Lieutenant-Governor. This is not, as I say, in accordance with the principles of the British Constitution. It is not in accordance with the principles of the British Constitution that Parliament itself should elect the members who are to advise the Crown. The principle of the British Constitution is that the Crown, or the Representative of the Crown selects, himself, his own advisers; and under our own well known practice in these modern days, the only restriction put upon the Executive, the Crown, or the Sovereign, is that he must select advisers who have the support of the majority of the elected body. This new departure introduced in the Statute of 1894 did not last long, and at this I am not surprised. In 1897 another and a final change took place. In 1897 an Act was passed in this House whereby it was provided that there

should be an Executive Council to be chosen by the Lieutenant-Governor from the members of the House, and practically having the support of a majority of the elected members of the Legislature. This was in fact the last and final concession and it was the application of the principle of ministerial responsibility. This has been the law ever since; it is the law to-day. So that, sir, it is manifest that at this moment the people of the North West Territories are in the enjoyment and have been for several years, not only of full ministerial responsibility, not only of full constitutional government, but also of a large measure of local autonomy. A great deal has been done, in fact, more has been done than we have to do to-day. We have to take the last step, but it is easy and comparatively unimportant in view of and in comparison with what has already been accomplished. The metal has been in the crucible, and all we have to do now, is to put the stamp of Canadian nationality upon it.

"The House is aware that some two years ago or thereabouts there came to us a very general desire from the North West Territories for immediate admission into the Confederation as Provinces. I did not believe at the time, for my part, that this request, respectable as it was, proceeded so much from an actual need as from a sentiment. It was to me the expression of a sentiment, a sentiment most worthy because it was an expression of the self-reliance of young and ambitious communities. The House is also aware of the answer which we gave to the Territories at that time. We represented to them that in our judgment, the time was inopportune for taking this question into Parliament, that as we were on the eve of a general election, the time and occasion would be more propitious and more fitting after that event, when the Territories would have the benefit on this floor of a larger representation. These views were generally accepted. The elections have taken place, and immediately after the elections, or as soon as was practicable thereafter, we invited the Executive of the North West Territories to send delegates here to confer with us upon the measure which was to be introduced so as to admit them into the Confederation. We have had the benefit of the presence of Mr. Haultain, the Premier of the North West Territories, and of Mr. Bulyea, one of his colleagues, and we have had the advantage of several conferences with them. We have had the advantage also of the presence and advice of several of the members from the Territories, and now, sir, it is my privilege and my honour—I deem it indeed a pleasure and an honour—to offer this Bill to the House."

CANADA IN THE GREAT WAR

[Delivered in the House of Commons, August 19, 1914.]

"The gravity of the occasion which has called us together makes it incumbent upon us even to disregard the formalities and conventionalities which in ordinary times the rules of the House, written and unwritten, enjoin as a wise safeguard against precipitate action, but which on such an occasion as this, might impede us in dealing with the momentous question before us. This session has been called for the purpose of giving the authority of Parliament and the sanction of law to such measures as have already been taken by the Government, and any further measures that may be needed, to ensure the defence of Canada, and to give what aid may be in our power to the Old Country in the stupendous struggle which now confronts her. Speaking for those who sit around me, speaking for the wide constituencies which we represent in this House, I hasten to say that to all these measures we are prepared to give immediate assent. If in what has been done or what remains to be done there may be anything which in our judgment should not be done or should be differently done, we raise no question, we take no exception, we offer no criticism, so long as there is danger at the front. It is our duty, more pressing upon us thar all other duties, at once, on this first day of this extraordinary session of the Canadian Parliament, to let Great Britain know, and to let the friends and foes of Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the mother country, conscious and proud that she has engaged in this war, not from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandisement, but to maintain untarnished the honour of her name, to fulfill her obligations to her allies, to maintain her treaty obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and domination.

* * * * * * *

"I am well aware that the small contingent of some 20,000 men, which we are going to send, will have to show double courage and double steadiness, if they are to give any account of themselves among the millions of men who are now converging towards the frontiers of France, where the battle of giants is to be decided. But, sir, it is the opinion of the British Government, as disclosed by the correspondence which was brought down to us yesterday, that the assistance of our troops, humble

as it may be, will be appreciated, either for its material value or for the greater moral help which will be rendered. It will be seen by the world that Canada, a daughter of old England, intends to stand by her in this great conflict. When the call comes our answer goes at once, and it goes in the classical language of the British answer to the call of duty: 'Ready, aye ready!'

"If my words can be heard beyond the walls of this House in the Province from which I come, among the men whose blood flows in my own veins, I should like them to remember that, in taking their place to-day in the ranks of the Canadian army to fight for the cause of the allied nations, a double honour rests upon them. The very cause for which they are called upon to fight is to them doubly sacred.

"In this country we are not all of the same origin; we are not all of British or of French descent. I was struck by the words of the honourable member for South Oxford (Mr. Donald Sutherland) in reference to our fellow-citizens of German origin. They are certainly amongst our best citizens. This has been acknowledged on more than one occasion. They are proud of the land of their adoption, which to many of them is the land of their birth, and they have shown more than once their devotion to British institutions. But, sir, they would not be men if they had not in their hearts a deep feeling of affection for the land of their ancestors, and nobody would blame them for that. There is nothing, perhaps, so painful as the situation in which mind and heart are driven in opposite directions. But let me tell my fellow-countrymen of German origin that we have no quarrel with the German people. We respect and admire as much as they do the proud race from which they have their descent; we acknowledge all that the world owes to the German people for their contribution to the happiness of mankind by their progress in literature, in art and in science. But perhaps our German fellow-citizens will permit me to say that, in the struggle for constitutional freedom which has been universal in Europe during the last century, the German people have not made the same advance as have some of the other nations of Europe. I am sure that they will agree with me that if the institutions of the land of their ancestors were as free as the institutions of the land of their adoption, this cruel war would never have taken place. Nothing can be truer than the words which are reported to have been uttered by a German soldier made a prisoner in Belgium, that this war is not a war of the German people; and if there is a silver lining to this darkest cloud which

now overhangs Europe, it is that, as a result and consequence of this war, the German people will take the determination to put an end forever to this personal imperialism, and to make it impossible evermore for one man to throw millions of the human race into all the horrors of modern warfare.

"We cannot forget that the issue of battles is always uncertain, as has been proven already in the present contest. In invading Belgium, some two weeks ago, the German Emperor invoked the memory of his ancestors and called upon the blessing of God. The German Emperor might have remembered that there is a treaty guaranteeing the independence, the integrity, the neutrality of Belgium, and that this treaty was signed in the last century by the most illustrious of his ancestors, Emperor William the First of Germany. He might have remembered also that there is this precept in the divine book: Remove not the ancient landmarks which thy fathers have set up! But the German Emperor threw his legions against this landmark in the fulness of his lust for power, with the full expectation that the very weight of his army would crush every opposition, and would secure their passage through Belgium. He did not expect, he could not believe, that the Belgians, few in number and peaceful in disposition and in occupation, would rise in his way and bar his progress; or if he harboured such a thought for one moment his next thought was that if he met such opposition he could brush it aside with a wave of his imperial hand. Sir, he should have remembered that in the sixteenth century the ancestors of the Belgians rose against the despotism of Philip II of Spain, and through years of blood and fire and miseries and sufferings indescribable, they maintained an unequal contest against Spain—Spain as powerful in Europe at that time as the German Empire is to-day. Sir, if there are men who forget the teachings of their fathers, the Belgians are not of that class; they have proved equal to the teachings of their fathers; they have never surrendered; the blood of the fathers still runs in the veins of the sons; and again to-day, through blood and fire and miseries and sufferings indescribable, they hold at bay the armies of the proud Kaiser.

"I repeat, sir, that the issue of battles is always uncertain. There may be disappointment, there may be reverses, but we enter this fight with full hope as to the ultimate result:

> For Freedom's battle once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though often lost, is ever won.

Sir, upon this occasion we too invoke the blessing of God—not the God of battles, but the God of justice and mercy; and it is with ample confidence in Providence that we appeal to the justice of our cause."

SIR ROBERT BORDEN

[Sir Robert Borden was born at Grand Pré, Nova Scotia, 1854. Called to the bar in 1878, he practised in his native Province, and was elected to the House of Commons for Halifax in 1896. As leader of the Conservative Opposition (1901-1911); as Premier in the Conservative Government (1911-1917) and in the Coalition Government from 1917 until his resignation, on account of ill-health, in 1920, his services to his country are reflected in many speeches which would well lend themselves to quotation; but it is his wise leadership amid the vexations and uncertainties of the great war that is now most vividly and appreciatively remembered; and it is from the speeches made during this period that the two following brief selections are taken.]

THE BOND OF LIBERTY

[From a speech before the Canadian Club at Winnipeg, December 29, 1914.]

Amid all the horror and welter of this world-wide conflict we may yet discern hope for the future. It will arouse, I hope, the conscience of all the nations to bring about concerted action for the reduction of armaments and for the placing of the whole world upon what one might term a peace footing. Upon this continent there is a boundary line of nearly four thousand miles between this country and the great kindred nation to the South. That boundary is unguarded and unfortified as between the two nations, and we sleep securely without thought of war or invasion. The proposal to commemorate our Century of Peace has commanded the approval of the people and Government of Canada, and I trust it will be worthily realized.

And since this struggle began, one cannot but perceive an awakened national spirit and consciousness in this Dominion. In a young and rapidly developing country such as this, the aspirations of material prosperity are bound to impose themselves very strongly upon the imagination. To those who

held aloft the lamp of idealism it sometimes seemed that the clamour of the market-place, the din of the factory, and the rush of the locomotive had absorbed the minds of the people. But when the day came which searched their spirit, Canadians did not fail to remember that there is something greater than material prosperity and something greater than even life itself. The wonderful and beautiful spirit of mutual helpfulness, of desire to aid, the spirit of self-sacrifice, of patriotism, of devotion, which in these latter months has inspired the Canadian people from ocean to ocean will leave an enduring mark upon our national life. It has dissolved prejudice and curbed discord and dissension. And who of you will not do reverence to the courage, the devotion and the patriotism of the women of Canada; those who with undaunted hearts but tear-dimmed eyes have seen husband, son or brother go forth to battle; those who in a thousand missions of aid and of mercy are unwearying in their infinite labours of love? Who of you will not say with me, God bless the women of Canada!

The British Empire, as presently constituted, is a very recent creation or rather evolution. The British Islands, which constitute the metropolitan state of the Empire, have no written constitution and the overseas Dominions are governed under an apparent confusion of statutes, charters, conventions and understandings. To those who do not comprehend the governing principle which pervades all this seeming confusion, the Empire seems to have no logical right to exist at all; and naturally they regard it as decadent and look for disunion and weakness in the hour of trial. But the principle of autonomous self-government, applied wherever conditions permit and to the greatest extent they would permit, has been and is its great cardinal feature. There has been no weakness and no disunion, because the unity and strength of the Empire are securely founded upon its liberties, wherein alone enduring strength is found. Thus the dominions of the Empire, united by the tie of a common allegiance and of a common ideal, present to-day an unbroken front.

In this country we are a peace-loving people, and great tasks lie before us in the peaceful development of our resources. We have no lasting quarrel with the German people, who have great qualities and whose achievements in every important sphere of human progress are conspicuous, although they are temporarily misled by the militarism of Prussia; but we will fight to the death against the vain attempt of an arrogant militarist oligarchy to impose upon the world its ideals of force and violence and to achieve its unworthy purpose by "blood and iron".

LESSONS OF THE WAR

[From a speech delivered in New York City, November 18, 1916.]

To us involved in the most terrible struggle that humanity has ever known—a struggle in which we have taken part of our free will and because we realize the world-compelling considerations which its issues involve—the events of the past two years have brought both a lesson and an inspiration. Immersed in the purely peaceful problems of material progress and development we were suddenly awakened by a call which brought to us an over-mastering conviction that there was something infinitely greater than the work in which we had been so absorbed. That conviction penetrated the very soul of the nation and with it came an inspiration which has enabled the Canadian people not only willingly but gladly to undertake responsibilities, to accept burdens, and to accomplish tasks, which two years ago would have been regarded as impossible and even inconceivable.

Many hundred thousand men will return after this war to their homes in the oversea Dominions of the British Commonwealth. They will have thronged upon the stage of the world's theatre of action and taken a mighty part in settling world issues and determining the future destiny of civilization and humanity. Upon our Atlantic and Pacific shores, by our inland waterways, in the northern hinterlands of Ontario and Quebec, on our vast western plains, and still further west within the shadow of majestic mountain ranges, these men will take up anew the task of developing and upbuilding our country. They will take up that work with a consciousness that Canada has played a worthy part in the fateful struggle which she entered at the call of duty and for the cause of freedom. Theirs will be an imperishable recollection of comradeship with men of the Motherland and of all parts of the King's Dominions; theirs also a wider vision and deeper insight from service in a high cause. Hardly less profound will be the influence of the war upon all our people. They have learned that self-sacrifice in a just cause is at once a duty and a blessing, and this lesson has both inspired and ennobled the men and women of Canada. It was indeed worth a great sacrifice to know that beneath eagerness for wealth and apparent absorption in material development there still burned the flame of that spirit upon which alone a nation's permanence can be founded. One must move among our people to realize their overmastering conviction that the

justice and greatness of our cause overpower all other considerations and to comprehend the intensity of the spirit which permeates and quickens every Canadian community.

The overseas men will have learned another lesson and they will have learned it so thoroughly that it never can be forgotten. That lesson is two-fold: first, that the liberty, the security and the very existence of our Empire are dependent upon the safety of the ocean pathways whether in peace or war; next, that while sea power cannot of itself be the instrument of world domination it is nevertheless the most powerful instrument by which world domination can be effectually resisted. Three hundred years ago it forever crushed arrogant pretensions then put forward to control western trade routes and to exclude therefrom the free nations of the world. Little more than a century ago it maintained freedom against world domination by a single military system. To-day it remains the shield of the same freedom and it will so continue. The burden of so tremendous a responsibility must not rest upon Britain alone but upon the greater Commonwealth which comprises all the King's Dominions.

One peculiar trait of the British nation is its faculty of self-criticism during times of stress. This criticism, these internal disagreements, this occasional political unrest, however, do not indicate any real lack of unity or determination. They are characteristic of the race, they are inseparable from the experience of a people who conduct government in the open under democratic institutions. They are but the mists which hover about and perhaps for the moment obscure the granite summit of the nation's purpose. Across that purpose there lies no pathway to an inconclusive peace. We fight for an abiding peace, not for a truce.

I have some just claim to know the spirit of my countrymen and I most solemnly affirm that among us there was absolutely no thought of aggression or attack on any nation. In this the spirit of our Dominion exemplified that of the whole Empire. We in Canada were entirely masters of our own destiny; but just as in the Motherland when the hour struck there was no wavering and no waiting, so in Canada the decision was never for a moment in doubt. Our resolve is as fixed and unshaken to-day as at the first and whatever loss or sacrifice we may still have to bear we will not waver or falter. Nearly two years ago the First Canadian Division, composed of untried men gathered hurriedly from the ordinary avocations of life, throughout our country, were put to the supreme test at Ypres. Men never

faced more terrible odds or more horrible methods of warfare. They lost heavily but their ground was held, the day was saved and the path to Calais was not opened. It was suggested that on the anniversary of that day flags should fly at half-mast throughout our Dominion in memory of our glorious dead. But we held that memory worthy of a truer honour. On that revered anniversary, never to be forgotten by Canadians, our flag flew at mast-head from ocean to ocean in solemn but proud remembrance of those who had fallen and in testimony of the unconquerable spirit which shall animate the Canadian nation to the end.

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